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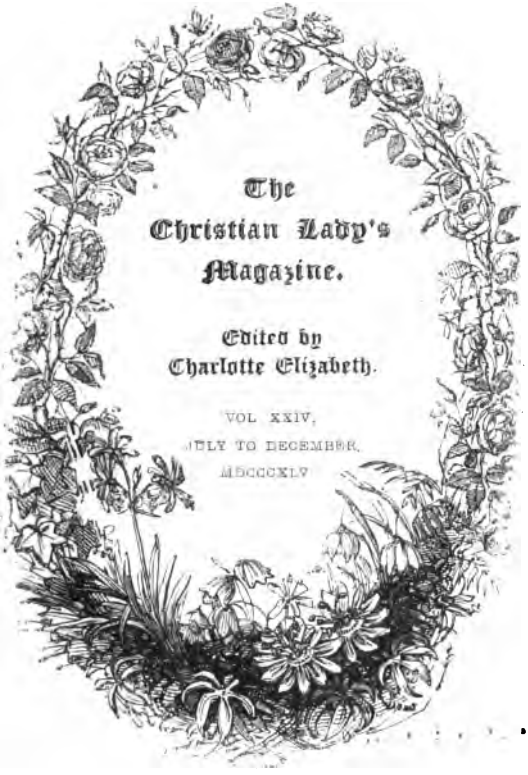

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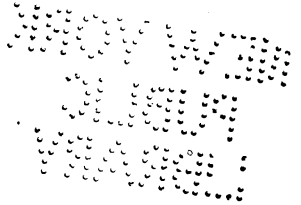

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PREFACE.

THE past half year has indeed been an eventful one, marked by dispensations of judgment and mercy. We have seen the greater part of an abundant produce, come to perfection in its growth, and then, touched by the invisible Hand which orders all things in heaven and on earth, corrupt, and perish. We have still before us the fearful consequences of such a visitation, not yet felt in their heavy pressure, but menacing us with most portentous aspect. The calamity is not a national one: it comes in the form of a general judgment, under which we are taught to hope that the inhabitants of the earth may learn righteousness: for how vain is the help, how utterly unavailing are the wisdom, the power and the skill of man, when the LORD ariseth to contend with him!

Among ourselves, we are called on to note the peculiar severity with which this blow must fall on the population of Ireland, where potatoes form the chief,

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the almost exclusive article of the poor man's diet. His little plot of ground is planted with them: his winter store consists of them: the produce of their sale is the only supply to which he can look for the payment of his rent, unless he has a pig, which being also exclusively fed on the same article, cannot be sustained if that fails: so that in every point of view, famine threatens Ireland to a most awful extent; and the unholy compact, the surrender of the little that remained to us of Protestantism in our legislation, in order to ensure the peace and prosperity of Ireland seems to have brought down an especial judgment in that quarter. Who can look stedfastly on the prospect of millions driven to desperation by the pressure of famine, and goaded on, as we all know them to be, by those who possess unbounded influence over them, to deeds of violence and blood? The prayers of every Protestant should be breathed forth daily for Ireland and the Irish.

In England, we have seen the long-delayed movement at last carried out; and those who have been doing the work of Rome in the guise of Protestant clergymen, have thrown off that cloak, openly apostatizing. The event is one that for ten years past we have been looking, as our readers can testify: and all the rebukes that we have received failed to silence our prognostications. We now, once more, affectionately warn our Christian Sisters from being drawn to the edge of this whirlpool: many venture so far, merely through curiosity, and find themselves drawn in before they suspected any danger. Frequenting such Churches as present what these deceivers call models of ecclesiastical architecture, with their unscriptural adornments, and Popish appurtenances; going to hear what Mr. Such-a-one will say, who is known to preach the false gospel of the Tracta-

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rians ; reading books that set forth their views in attractively amusing tales, and pious dissertations ; all these things are exceedingly perilous. But, like every other evil thing, this proceeds from within ; and all outward defences will be unavailing to her who watches not well her own heart.

We ask the continued prayers of our friends for divine support under a protracted trial of faith and patience : and we, in turn, commend them all to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build them up, and to give them an inheritance among them that are sanctified.

London, Dec. 1845.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
All Things are of God	437
A Word in Season	493
Beauty no Advantage to its Possessor	79
Christian Course, The	519
Christian Union	400
"Come out of her, my People"	146
Faithless Disciple, The	269
Family of Glencarra, The	55, 133, 245, 353, 447, 521
Female Efforts	302
Golden Candlesticks, The	336
Good Adviser, The	331
Household Chain Broken, The	364
Invitation to United Prayer	529
Ireland, The Friend of	144
Jewish Sermon, A	401
July, The First of	231

Digitized by Google

PAGE

Laud, The Days of 34, 115, 209, 317, 409, 497
Letters from Tyrol 510
Light of the World, The 19, 109, 204, 325
Lily of the Valley, The 239
Luther, A Relic of 548
Mesmerism 70, 164
Missionary Societies, &c. 255
My Cabinet 51, 159, 263
On Christian Sympathy 506
"Peace on Earth" 553
Pilgrim of Zion 398
Praise 305
Prayer 15
Protestant, The 88, 184, 278, 375, 472, 565
Providence, The Purposes of 445
"Queens of England" 344
Reviews of Books:—
Apostolic Christians, The 83
Bakewell's Hints to Female Servants 466
Barton's Household Poems 466
Bickersteth's Letters on Christian Union 370
Browne's (Archdeacon) Charge 464
Cotter on the Mass and Rubrics 561
Daily Devotions for Young Persons 87
Dalton's Life of Joseph 559

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REVIEWS (continued):— PAGE

Diet of Worms, The 467
Duller's Jesuits 560
England in the Seventeenth Century 179
"Enter into thy Closet" 465
Evenings in the Land of Uz 180
Factory, The Lads of 276
Gawler (Lieut.-Col.) on Syria and the East 182
Gillson on the Coming of the Lord 564
Grover's (Captain) Reply to the Edinburgh Review 372
Hearn on "The Man of Sin" 182
History of the Church in the Middle Ages 558
Hoare's (Rev. E.) Sermons 277
Kearn's Protestants' Hymn 563
Lent Lectures at St. George's, Bloomsbury, 1845 81
Lilie Dunbar 181
Malan's Sketches for Youth 563
Mede's Apostacy of the Latter Times 85
Milford's Appeal on Behalf of the Jews 564
Modern Poetical Speaker 562
Murray's (Dean) Ireland and her Church 86
Myers' Questions on the Bible 468
Nursery Governess, The 178
Passages from the Life of a Daughter at Home 82
Penrose's Contrasts between the Righteous and Wicked 464

Digitized by Google

REVIEWS (continued):— PAGE

Pick's Bible Student's Concordance 275

Plumptre's (Miss) Letters 177

Smith's Female Disciple 80

Stevenson's "The Lord our Shepherd" 369

Stowell's Tractarianism tested 463

The Egyptian 374

Wilderspin's Manual 84

Wolff's Mission to Bokhara 272

SEASONAL WILD FLOWERS 65, 173, 266, 455

SEVEN CHURCHES, THE 350

THANKFULNESS 461

THE BARGAIN 538

THE BIBLE OUR STRONGHOLD 26

"THE KING'S DAUGHTER" 428

WAR WITH THE SAINTS 1, 97, 193, 289, 385, 481

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THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1845.

WAR WITH THE SAINTS.

CHAPTER IX.

THE population of Beziers, including garrison, citizens, and all classes, is stated by some to have amounted to sixty thousand persons: others rate it much lower. Stout hearts, strong hands, and a righteous cause combined to encourage them against the great and terrible armament that drew nearer and nearer to their walls, spreading such a multitude of tents and gay pavilions, and displaying so formidable a host of warriors, as proved that the description of their treacherous bishop, which they would fain have regarded as an extravagant fable, was not even an exaggeration of the reality. As yet, the enemy was busily employed in forming and strengthening a camp, from which it was probable the host must carry on the operations of a protracted siege; for Beziers was a powerful-looking place, with its

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solid walls, and massive square towers; crowning an abrupt height with a broad deep river at its base. The citizens beholding these preparations, and seeing the abundant means provided for effectually prosecuting the work when all should be fitly arranged, considered it the most favourable moment for a sally: they formed in a body, and rushed down, with impetuous courage, upon the foe. These, however, had the advantage, in point of numbers, of ferocity, and of being long inured to deeds of blood; and the people of God had been given, for a time, into the hand of the wicked and cruel one. The infantry sustained the shock unmoved; then, becoming the assailants, they speedily turned the disheartened citizens, drove them back, and in one dense mass of pursuers and pursued, they all entered the gates together. Beziers was in the hands of the crusaders.

The great strength of this fortified town, had drawn within its walls multitudes of the villagers, and scattered inhabitants of a wide surrounding district. All the rural population were assembled there; and among them, undoubtedly, a large proportion of those against whom the wrath of the dragon and of the beast was especially kindled—the true worshippers of God, who served Him in the Gospel of his Son. There were, however, very many, whose allegiance to Rome could not be questioned, and who were fully bent to die as they had lived, in her communion. This was known to the knights, who had been accustomed in the miscalled 'holy wars' to discriminate carefully as to their victims. The butchery of Saracens, and, perhaps even more, that of God's ancient, afflicted people Israel, was with them a matter of meritorious duty; but to embrue their hands in the blood of such as bowed down to

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the same crucifix, and worshipped the same wafer, and invocated the same dead saints with themselves, would have appeared a departure from their prescribed path. Accordingly, when it was ascertained that Beziers was in their hands, and that, of course, the heretics must fall, some of these commanders came to the legate, Arnold Amalric, with the natural question of—How they were to distinguish the Catholics from the heretics? The reply of the Abbot has been recorded by his own friends and followers, or it would scarcely be credible. He answered, 'Kill them all! the Lord will know well those that are his!'

While this was going on, the poor devoted flock crowded into the churches, as though any sanctuary existed for them, which the wolves of Rome might respect. There were in Beziers a great majority of women and children, sent to those strong walls for protection by husbands and fathers, who themselves remained to garrison posts deemed less impregnable. These with the whole body of citizens and refugees, took shelter in the places of worship, unless when their feeble steps were overtaken by the murderer's rapid stride, and their course cut short in blood. The large cathedral church of St. Nicaise was completely thronged: and the canons, ministers as they were of the Romish religion, investing themselves with the sacerdotal habit, which surely, they thought, must be a sufficient protection against the soldiers of their own faith, ranged themselves round the altar. No voice could have been heard, in supplication, amid the din, and the crash, and the shrieks of that fearful scene of blood; but the poor canons sounded the consecrated bells, in deep, and melancholy, and appealing toll, hoping so to touch the hearts of the fierce assailants. In vain! Rome leaves

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her conscience-seared votaries with hearts no less effectually seared into utter insensibility to the pleadings of pity: the tide of cowardly massacre rolled on; cut down, and crushed beneath the armed heel, and mangled with the spear, one after another the victims fell, as the blood-stained fanatics approached the altar; and there the canons also fell, hurled upon the general heap, while the progress of the work was marked by the ceasing of successive bells, as the hands that tolled them fell powerless in death; and the silence that followed the last sad note proclaimed the consummation of that fearful massacre. The dead bodies that lay, bathed in blood, on the pavement of one smaller church, the Magdalen, amounted to seven thousand. The babe at its mother's breast, the aged man beneath his daughter's arms, vainly uplifted to defend his silver locks, while her own bright ringlets were dripping blood. Yes; they *killed them all!*

There is a world into which the eye of living man hath not pried, and of which the fearful secrets are but dimly revealed in the parables of Him who made all worlds. There is a place where the ungodly rich man "being in torments, lifted up his eyes, and saw Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom." How tremendously awful is the solemn thought, the assured fact, that of all who slew, and of all who were slain, at the bidding of Arnold Amalric and his wretched confederates, not one has perished; each and all are now in existence, awaiting the day when they must stand before the judgment-seat of Christ! Centuries have passed, and their names and their deeds are bygone things; but not one among them, persecutor or persecuted, destroyer or destroyed, has ever known a moment's oblivion of that scene. The people of the Lord,

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faithful unto death, washed from every stain in the blood of the Lamb, entered into rest, commencing the eternal song of praise; and looking forward to the great day of final vengeance, when the enemies of Christ shall for ever be put under his feet. The spirits in that dark and dreary prison, whence there is no egress, save to final judgment and to public doom, feel in the recollection of those dreadful deeds the gnawings of a worm that dieth not, the kindlings of a fire that cannot be quenched; and Arnold Amalric can reiterate with terrible meaning the words of his blasphemous mock; 'The Lord will know well those who are his!'

The massacre occupied a very short period: where no resistance could be offered, and the victims were thronged within a limited space, the work of cutting them down was easy and expeditious. This being done, plunder was the next concern. Such of the decrepit, the sick, and otherwise helpless as had been unable to leave their dwellings, were speedily butchered there, and all that could tempt the hand of rapacity, from the costly elegances of the palace, to the simple but treasured heir-loom of the modest cottage, was grasped and appropriated, as if to perfect the antitype of that traitor who also 'was a thief, and bare the bag, and stole what was put therein.' So easy a conquest, so sweeping a massacre, and so rich a booty, could not but tend greatly to encourage the invaders. Masses were celebrated, and thanksgivings pealed forth by thousands of voices, to the God of holiness, and love, and peace; while the blood of His saints, that day shed like water on every side, coagulated upon the spot where those vain worshippers stood; and the unburied corpse, with glassy stare fixed on the sky, presented an appeal not

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over-looked by Him, who has said, "Vengeance is mine: I will repay."

The closing act of this savage tragedy was to set fire to the stately city in every quarter, consuming with it the immense mass of its slaughtered inhabitants. So perfect was the work of destruction, that not a single dwelling remained, nor aught that fire could destroy, of that proud Beziers in which, next to Carcassonne, Raymond Roger and his subjects placed their trust, as being able to hold at bay, for an indefinite length of time, the crusading army. These, it must be remembered, had only engaged to serve for forty days; and every hour was rendered precious to the assailed, by the hope, that a protracted defence might reach to the termination of this limited engagement. The dark volumes of smoke, and red glare of flame that rose from the lofty turrets of Beziers, told a tale of terror and dismay to the surrounding country. Every place was presently deserted, from the strong but isolated castle to the lowly shepherd's hut, and the vine-dresser's lodge. No hope of security remained for these scattered ones, except within the walls of Carcassonne, where Raymond Roger still encouraged his people to hold out; cheering by his presence and undaunted bearing their hearts, of which, perhaps, none were really sadder than his own. But the forest depths, and mountain caves, and passes known only to native feet, afforded a refuge to numbers who either were unable to reach the fortress, or doubted the issue of an assault upon it; and who preferred the perils and privations of such concealment, to the issue of a siege. Perchance too, there were among these some who scrupled to use the carnal weapon in what they felt to be the battle of the faith. It was no new page in the history of God's church that they of

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whom the world was not worthy, should be destitute, afflicted, tormented, wandering about, in dens and caves of the earth.

After the one day's deadly work at Beziers, the exulting host set forward again, spreading over the country, according to the information of the traitors, chiefly ecclesiastics, who acted as their guides to the castles of the nobles. These they found, indeed, strongly fortified by nature and art, but altogether deserted by their inhabitants. More than a hundred of them they burned to the ground, desolating the lands, destroying the vintage, and fulfilling to the uttermost of their power the type of the locust army. It was on the first of August that they found themselves within sight of Carcassonne. Here, beside the Aube, they hastily encamped without molestation, and prepared to assail it on the following day.

The leader in this attack was Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, whose character stands out in frightful prominence, embodying all that was most flagitious in perfidy, most grasping in avarice and ambition, most pitiless in cruelty, and most grovelling in the debasing superstition which, if he felt it not, he at least assumed, as the divine warrant for all his crimes. By the mother's side, his English ancestry was noble, and distinguished, tracing its root to royalty ; but his birth was French, and he had devoted his life to the service of the nominal church ; having especially made himself conspicuous in the Eastern Crusades. Nothing could better accord with the bent of this man's mind than the present war with the Saints. He hated with deadly venom the faith and the followers of Jesus, and sweet to his spirit must have been the dying cries that resounded through Beziers. Impatient to renew the scene, he led his troops to an attack on the outermost suburb of Carcassonne ;

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but he was met by Raymond Roger, at the head of his gallant knights and citizens, who, during a combat of two hours, repulsed the enemy. The suburb was, however, weakly fortified, in comparison with other quarters, and at length its defenders abandoned it, retiring into the second suburb, which de Montfort also attempted to carry, but in vain. For the space of eight days the young Viscount made good his position, continually driving back, with considerable loss, the besieging body. At the end of that time, he deliberately fired the buildings that composed it, so depriving the enemy of any advantage that they might have derived from its possession ; and leaving it a mass of smoking ruin, he retreated into the city.

Imagination would fain picture the throng of anxious faces that looked down from the rampart-walls upon their gallant chief and his companions in arms, while thus holding at bay the ferocious conquerors of Beziers. There were many whose dearest earthly ties had there been cut asunder by the Crusader's sword, without having even fallen under the suspicion of disloyalty to Rome ; and many others who were more than willing to shed their own life-blood in testimony to the faith of the gospel, witnessing against her abominations. There was not one, perhaps, who did not feel a personal, loving interest in the noble Raymond Roger ; and it would be little short of sinful unbelief to doubt that the supplications offered on his behalf, through the alone Name of the all-sufficient Saviour, were heard and answered in the revelation of the Son of God to his soul. Once more, having abandoned the useless suburb, Raymond found himself in the midst of his people ; and with full purpose of heart he prepared to defend the stout ramparts of Carcassonne.

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But flesh and blood were not all against which he had to contend: it was an hour when the powers of darkness had permission to prevail against the Lord's people, and against their honest-hearted protector. Inured as we are to contemplate the dark deeds of papal perfidy, glorying in its deepest shame, there is still that in the villainy perpetrated against the young Count, that kindles afresh the flame of indignation, extorting the apostrophe addressed to a minor criminal of old, "O full of all subtlety and mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord!"

The sovereign to whom Raymond Roger had vowed fealty, was Peter II., King of Arragon, who was also his uncle; and though a slave to the papacy in spiritual matters, still alive to the cruel injustice done to the young noble; and to the perfidy of the Count of Toulouse, whose presence here and at Beziers must not be forgotten. The Spanish king, repairing to the camp, addressed himself to this unhappy nobleman, who had married his sister, and urged him to unite in an effort on Raymond Roger's behalf, offering to act as mediator between the parties. The legate, to whom of course the proposal was communicated, gladly availed himself of such unexpected means for obtaining information of what was going on within the city, accepted the good offices of the king, and issued orders for the suspension of hostilities while the royal negociator was engaged in his humane task. It was a spectacle of moving interest to the harassed sufferers, the approach of their monarch. Walls and bastions, turrets and platforms were thronged by eager gazers: the marksmen stood prepared, alert on the watch to detect any movement of treachery in the camp; but all was quiet there. Car-

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cassonne presented one living mass of anxious, yet trusting and undismayed inhabitants, while the drawbridge clanked heavily as it fell, the dark portcullis slowly rose, the massive bolts of successive gates were withdrawn, and the dense body of armed men fell partially back, opening a sufficient space for the king and his few attendants to pass on. The heart of Peter, already awakening to a sympathy with his persecuted people which ultimately led him to yield his life in the battle against Rome, now swelled as he received their loyal greetings, and yearned with paternal love towards the noble young man who knelt at his feet in affectionate homage.

Having ascertained from the Viscount his willingness to submit to any fair and honourable terms of capitulation, for the sake of the helpless multitudes who had taken refuge there, and who must perish in a protracted siege, as already they had begun to do, under the presence of terror, sickness and privation, 'but for whom,' said Raymond, 'I swear to your Majesty that I and my own people would rather die of famine than surrender to the legate,' Peter returned to the camp; and, strangely ignorant of the spirit of those with whom he had to deal, endeavoured by representing the young noble's extremity, together with his elevated self-devotion, to kindle in the bosoms of Rome's delegates what Rome never knew—compassion for the afflicted, and sympathy with the generous. Arnold Amalric, rejoiced to have engaged so useful though unconscious a tool for his iniquitous designs, heard the king out; then, as a matter of special grace to his Majesty's kinsman, yielded permission for Raymond Roger to select twelve individuals, with whom he might quit the city unmolested; but the sacred cause of the most holy Church

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demanded that with this exception, all should be abandoned to her mercy!

Dark and sad was the brow of the kingly mediator as he re-entered the gates, flung wide with joyous alacrity to admit his returning steps; and sorely did his royal spirit writhe beneath the fetter of papal bondage, as he delivered to the Viscount the mocking message with which he was charged. All the generous ardour of Raymond Roger's character was roused into a flame: he looked round on the terrified multitude, who had too truly read in the king's countenance the failure of his mission; he looked on the faithful companions who had fought beside him every day, and patiently held with him the long night's watch; and while the glow of indignation mantled his cheek, he answered with vehement energy, 'Rather will I submit to be flayed alive. The legate shall not have at his mercy the least of my companions; of these who, for my sake, have braved the dangers that surround us.'

Instead of urging the acceptance of Arnold's insolent terms, the king of Aragon warmly applauded his nephew's reply; and then, turning to the knights and citizens, who gathered eagerly around him, he exhorted them to defend themselves, as the only alternative; seeing what they had to expect in the event of surrendering. Surely as that monarch repassed the drawbridge of Carcassonne he must have felt the iron of Rome's despotism entering his very soul. So, sooner or later, will all do, who lend their power to the beast, or even suspend the resistance on which depends their self-preservation. The king of Arragon, as he bore back, with a forced semblance of personal courtesy, that noble defiance to the inflated priest, must have envied the exalted position of the poorest citizen who

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had barred the gate on his retreating steps. A fearful account have those monarchs to render who connive at the spread, or even at the existence of the papal usurpation over souls committed to their parental charge!

Scarcely had the king quitted the legate's gorgeous pavilion, making known what every one was fully prepared to hear, ere a fresh and furious assault was made upon the walls of Carcassonne. With ferocious shoutings, cheering on each other to the work, the army brought faggots, which they cast into the ditches, endeavouring so to fill the chasm, and form a path to the ramparts. Very little opposition was offered, and they reached the walls, intending to scale them; when a sudden deluge of water and oil, heated to a boiling pitch, with masses of stone, bars of iron, and missiles of every description, were hurled upon them from above; and this was repeated as often as they rallied to the charge, until many lay slain, and serious discouragement manifested itself in the host, who considered that their stipulated work was to murder and to plunder, not to wage equal war with men of courage and of strength. Confident assurances of a miraculous interposition had been spread among them, to heighten their fanatic zeal; recollection that their forty days' engagement was well nigh expired, combined with the spectacle of their slaughtered comrades beneath the walls, began to operate so unfavourably that the crafty legate perceived he must strike a final blow, or behold the escape of a prey that he could not endure to lose. Employing the arts that rarely fail, he so won over a gentleman in his retinue whom he knew to be a kinsman and early friend of Raymond Roger, as to induce him to become a decoy for that right-minded young man; who, on his part, desired nothing so much as to obtain for his compa-

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nions the amnesty which he was assured would be accorded to them, could he but himself fairly plead a cause that he knew to be righteous and just. The legate's bait was, therefore, presently taken: Raymond Roger asked and obtained a safe-conduct for himself and such companions as he should bring with him, into the presence of the legate; and back to the city if their negotiation failed. Solemn oaths confirmed the pledge, on the part of the crusading leaders, who all joined in the legate's guarantee; and, thus assured, the young lord of the desolated Beziers placed himself at the head of three hundred chosen knights, and marched forth—lambs into an assemblage of wolves; unsuspecting birds flying into the snare of the fowler!

In the legate's pavilion all the principal leaders were assembled; and they masked their foul design, and gazed with concealed triumph on their innocent prey, while, in a speech full of the noblest sentiments of princely and chivalric devotion, if no higher and holier principle was set forth in it, he defended his own conduct, and pleaded the cause of his people. He ceased, and awaited the legate's reply: it was given, as Rome generally replies to the plea of reason and conscience. In a moment the overpowering rush of armed men decided the matter: Raymond Roger was disarmed, bound, and delivered as a traitor to the custody of the dark and merciless Simon de Montfort. His knights were in like manner seized, and within sight of the agonized citizens of Carcassonne all were led away in captivity: to what fate might easily be conjectured. The shout of anticipated triumph, of unbounded vengeance, rose high from the perfidious camp towards the walls of the city that should on the morrow reek with such blood, and blacken under such flames as had recently swept through

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Beziers. But such was not the Lord's will: an ancient subterranean passage of several leagues in length existed, known but to a few of the most trusty burgesses; and wholly unsuspected by the enemy. In the darkness of evening, the whole population entered this cavern, and closing after them its secret mouth, they journeyed on; in darkness, and in silence, and in sorrow; weeping the fate of their beloved chief, and the rending of many a fond tie never to be re-united on earth: but they went safely; and the morning sun shone on the deserted towers of Carcassonne, lighting the ravenous eagle on his path, not to seize the prey, and revel in his wonted feast of blood, but to ascertain that, by means wholly inexplicable, that prey had escaped; and the only vital streams he might hope to drain were those of his noble, his betrayed captives of yesterday.

C. E.

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PRAYER.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—I would now address a few words to all who call upon the name of the Lord, and more especially to those whose circumstances give them time at command, whose sex may restrain them from much intercourse with others, or whose health in some measure incapacitates them from bodily exertion. Have we no opening for usefulness? Oh think again; has God's door of mercy been shut, or does it not rather stand more steadily open now than ever, when possibly the period may have arrived, that latter day, that time of the latter rain, in which we are told to ask, "So the Lord shall make bright clouds, and give them showers of rain, to every one grass in the field." (Zech. x. 1.) We have heard very much about the anticipated Parliamentary Grant, of fresh buttresses to the strongest hold, which judging humanly, we regard Satan to be in possession of. His influence is, we are aware, every where, and his individual empire, but too consciously existing in our own hearts; but taking things in a more general and political sense, count we not, that Rome is the present earthly seat of the beast?

It seems to me to be futile and unreasonable, to express astonishment at the anxiety on the part of government to render aid to Irish Romanists. Let us blame as we may the versatility of statesmen, and their yielding to what they consider expediency,—the friendly offerings to Maynooth are but the natural

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sequence to the original bill in favour of Roman ascendancy, known as the 'Catholic Emancipation Act.' I would that our efforts had been more successful, that God had seen fit to vouchsafe an arrest in the progress of motions, so detrimental to us nationally; but since it has been otherwise, let us seek to bring down blessings from on high, to enable us to withstand the opening of the flood-gates of evil, that having done all we may stand, for we take unto us the whole armour of our God. I regret, that in thus alluding to party opinions, (for too many of us I fear, are unwilling to admit what I have asserted regarding the city seated on seven hills,) I have necessarily made a breach, and ranked myself, not as it were among the people of God generally, but one of a small body, lightly accounted of. Dear Christian friends be it, that in this matter we differ, herein I trust we shall agree, that sooner or later a day is coming, when evil, under whatever head or characteristics, will assume increasing sway; if you believe in Christ to salvation, it can hardly be that you have not some impression of a predominance greater even than now, of infidelity and atheism. The safety under such circumstances of all who love the Lord, seems to lie in nearness to that gracious Lord, that He Himself may be a covert to us, a house of defence. God has been very full of love towards us, in so recently permitting us to hold intercourse with one another at our anniversary meetings; and now that the ministers of the Gospel, are returned to *their* several spheres of action, let *us* remember to make ours increasingly the hallowed privilege of asking for rain in the time of the latter rain. Reverting to my own peculiar views, I would say, this is that very time, its signs are too strong to be mistaken, and why are we not more earnest for the Spirit's

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outpouring. We can only stand in the strength of the Lord ;. and, while our clergy are speaking, let us be praying, praying for every ministering servant throughout the world, and God will give showers of rain, to every one grass in the field. I do not despond ; God's mercies to us, in a spiritual sense, have not yet, to my limited apprehension, diminished ; but we must not be slack in our efforts, even as He is not slack concerning His promise. We are, I fear, grievously, as a nation, offending Him, yet in spite of all this He will hear and answer our prayers. When the enemy comes in as a flood, and as he gains strength daily, we know not how soon this may be, our only strength is the power of God's Spirit. Yes, my dear friends in Christ, let us as a body, (I speak more particularly to those of us who have leisure, and we who have, must supplicate for those who have less), besiege the throne of Divine grace; Jesus Christ our Lord, sits upon that throne, and marvels at our little concern for His interests. The devil is getting all his apparatus ready for the grand conflict, and that with untold subtilty: are Christ's people equally full of energy ? Are we preparing for what we know must come, such a snare as shall deceive, if it be possible, even the very elect ? My brethren, let us I say, in God's name, give Him no rest until He make the joy and the praise of the whole earth, Jerusalem : and let us not pray this blindly, but with our eyes open, knowing the trials, (of whatsoever sort they be), through which this glorious consummation shall be attained. In God's Spirit, we in Him and He in us, we are and shall be alone safe: let us, as it were, be compassing the moral Jericho, with our unceasing prayers ; others are speaking, and thus blowing the trumpets, are we walking round and round it in prayer

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for its demolition, entreating God to cast it utterly to the ground, that He may establish in its stead, His own kingdom of righteousness and truth, and joy and love. And be this accomplished too, good Lord, in our own individual bosoms, for thy name's sake: may our lives bear more strongly Thine own impress—may we daily be more sanctified, and made meet for an enjoyment of Thy presence. Hasten Thine appearing, and glorify Thyself in us. These few lines are hastily written, and intended simply as an incentive to prayer.

Dear Christian friends,

Your humble servant,

M. T. R.

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THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD,

OR THE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

No. VI.—ANCIENT EUROPE.

I THINK it very probable that my readers may find my many quotations somewhat tedious; but the grandeur and true poetry of the Scandinavian traditions must furnish my excuse. We may challenge the boasted mythology of Greece and Rome, or indeed of any land, (perhaps excepting India,) to furnish anything superior. Their native sublimity, however, is not my only temptation; they bear a strong but deformed resemblance to certain passages of Holy Writ. We can have no doubt that traditions, handed down from earliest antiquity; and the national character, tutored into accordance with the savage scenery and stormy skies of Scandinavia, worked out the narrative into the form in which we find it.

The deities of this people were many. Odin or Woden was the chief of them; he seems, in a great degree, to have combined the ideas embodied by the Greeks in Jupiter and Mars. Originally Odin was probably a provincial mode of pronouncing Adonay,* a common name of God among the Jews and Phœnicians.

* Whence was also derived Adonis, the slain god of Tyre and Greece.

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But it was in Scandinavia, as elsewhere, "gods many and lords many" drew away the people from the homage they had once paid to the one true God, and every evil and barbarism ensued. The very nature of their deities was cruel. The goddess Freya (who is, in some of her features identical with the Egyptian Bubastis, and the Venus of the Greeks,) is yet little better than a female Typhon. 'She goes on horseback to every place where battles are fought, and asserts her right to one-half of the slain; the other half belongs to Odin.' (*Edda*, p. 53.)

Odin's sole delight was in battles, where he slew a thousand men at one blow, while he himself remained invulnerable.

Thor, his son, the conqueror of the serpent of Midgard,* was also a renowned warrior, and presided over deeds of arms.

As might be expected, these deities were propitiated with rites as savage as the characters ascribed to them. Human victims were constantly sacrificed to Odin and Thor, and lots were drawn, to decide who should die. When it fell to the lot of the king, it was deemed a most auspicious sign, and caused general rejoicing. King Domalder thus fell, as also Olaüs, another king, whom they burned alive, as a sacrifice to Odin. Their own children were frequently slain for the same purpose. One prince destroyed nine of his sons; and king Haquin, as we are told by Saxo Grammaticus, killed his two sons, amiable young persons, to propitiate the

* It is curious as interesting to observe how constantly the Son of God is identified with the conqueror of the serpent. In almost every ancient mythology we find this characteristic of the slain god or hero. Greece, India, Scandinavia, &c. all bear witness to the universal spread of the prophecy in Eden. (Gen. iii. 15.)

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god of the sea to destroy the fleet of his enemy. Here we recognise one of the worst features of the Canaanites. Parental affection was one of the first sacrifices exacted by the Scandinavian religion, as well as that of the Hivite and Jebusite.

The great scene of human slaughter was at Upsala, in Sweden; where there was a sacred grove, in which the detestable rites were performed; and where every tree was deemed holy, as Adam of Bremen tells us, because they were stained with blood, and foul with the corruption of human bodies. The corpses of those who were not burned, were hung on these trees, and left to putrefy. Great feasts and intemperance accompanied these sacrifices, and Tacitus tells us, that all the slaves who had assisted were afterwards destroyed by their masters.

Upon the whole, the mythology and worship of these inhospitable, gloomy regions are quite as savage as those of Egypt; and we find as little of the true "light of the world" here, as upon the banks of the Nile. What charms of religion, or exhibition of moral beauty can we expect among a people whose only recognized virtue was a blind and suicidal bravery, and whose sole delight was the extermination of their fellow-men? The moral gloom of Scandinavia was as dark as the thunder-clouds that brooded over her mountains: no ray of humanity, of pity, nor of piety, brightened the scene; all was stern, barbarous, and bloody.

Nor does the view of our own islands, in those early ages, give any relief to a mind wearied with the contemplation of heathen darkness and barbarism. In Britain, the Druidical superstition adored its oaks, and sacrificed its human victims by thousands.

Diogenes Laertius, in his prologue, maintains that

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the Druids of Gaul and Britain were analogous to the Magi of the Persians and Indians, the Chaldeans of Assyria, (Dan. ii. 4, 5, &c.) and the philosophers of Greece. Strabo (lib. 4.) tells us that the Druids believed in the perpetual renewal and revolutions of the earth, which was never to be annihilated; an opinion so common among the Oriental sages, (and from them derived by the Greeks,) that we may regard this coincidence of doctrine as one proof of the near relation between these Celtic Druids and the philosophers of Asia. Ouraroff, in his admirable Treatise on the Mysteries of Eleusis, says, (Notes, p. 112.) 'The Egyptian priests were considered as an Asiatic colony even among the ancients;' and quotes a passage from Zonaras (Ed. du Cange, 1729, vol. i. p. 14.) who says, 'It is said, that these things came from Chaldea into Egypt, and thence into Greece.' Now, if Egypt, so often regarded as the original fountain of all learning and religion, derived her stores from the East, it is no disparagement to the more barbarous Druids to regard them as drawing from the same source: and if the identity of their doctrines with those of the African and Oriental magi can be proved, (for which I refer my readers to the learned Faber's 'Dissertation on the Cabiri,' last chapter) we shall be driven to confess that Druidism is only a new phase of that old system of idolatry which may be traced through Egypt and Asia, and may be seen in fuller developement in India.

The supreme god of the Ancient Britons was named Hesus or Esus, and considered to be embodied in oak trees, which were consequently held sacred and adorable. The very name of Druid is supposed to be derived from the British word *derw* or *dru*, an oak; though some have given it a different origin.

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Their religion had not only the caverns, initiations, planetary periods, obelisks or pillars, and sacred groves, so common in the Asiatic and Egyptian systems, but had also their abhorrent human sacrifices. Few of my readers will need to be informed of the gigantic wicker figures which were wont to be filled with a hundred miserable victims, and burned together with them, amid the shouts and songs of the multitude.

There were also other modes of sacrifice. Sometimes a huge flat stone was used for the slaughter of an unhappy victim. It was furrowed with channels, to collect the blood flowing from his mangled limbs, into a bason hollowed out at the end of the slab. Such stones may still be seen in some parts of England. The favourite mode of offering, however, seems to have been by fire; and many places in our now Christian country retain names which antiquarians derive from these fiery orgies. Brandon Hill, one of the seven hills of Bristol, is considered to have been thus named, because people were anciently '*brenn'd*' or *burned* there. Sometimes these sacrifices were on the largest scale. Tacitus tells us that the Hermanduri, a German nation, having vanquished the Catti, slew at the end of the war, all the prisoners they had taken, in one sacrifice. The sacred groves reeked with human blood as foully as did those of Scandinavia. All solemn compacts were hallowed by the murder of human victims; at least such was the custom of the Druids in Germany and Gaul, and it is not probable that those of England were more humane than their brethren on the continent. The learning ascribed to these philosophers had not purified their system from revolting cruelties, nor raised their countrymen at large above the same kind of practices. Cæsar informs us that sick persons among the Britons

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used to sacrifice a man to procure their recovery, or promise so to do when restored. He describes the nation as scarcely clothed at all, and living all together in a promiscuous herd, much like the wild cattle of their own plains.

I must not conclude without a glance at Ireland. Druidism was established there; at least the oak was worshipped, and the soothsayers were called Druids. The sun appears to have been the chief deity of this people, and was called Grian and Beal. He was propitiated with human sacrifices, and the moon and stars shared his honours.

The worship of artificial gods was introduced by Tighermas, who reigned about A.M. 2820, as Keating informs us, in his curious and somewhat romantic History of Ireland. This king's idol was called Crom Cruacti; it was, doubtless, a symbol of the sun, and consisted of a stone having a golden top, with twelve smaller stones ranged around it. All the first-born both of man and beast, were sacrificed to this deity, and his rites inflicted great bodily pain on the worshippers. During these senseless and impious ceremonies, the king and many of his fellow devotees are said to have been struck dead by lightning.

It is foreign, however, to our present purpose to investigate farther the ancient history of these islands. We see cruelty, barbarism, and misery, all in close relation to each other; and we can trace all to those perverted systems of worship that drew the people away from the true knowledge of God. The history of Europe differs, however, from that of Asia, in one material point; we miss the national destruction. The Scandinavian, the Scythian, the ancient Britain, still exist, in their descendants, however they may have

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been brought under Roman or other conquest, at various times. The introduction of Christianity is the great secret of this preservation. The faint light received from afar, or the broader ray that illumined some happier portions, prevailed to save these lands from the stagnation that succeeds darkness. The "salt of the earth," in however small a quantity it existed, preserved the mass from putrefaction and decay. But this refers to more modern times; darkness, darkness, still darkness, brooded over Ancient Europe in her Western and Northern provinces. Was there light in the East? In Greece and Rome?—We shall see.

A. F.

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THE BIBLE OUR STRONGHOLD.

THE language which describes Zion (Psalm xlviii.) may fitly be applied to the Scriptures—"Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof—mark ye well her bulwarks—consider her palaces:" for what do we find in the Bible but "towers," and "bulwarks," so strong, that they who flee into them are safe—so fortified, as to resist the fiercest enemy, and to defy the most combined attack. And when we "go round about her," do we not find great reason to "consider the palaces" we meet with, which the Lord has so richly furnished, not only with necessaries, but as we proceed in the examination, how do comforts upon comforts lie in heaps around us?

In the way of *example*, how well are we defended, for we see sin bringing upon itself punishment, either signal or open, or else by a forcible blow on the conscience—a bitter remorse, a quickened recollection—telling us that an evil thing indeed it is, and a bitter, to sin against God; sin and sorrow are inseparable, their union dates back to the sad day when the sentence went forth which begins with a 'because,' and sends us back to the first scene of guilt and folly. Look at Jonah—he fled from the duty which was allotted him to perform, and to all human probability, he is left to perish in the sea. And when another prophet evinces

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his weakness of faith, distrusting God, forgetting that the angel of the Lord encampeth about his people and delivereth them, and showing himself unsupported by the truth, that if God was on his side he need not fear, but fled from the persecuting Jezebel, and wished for himself that he might die. But the Lord's eye was over him, he left him not a prey to himself. And how must the prophet have been smote by the reproof so gently conveyed in the voice which came unto him and said, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" (1 Kings xix.) And what was the end of him who was charged with a message to Bethel, and commanded not to eat or to drink there, nor to return by the way he came? We find him resisting the temptations of a court, and the promise of a reward; and then in a few verses we read of his awful fall,—temptation presented itself in another form, and he was seduced,—a lion met him by the way and slew him.

The fourteenth of Numbers contains another relation of disobedience, and its consequence. Some of the children of Israel transgressed the command of the Lord, and presumed to go up to the hill top, although the ark and Moses departed not out of the camp—and the result was, that they found in themselves the accomplishment of the prediction by which they had been warned—"Go not up, for the Lord is not among you, that ye be not smitten before your enemies, for the Amalekites and the Canaanites are there before you, and ye shall fall by the sword because ye are turned away from the Lord, therefore the Lord will not be with you." Here how plainly are we shewn in what safety consists, even in obeying implicitly the word of God, doing nothing without his authority, or without his presence, and doing it also in the manner prescribed,

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that we may expect success by insuring his blessing. And when we reflect upon the character of God, that he hath said and he will also do it, we must certainly look for the fulfilment of those threatenings which are suspended over those who rebel and refuse to attend to the voice of the Lord our God—the punishment merited by transgressors. When therefore we are tempted to sin, the examples and the precepts of Scripture must rise before us as a mighty bulwark, to defend us from the successful attacks of our adversaries. St. Paul would so speak of them, for he says, "These things were our examples, to the intent we should not lust after evil things as they also lusted." These things happened unto them for ensamples, and they are written for our admonition. 1 Cor. x. They are "towers," in which we may be safe from pride, and boasting, and presumption, and self-dependence, and while their walls screen us from attack, they bear the inscriptions, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed, lest he fall." "Be not high-minded but fear." "Let us therefore fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of us should seem to come short of it." 1 Cor, x. Rom. xi. Heb. iv.

Thus looking upon ourselves by the light of Scripture, as weak and ready to sink and fall, we shall be led to the only source of strength "the rock that is higher than us," whereon we may lean and build our hopes, and which will defy all the storms of earth, and resist the warrings of hell. Nothing can render us more secure than when by grace we commune with God, and cast on him our every care. How gracious has the Lord shewn himself in inviting us to bring our burdens unto him—our sins even are not to keep us back, for Jesus will bear them away, and clothe us with his righteous-

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ness, and renew us with his Holy Spirit. There is a constant rising up of the suggestions of nature, for which we must constantly pray to be able to conquer; these suggestions are opposed to, or warp the blessed revelation which God has given us. We are rendered uneasy on account of sin, we lament our barrenness, and we are almost ready to conclude that in consequence of these things, we have neither part or lot in the matter. The Bible meets this case, and we must examine the strength of the "bulwark," which is formed by a few simple words—look to the character of St. Paul—no living creature can ever *surpass* him in zeal or in holiness: "If any man" he says, and here is our stronghold, "thinketh that he hath whereof he might trust in the flesh, I *more*." Yet the remembrance of what he had done, his favoured position, the sufferings he had gone through were no basis whereon to ground his confidence: they afforded him no rest for the sole of his feet, they were no occasion of his rejoicing; and yet if any one were qualified to merit the favour of God, St. Paul was the individual. To *nature* he appears beautifully clothed—how rich are the garments we see him in, when he tells of his stripes, of his imprisonment, of his stoning, and of his shipwreck, of his journeyings, and perils, of his weariness and painfulness, of his hunger and thirst, of his cold and nakedness. Yet how had St. Paul been taught by grace to consider his sufferings and his devotion to the cause of his Master? He thought them no passport to heaven —they were to him but as "filthy rags," for by faith he saw himself clothed in the one only "wedding garment" —the spotless righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. This was St. Paul's matter of rejoicing, and it is another instance of the happiness which flows, when we

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can lose sight of ourselves, and simply obey the words of our Saviour, "look unto me, and be ye saved;" may we be closer followers of him who followed Christ, and we shall then be included in that number who worship God in the Spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh, and who, counting all things but loss for the knowledge of Christ shall be found in him at the last day, not having their own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith, and shall therefore be presented faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy. Phil. iii. Jude.

It is impossible not to perceive what beautiful harmony runs through the Scriptures, and how perfect would be the character, could we at all times obey the precepts and follow the examples which are set before us. What an altered world would this be were each of us to carry out into practice the duties devolving upon us as Christians! Left to ourselves we are full of strange inconsistencies: we set out with the idea of promoting the glory of God, but we do not see that while with one hand we advance the work, with the other we destroy it. How many exhibitions of this sad tendency in our nature are continually before us! The course the Bible points out for our adoption to attain God's glory, is to embrace its whole *circumference*—now from our actions it might be inferred, that the goal is just as well reached, if instead of taking the circuit we run across the diameter; our bias is to run into extremes, and it is by being quickened by the Bible *alone* that the balance is preserved. Suppose we are told to be valiant for the truth, and "earnestly to contend for the faith," there is no knowing to what lengths our zeal might carry us.

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But the Bible gives us knowledge and tells us how to be zealously affected in a good thing—it would free our conduct from bitterness, and self-interest, and prejudice, by teaching us that without charity all our deeds are nothing worth, and that it is the sin against which we must wage war, while with the Spirit of Christ we must love the *sinner*, and upon those "certain men who have crept in unawares," we must not ask for the fire of heaven to descend, but trying to "be perfect even as our heavenly Father is perfect," we must "bless them that curse us, and pray for them that despitefully use us and persecute us."

And, as regards the doctrines of grace—left to ourselves, we may be tempted to think that faith (or rather a something which resembles it, analagous to the tares and the wheat) will by itself save us, and we leave our brother and sister to perish with cold and nakedness; or our conduct has sometimes another aspect and believing that Christ's merits are all-sufficient, we show ourselves not only barren of goodness, but we indulge in the works of the flesh, saying that we have fellowship with God, and yet walking in darkness! Alas, how blind must we be to the entire tenor of Scripture. What power has Satan to blind the eyes and to bind the conscience! Of the many texts in contradiction of this awful perversion of truth, St. James' Epistle contains one of great force, for he speaks of *the perfect law of liberty;* and yet he adds, be not a forgetful *hearer*, but a *doer* of the word. And St. Paul, whom we have seen counting all things but loss, with his full consciousness that Christ, and Christ *alone* could save, did not cease notwithstanding to press forward to the mark for the prize of his high calling.

The Scriptures fit us both to be active in business, as

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well as to be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. They would give us the wisdom of the serpent as well as render us as harmless as doves. And while we would in the pursuit of one duty, lose sight of another, the Bible would teach us how to walk so as to please God, adorning his doctrine in *all* things: thus have we a "bulwark" against inconsistency.

The Psalmist speaks of his enemies who, fighting daily against him, oppressed him: and may not this often be the case with the believer? Enemies indeed he has, many are the forms of their disguise, various their mode of attack, different the weapons they employ—but they are all marshalled under one leader, with one and the same object in view. But at no point are we left defenceless, we have a Captain—Jesus the Captain of our Salvation, in him we may rejoice—in his name we will set up our banners, and through him we shall be more than conquerors. We may indeed sometimes fear, for "the flesh is weak," but our "bulwark" will be found in trusting in God, for if he be on our side, who can harm us? How cheering is the word which David "by inspiration of God" has left us—his refuge was in prayer—"I will call upon the Lord, who is worthy to be praised, *so shall I be saved from mine enemies.* The sorrows of death compassed me, and the floods of ungodly men made me afraid. The sorrows of hell compassed me about, the snares of death prevented me. In my *distress I called upon the Lord*, and cried unto my God, *he heard my voice* out of his temple, and my cry came before him even into his ears." Psalm xviii. God is the same from everlasting to everlasting, and so in trusting in him and calling upon him, these verses hand down the experience not of David alone, but of all believers from age to age.

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The Lord is indeed worthy to be praised, for how great is his faithfulness, he will not fail his people. With what tenderness did he bring the children of Israel out of Egypt to Canaan—how mercifully did he bear with their provocations! The Christian Church now occupies the exact position which Israel once filled; in reading their history we peruse our own, for if the Lord were to inspire a penman to write in a book what he has done for us, and what return we have made to him, the one record would tally precisely with the other. Our faith may gain much strength by the study of this particular "bulwark" of the Bible. We shall see with what readiness the Lord listened and condescended to his people—how he even answered their prayers when the object of them was mere *temporal* blessings; if then these things are so, how confidently may we look for the gift of those spiritual graces of which we feel our need.

To know the love of Christ which passes knowledge, and his unsearchable riches, and the peace of God, and the fellowship of the Spirit, are among those precious things which the Christian is privileged in some degree to possess and to enjoy; these are some of the treasures with which the Bible our 'Palace' is stored. The more we search, the more we shall find, the richer we shall become, and the louder will be our strains of gratitude and praise to him who has so defended us, and crowned us with loving kindness and tender mercies.

S. S.

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THE DAYS OF LAUD.

CHAPTER III.

MARK WENTWORTH did not find the task of removing the painted window an easy one. Some of the old, and most of the ignorant in his parish, prized the gaudy toy, and their prejudices became clamorous when they found their minister determined to effect his purpose. Their anger and discontent were increased by the malicious acts of Hobbes, one of the churchwardens, who hated the meek man of God with a bitter hatred. Mark Wentworth had reproved Hobbes for living in open unrepented sin.

At last the painted window was removed. The other churchwarden seconded all his minister's efforts, and they stood together in the aisle of the church looking at the panes of plain glass with rejoicing hearts, and thanking God who had enabled them to remove the stumbling-block, not only out of the way of the present generation, but of their posterity, to whose feet it might have proved a snare.

When he came out of the church, Wentworth took his way towards Brindsley Hall. Two months had passed since he confessed his attachment to Lucy Camden, and during that period some changes had taken place. Cuthbert, after giving vent to his feelings of joy at the prospect of calling Wentworth brother, left

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Laytonfield; but his absence this time was expected to be of short duration.

Sir Humphrey Clive also heard of the projected marriage of his niece, and he frowned upon a union which he had no authority to forbid. Wentworth's visits formerly so pleasant, were utterly distasteful to the angry baronet. He had meditated high alliances for Lucy, and 'to be thwarted by a foolish girl and a fanatical parson!' Still he suffered Wentworth at his house, only contriving by his haughty and distant manner to render his visits so painful, that it required a motive strong indeed to induce him to repeat them, as he did again and again.

Another change, and that by far the most important, was the arrival of a new chaplain. Mr. Atterbury had not yet taken up his residence at the Hall. He spent a few days there, and then left it to complete some arrangements elsewhere, which he represented as extremely important. Mark Wentworth had not met him. Lucy spake not of him, and therefore the minister of the parish knew nothing of one whom he expected might prove a fellow-helper in his great work, save through the lavish encomiums of Marion Clive, and her mother.

As he trod with rapid steps his well-known way to the Hall, his spirits became unusually buoyant, and his heart danced lightly in his breast. He had cast the fear of man behind his back; he had executed a perilous duty at a time when the star-chamber and the High Commission court were thundering forth their censures on all who should sacrilegiously disturb the remains of ancient corruption. This he has dared to do; he gave God the glory, and was now hastening to tell of his success, where he knew one heart at least would rejoice in his joy.

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As he entered the large old-fashioned parlour in which the ladies of the family usually sat, he heard Sir Humphrey Clive say in a tone of angry determination: 'I tell thee, niece, we'll have as merry a Church Ale on Sunday next, as ever Laytonfield saw in the good old times, and the puritan parson shall do sore penance for his sacrilege, by reading the king's declaration in the face of the whole congregation.'

'The Puritan Parson dare not do so,' said Mark Wentworth, returning the baronet's stiff salutation, 'since it runs counter to the declaration of the King of kings, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."'

'It is rumoured,' replied Sir Humphrey, 'that an order for enforcing obedience in this matter will be sent down to Laytonfield in a few days. I would counsel you, sir, to overcome all foolish qualms of conscience, and to yield a ready compliance. Refusal might be perilous.'

Mark Wentworth glanced uneasily towards Lucy Camden. Her cheek was paler than usual, and her eye was fixed anxiously upon him, as she eagerly listened to his reply—'It is the Christian's lot, sir,' he said, 'to be in "perils among *false* brethren," though I knew not that I had a foe sufficiently powerful to bring this trouble upon me.'

'I would we could learn what detains my brother and Mr. Atterbury,' said Lucy abruptly, turning to her cousin Marion. 'Cuthbert promised to be here yesternight, and my uncle expected Mr. Atterbury at noon to-day.'

'I rejoice to hear you at last express a wish for Mr. Atterbury's return, Lucy,' said Marion, with some bitterness. 'I marvelled much that you took so little delight in his conversation when he was here.'

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'I understood it not,' said Lucy. 'His discourse is so mingled with "the speech of Ashdod," that it is too dark for unlearned ears.'

'Ashdod!' said Lady Clive in a tone of surprise. 'I thought Mr. Atterbury spoke English with remarkable purity. He never uttered even a word of Latin in my hearing.'

'Cuthbert and our new chaplain have not yet met,' said Marion. 'I thought'——

'God grant they never may!' fervently ejaculated Lucy.

The eyes of all her auditors turned at once towards her for farther explanation, but Lucy was quietly labouring with her needle, and seemed to design no elucidation of her mysterious words.

'Your brother might have found profit in the converse of so good a man, Lucy,' said her aunt. 'And you ought to rejoice in the opportunity thus afforded of convincing Cuthbert of some errors into which he has lately fallen.'

'I believe,' said Lucy calmly, 'the means taken to refute those errors would be indeed convincing. Cuthbert is far too honest to conceal his sentiments, even where the utterance of them might be fraught with danger.'

'But why talk of danger, Lucy?' asked Marion. 'What can you fear from such a man as Mr. Atterbury? so holy—so devout. In addition to the public services of the day, I have seen him frequently retire into the chapel to perform his private devotions.'

'The Lord could hear him in his own closet,' said Lucy, 'even did he altogether follow the blessed Saviour's precept, and "shut to the door."'

'He is a very pattern of mortification and self-denial,' said Marion; 'fasts twice or thrice in the week.'

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'So also did the Pharisee,' returned Lucy, 'of whom our Lord testified that be went not down to his house justified.'

'There is scarcely a poor man on my father's estate who has not already tasted of his bounty,' said Marion.

'"Though I give all my goods to feed the poor, and have not charity, I am nothing,"' replied Lucy, leaving her text to apply itself.

Sir Humphery Clive did not once interrupt his niece, while she thus animadverted upon the character of a man whom he had taken into special favour. Surprise, and perhaps a kind of awe at the dignity of her manner, with some other motive not so apparent, prevailed to keep him silent. Mark Wentworth did not speak, for he felt that Lucy's words contained a special warning for him, and he was anxious to discover their meaning more clearly without asking questions, which she might have found it difficult to answer before her relatives. But when she ceased speaking, the remembrance of Sir Humphrey's threat concerning the Church-ale, came back into his mind, and he took a formal leave of Lady Clive and her daughter; but when he held out his hand to Lucy, she rose from her seat, and looking earnestly in his face, said with a firm unfaltering voice, '"Be not afraid of them, neither be afraid of their words, though briars and thorns be with thee, and thou dost dwell among scorpions."' Then suddenly checking herself, she added, 'Nay, that I need not say, for thou wilt never be afraid to "declare the whole counsel of God." Therefore I will rather tell thee whom thou shalt fear, Fear one who will come to thee as an angel of light, and when his robe looks whitest, and his wings seem plumed with gold, then fear thou most.'

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'Lucy, dearest Lucy,' said Mark Wentworth, regardless of those whose presence had hitherto been a painful restraint. 'Tell me who has troubled you? Who has disturbed your peace? You look ill—unhappy'——

'Distraught with fanaticism, you should say, sir,' exclaimed Sir Humphrey in an angry tone.

'I am not ill. None has disturbed my peace. I am not worthy of their malice,' said Lucy, without regarding her uncle. 'But I have learned to read dark sentences, and I know there will be danger for thee, Mark. Then keep thine eye upon thy God, and give thy confidence to no man.' With these words she left the room; and Wentworth, perplexed and distressed, walked slowly towards his solitary dwelling.

'Why did Lucy not tell me what I have to fear, and from whom?' he asked himself more than once. 'Why did she speak in riddles that must have been equally offensive to her uncle as the plainest warning she could have given. But she is unhappy. They are unkind to her. I will take her from among them.'

The last resolution was made while Mark Wentworth overleaped in imagination, all the obstacles that stood in the way of his immediate union with Lucy Camden, and his step grew light, and his heart glad, as he drew near that part of the village in which the greater number of his parishioners lived. 'These are immortal souls,' he thought, 'and their blood, if I warn them not, will be required at my hands.'

With this thought, and before less profitable ones had time to return, he began the labour of enforcing God's fourth command from house to house. In some cottages his advice was received as a message from the Lord, and the inmates still resolved to "Remember the

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sabbath day, and keep it holy." In most he met with greater opposition than he had expected. One met him with sneers and scoffing; another murmured that it was hard the poor, who labour for six days, should be deprived of their sport on the seventh.

He left the last cottage with a heavy heart, and was beginning to give way to all the sorrow which the sin of his flock occasioned, when a few words of sympathy from a stranger again raised his sinking spirits; and, like St. Paul, when he met the brethren at Appii Forum, he "thanked God and took courage."

The stranger was a young man. His figure was tall and graceful; his dark eye gave powerful expression to the genius which directed its eloquence, and his manners, though highly polished, seemed perfectly simple and unaffected.

'I am grieved,' he said, advancing courteously towards Mark Wentworth, 'to see all things preparing for the introduction of sinful folly and revelry into this otherwise peaceful, and happy village.'

'Our great foe,' replied Wentworth, 'is ever vigilant to bring in evil, and destroy all that is good. Much need we have to "gird on the whole armour of God," and to remember that "we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." 'But,' he continued, 'It gives me joy to meet with one who has respect unto all the commandments of his God. May I inquire who thus mourns with those who mourn for the iniquities of our nation?'

'My name,' replied the stranger, 'is not worth a niche in thy memory. I am altogether unknown in these parts, and without fame in any, being but a pilgrim and sojourner on the earth, as all my fathers

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were. Yet I have heard of Mark Wentworth, and how hard he has striven to teach his flock the true doctrine of God's blessed word, and therefore it grieved me to the heart to see the booths making ready round the very house of God for the revels on next sabbath.'

Mark Wentworth started when he heard this, and after vainly pressing the young stranger to accompany him home, he took an affectionate leave of him, and hurried back to the church which, only an hour before, he had left with feelings of joy and thankfulness. He found the church-yard strewed in various places with rolls of tarpauline, stakes, and cords, while groups of the most idle, and profligate people in the parish stood ready to give their assistance in the work of setting up the booths.

Mark Wentworth walked boldly forward into the midst of them, and assuming the authority which his office gave him within the precincts of the consecrated ground, he desired that the obnoxious preparations might be at once removed. Some of those whom he addressed, looked ashamed, and began to move slowly away, but without attempting to obey the command which their minister had given. Others firmly stood their ground, and muttered something about orders from the hall, but Hobbes the churchwarden, after giving the men orders to proceed with their work, walked up to Wentworth, and said with an air of mock respect, 'You see Master Wentworth its no use disputing this matter. Sir Humphrey is a magistrate, and has given his positive orders that there shall be a Church-ale held in Laytonfield church-yard to-morrow after morning prayers; and if you'll listen to the advice of a friend, you'll shorten your sermon, and let the people out to their sports, for I know to a certainty that Sir Hum-

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phrey's backed by higher authority. You see the council has been informed touching the sacrilegious breaking up of the old chancel window.'

To reason with this man Mark Wentworth knew would be useless. He was elated with the triumph he had just gained. He was surrounded by scoffers who would but trample the pearls of divine truth under their feet, and he was supported, as he said, by high authority. With a saddened heart the minister of Laytonfield returned to his home, where, like good king Hezekiah, he spread his troubles and his difficulties before the Lord.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Sabbath day had hitherto been a day of joy and peace to Mark Wentworth's soul, but on this Sunday, contentions and disputations had clipped the wings of his faith, and it was "in weakness and in fear and in much trembling," that he went into the pulpit of Laytonfield church, but when he had given forth his message, "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the Holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." When he had given forth this message the spirit of God came upon him, and he rebuked the sin

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of the Sabbath-breakers before him, with a power which made their hearts tremble, though it failed to win many from their sinful purpose. He told them that early in the morning he had received an order to read to them the King's 'Declaration to encourage recreations and sports on the Lord's day;' but added, that he dared not read it since it lacked the signature of the King of kings. From the requirements of the fourth commandment, he turned to those of the second, and reminded them how for centuries had been sinfully retained in their church, a pretended similitude of the eternal God "who dwelleth in the light which no man can approach unto, whom no man hath seen, nor can see."

Just as he pronounced these words he looked in the direction of Sir Humphrey Clive's pew. It was empty when the service commenced, but now, to his great surprise, the interesting stranger whom he met the day before, sat in it. His eye was fixed upon the preacher, and his whole bearing gave the idea of earnest attention.

Wentworth continued his sermon. Again he reproved idolatry, and all sinful trifling in a Christian church that led to it; again he condemned sabbath-breaking, and its accompanying vices, idleness, and profligacy, and again he looked towards the stranger. There was an expression dying away from his countenance—a glance in his eye which seemed to have been forced there against his will by powerful inward feelings. A momentary fear of, he scarcely knew what, struggled for a place in the Christian's calm bosom, but he "encouraged himself in the Lord his God," and subdued the rising suspicion which he condemned as unjust and uncharitable.

By the time the service concluded, Mark Wentworth

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had utterly forgotten the stranger's presence. When he left the church he observed with joy a large number of his flock walking soberly homewards, unmoved by the persuasions or the jeers of those who were preparing to begin their revels. A few even of those who on the preceding day had refused to listen to his godly admonitions, convinced, by the divine energy in that sermon, of their former sin, now acknowledged that, "the Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath-day," and determined from this time never again to desecrate its hallowed hours, by idle games and sinful excess.

Still Mark Wentworth saw a large proportion of his people arranging themselves in groups, and preparing to enjoy to the full that license which their rulers thus impiously offered them. Barrels of beer and provisions of all sorts had been sent down from the Hall. The piper was hired for the occasion by Sir Humphrey Clive; and some of his own servants, both male and female, were standing ready to join the dancers. Again the minister of God remonstrated; again the scoffers replied by appealing to the high authorities which sanctioned what they were doing. 'Besides,' added Hobbes, with an expressive look towards his companions, 'we are but doing a good work on a good day. The joy of the people at getting back their old liberty, will put an edge on their liberality, and your reverence shall see that with the offerings collected today, we'll cast a merry peal of bells for old Laytonfield church, or may be the money would be better bestowed on a handsome window more fitting the chancel than the paltry thing that's in it now.'

Hobbes turning on his heel, laughed heartily with his profane companions at the triumph they had gained over the 'Puritan parson.'—"The laughter of fools is

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like the crackling of thorns under a pot;" a sudden blaze, and then—it goes out for ever. "Against whom do ye sport yourselves? Against whom make ye a wide mouth, and draw out the tongue? Are ye not children of transgression; a seed of falsehood?"

Mark Wentworth walked sorrowfully away. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." It was the Sabbath-day, and Mark Wentworth sought its peculiar blessings from God. A few hours spent alone gave him a right, when in after life he referred to this time of his trouble, to say, "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day."

The evening was far advanced; the parsonage was calm and quiet. Not even the solitary footfall of a passer by disturbed its silence, till its peaceful occupant heard the little wicket that led into the garden in front of the house, suddenly open; hasty steps succeeded, and the next moment his friend Cuthbert Camden rushed into the room. Without other salutation, though they had not met for many weeks, he exclaimed in a hurried tone, 'You must fly—you must hide yourself at once, Wentworth, or you are a doomed man. Already the news that you have removed the painted window has been carried to Lambeth, and your sermon will follow it before to-morrow's sun sets, therefore, if you do not wish to be buried alive in the Fleet prison, you must fly, and'——

'But how do you know this, Cuthbert?' said Mark Wentworth calmly.

'Rumour has sent the news far and near long ere this,' replied Camden. 'Her tale reached me, and brought me to Laytonfield, where I am but just arrived, and do not flatter yourself that this is one of the many falsehoods with which she delights to amuse those who

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listen to her. Only a few moments since I overtook you old enemy Hobbes. He was in close conference with another man, and I heard him say, "He has done his own business now. The bishops were in a rage about the window, and sent down the order for permitting the sports, just to try if they could bend his neck to the yoke; but he'll be in jail before another week is over his head, for his sermon is to be presented to-morrow." Now, Wentworth, as you value my friendship, as you love Lucy, you must not linger, but come down with me into ——shire. I can give you shelter there for a season, until some change comes to deliver our unhappy country.'

'If I could repay kindness such as yours with thanks, Camden, you should have them,' said Mark Wentworth, 'but I cannot now profit by it. I have done nothing—said nothing to offend those who are set in authority over me, and I will even say with good Nehemiah, "Should such a man as I flee? And who is there that being as I am would go away to save his life? I have done nothing to deserve bonds or imprisonment."'

'Done nothing! said nothing!' repeated Cuthbert impatiently. 'And what, think you, have those victims who rot unpitied in our London prisons, done to deserve their fate? They did what you have nobly done to-day. They would not serve godless prelates, or worship the tawdry images which the pride-swollen Archbishop has set up.'

'Hush! Cuthbert,' said Wentworth, in a gentle tone. 'Railing is not meet language for a Christian man. We are warned not to "speak evil of dignities."'

'Ay,' said Cuthbert, with much bitterness. 'I remember that warning, and as St. Michael forbore to

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bring a railing accusation against the arch fiend, even so will I spare the Archbishop. But oh! may the Lord rebuke the man who would quench the light of the blessed gospel, and under the foul pretence of ruling and guiding the church of God, breathes out threatening and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord. The reckoning day is not far off. The violence of the prelates will pull down the tottering fabric of their vaunted church, and they will be buried beneath its ruins.'

'God forbid!' exclaimed Mark Wentworth. 'Evil men have indeed too often marred the beauty of our British church; but destroy her, and what shall arise upon her ruins? Rome would have her builders ready, and it would cost her a struggle if they cast not out every other. Or be it so, that every man shall then bring his own teaching into the church, how would the "wood, hay and stubble" be driven about by the breath of the next tempest that might arise upon it.'

'We have a surer foundation than creeds and liturgies. Have we not the scriptures of truth!' Cuthbert Camden spoke these words in a diffident tone, as if he were guilty of presumption in thus admonishing his young pastor.

'I was wrong,' said Wentworth. 'The gates of hell shall not prevail against the Church of Christ. But I shudder at what is yet to come, when all that is beautiful in sacred peace, and hallowed order may be rooted up to make way for some new delusion, which man, and man bearing the name of Christ shall set up in this kingdom.'

'The delusion is already set up,' said Cuthbert, 'and the conscience must yield to it, or be prepared to suffer the uncertain penalty attached to such contumacy. Listen to me, Wentworth. In a day or two the order

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for your suspension will be sent down. You will be loaded with a ruinous fine, and committed to prison, until it is paid to the uttermost farthing.'

'Nay, Camden, my brother,' said Wentworth, in a gentle tone; 'is it kind thus to rob me of present peace, with forebodings which may never be realized?'

'I speak that you may secure years of future peace,' replied Cuthbert Camden. 'Several vessels bound for New England will sail next month. Some of the best and holiest of our people will then leave this country. Let us cast in our lot among them. You shall carry your bride across the wide sea. A log-house with Lucy's smile to gladden it, will be as a palace to you, Wentworth, and you will have—we shall have liberty there to worship the Lord God of our fathers. Is not that a blessing worth one effort—worth one short struggle to win it?'

'"The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth," replied Mark Wentworth; '"but the righteous is bold as a lion." Shall I on the first panic—on the first rumour of coming ill, desert the flock which was committed to my charge, and persuade a loving and a noble minded woman to leave her country and her kindred for those gloomy wilds and barren forests? Cuthbert, you would not urge me to such cowardice.'

'In a few days,' replied Camden, 'the suspension will arrive. You will be summoned before the bishops—the fine imposed—the net drawn tighter and tighter around you, and Laytonfield and Lucy must both be given up. My sister would choose the gloomy forest rather than a broken heart.'

'Cuthbert,' said Mark Wentworth, 'do not urge me farther. I must wait upon my God. I must look for some intimation of his will. Be satisfied. I shall

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have warning. The suspension will come first. I will obey it at once, resign my living, and go whithersoever the Lord will send me.'

Cuthbert Camden appeared to be satisfied, and the two friends remained silent for a few moments, when, after seeming to revolve in his secret thoughts some matter that baffled his attempts to comprehend it, Cuthbert said, 'I understand not, Wentworth, how you, who have a zeal that may yet entitle you to the palm of martyrdom, were brought to conform in the matter of the surplice, the marriage ring, and bowing at our blessed Saviour's name. In your nonage you objected to these as superstitious, and I own it puzzled me to find that your ordination brought so sudden a conviction of their lawfulness and utility.'

Wentworth smiled. 'I should have been refused ordination,' he said, 'if I had continued to object to those forms.'

'And what then?' said Cuthbert. 'Should you not have said with the Apostle, "we ought to obey God rather than men?"'

'Camden,' said Mark Wentworth earnestly,—'That scripture is the rule whereby at my ordination, and ever since, I have tried to determine every difference between my opinion and the will of our rulers. When I applied it to the matters you speak of, they seemed so trivial, that had I been silenced or imprisoned for objecting to them, I should not have been a sufferer for Christ's sake, but a martyr to my own scruple. And,' he added, again smiling, 'rather than make my brother of Canterbury to offend by persecuting me, I would wear my surplice day and night for ever.'

'But you forget,' replied Cuthbert, 'that what you are pleased to treat as mere trifles, have been subjects

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of deep thought to some of our best and wisest divines. The names of John Fox and Bernard Gilpin alone, might give weight to such scruples.'

'I reasoned thus for some time,' answered Wentworth, 'till I applied the line and the plummet of your text again to my reasonings, "We ought to obey God rather than man." I saw that in all things where the matter interfered not with the law of the Lord, Christ and his apostles gave way to the will of others. Do you remember when our Lord had explained to Simon, that he might lawfully be excused from paying tribute, he added, "Notwithstanding, lest we should offend them," and immediately worked a miracle to avoid giving the rulers offence. Believe me, Camden, my heart would fail me at the stake, if I were brought thither, not because I preached the gospel of my blessed Master, and kept his law; but because I would not yield where yielding would be sinless.'

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MY CABINET.

No. XVI.

Among the country dealers in minerals, we often hear of an article which they are pleased to call *petrified water*. The proper name would be stalactitic carbonate of lime, for it is evident that water alone cannot petrify, though it may evaporate, leaving behind, in a solid form, the stony matter with which it was loaded. I have several specimens of this kind, especially one of a shaded brown, from the cave at Malta, which bears the name of St. Paul. Calc tuff is the coarse form of this substance, formed about the edges of hot springs, and by the evaporation of boiling water. One piece now before me resembles grains of wheat closely placed in rows, and was taken from the bottom of a kitchen copper. It looks as if it had tried to crystallize, and did not know how.

The landscape marble, or Cotham stone, (as it is also called, from a village near Bristol,) consists of carbonate of lime mixed with clay, and exhibits, when polished, curious landscapes of forest scenery or ruins. I have only a small piece now, not very distinct; but I had formerly a large slab, with a double landscape, as if a stream of water flowed between two rows of large trees.

Before quitting this species, we must speak of the carbonate of lime and strontin, and also the carbonate

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of lime and magnesia, or arragonite and dolomite, as they are commonly called. The former is a beautiful white spar, containing about four to six per cent. of strontites. In its massive state, it has much the appearance of the firm white flesh of the cocoa-nut; I have two specimens of this kind, both from Devonshire; another which is radiated where broken; and a fourth, of the coarser kind, with small limbs branching from the mass, like little trees, towers, &c.

The dolomite, bitter spar, brown spar, or pearl spar, is the crystal of magnesian limestone, and is of the same form as calc spar, generally white, and containing lime and magnesia in varying quantities, the former always preponderating. It contains also a little alumina, or iron, water, &c. 'The Parian stone,' so famed of old, is of this species; also that durable building-stone of which the cathedrals of Milan and York are composed. The pearl spar, so named from its delicate glittering appearance, is common in Cumberland and many other places. I have a good specimen from thence, on a foundation of Galena, and a piece of the brown kind, (whose only difference is in colour,) from Cornwall, with little rosettes of green copper scattered over it, like bushes in a sandy desert.

The sulphate of lime, in its massive state, is called gypsum, or plaster of Paris, and when compact in texture, is the common alabaster, of which toys and ornaments are made; but the substance called oriental, or real alabaster, is the pure carbonate. When gypsum is bright and fibrous, it is cut into beads for necklaces, and has a pearly or satin lustre. I have several specimens of the above kinds, also a pretty good transparent crystal, which is termed selenite, or sparry gypsum; it is oblong and flat in form, and the edges are double,

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pointing outwards. It is generally white, but often coloured by admixture ; I have a large specimen, from Spain, of a varying deep red, and silky lustre ; and another, cut and polished, of a striped brown and white from Derbyshire, and there called bacon-stone. There are several species connected with gypsum, as anhydrite, &c., but they are extremely rare.

The phosphate of lime, apatite, or moroxite, contains a little fluoric acid, and silica, &c., and is much less common than the foregoing species. Its crystal is six-sided, with the edges bevelled at the ends. I have one small crystal from Norway, of a brownish colour, imbedded in the carbonate of lime ; and a larger blue one with augite in long dark prisms.

The fluate of lime, fluor spar, or Derbyshire spar, is very common in that county and elsewhere. Its crystal is the plain square cube, and its colours are as varied as those of the rainbow. It is one of the most beautiful of the limes, and when compact, is cut and polished, in the forms of urns, and vases, and all kinds of ornaments. The purple kind is generally preferred for these purposes. I have a large macled crystal, nearly an inch and half square, of a smoky violet hue, embedded, and half veiled in a mass of white carbonate crystals, with several smaller coloured ones near it. It is from Derbyshire, one of the most beautiful things in my possession. Also some wine-coloured yellow ones, nearly the same size, from Cumberland, sprinkled with pyrites,—two or three green specimens, of different sizes, clouded with purple, like the sea in a storm ; with some of the polished compact purple and white, in concentric circles. For many of these I am indebted to some dear friends, who have visited Derbyshire and its rich stores of minerals, a pleasure I have never yet enjoyed.

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We now come to some more rare and little known metals.

Lithium is the base of a strong alkali called lithia, which is its oxyde, and was first discovered in the scarce mineral called Petalite; a mixture of silica and alumina, found only at the iron mine of Uton, an island on the Swedish coast. A slight trace of lithia occurs in several different minerals, but it has never been found in any other state.

The thirty-fourth metal is Cadmium, which I believe is not found in a mineral form.

The thirty-fifth is Zirconium, which is not quite so rare; its oxyde forms an earth which is the chief component of the gems, hyacinth, jargoon, and zirconite. They are sometimes considered as only sub-species of the same gem, and consist of from 66 to 70 parts of zirconia, with silica to the amount of 26 to 31; and in the jargoon, two parts of iron. Hyacinth is of a red or yellow colour, and transparent jargoon comes from Ceylon, is pale and smoky; zirconite is of duller colours, and often opake. They are found in Siberia, Greenland, &c.

X. Q.

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THE FAMILY OF GLENCARRA.

A TALE OF FACTS.*

By Sidney O'Moore.

The west of Ireland abounds in scenes of picturesque beauty. Its shores are girdled by lofty crags, bold headlands, innumerable islets and caves hollowed out by the musical waves of the Atlantic; while the inland scenery is rich in wild mountains and lovely lakes, combined in forms of surpassing sublimity. Alas, many of those mountains are worn by the traces of thousands of the votaries of superstition, those crags are ensanguined by drops from their suffering forms, those lakes receive their offerings, and re-echo to their prayers to the 'Queen of heaven.'

Not far from one of their holy places of pilgrimage stands Glencarra. The old mansion is nearly embowered in trees, over which on one side frowns a broad dark mountain, down which deep fissures have been worn by winter torrents; on the other, a sunny lawn, of the vivid green so peculiar to the Emerald Isle, slopes from the entrance of the house to the isle-gemmed waters of Lough Conn; while the horizon is closed by ranges of hills or mountains which form, as it were, an

* By this expression I would have it understood, that most of the scenes and incidents of the tale are depicted from real life, but the aid of fiction has been enlisted to weave the whole into a connected story.

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amphitheatre around the lovely lake. The turrets, and even the offices of Glencarra, wear an air of venerable antiquity, for the hand of time has richly clothed them with luxuriant festoons of ivy.

In this happy abode glided by my infancy and childhood. I had two brothers and a sister; our parents took much pains to impress upon our minds that we were but travellers through this world, and that we should ever remember, and act with reference to that world which must be our abode throughout eternity. They also taught us to regard each daily blessing, and each new pleasure, as a gift proceeding from a Father of love, and the feeling of grateful love which this reflection produced in our hearts, added zest to our keen enjoyment of life. At length an event occurred which separated us for some months from our beloved parents. My father while in London upon some business of importance, was seized with a malignant fever, and my mother was summoned to attend his couch of sickness. She considered her children too young, either to share the fatigue of her rapid journey, or to risk the danger of contagion. We were therefore left under the care of an old nurse, who had lived many years at Glencarra.

About this time the spirit of rebellion, after desolating France, had crossed the seas to infuse its deadly poison into the minds of the Irish peasantry. Scarcely had my mother sailed for England before the country was proclaimed to be in open revolt, and the military were permitted to act without magisterial control. At the end of May, (1798) we heard that civil war was raging violently in the counties surrounding Dublin; but the whole of the province of Connaught still remained in unbroken tranquillity. The coaches ceased

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to run, and we did not receive any intelligence concerning my parents for many weeks. At length our fears for their safety were checquered by alarm for our own, as the popular ferment extended to our hitherto tranquil and secluded abode. The emissaries of rebellion spread rumours throughout the country, that the Protestants had projected a general massacre of all who differed from them in religious tenets, and that they had sworn not to cease the work of slaughter 'until the rivers should run blood and the unburied dead should occasion a general pestilence.' It was also asserted that they had prepared large black candles of some inflammable and unextinguishable substance, with which they intended to fire the houses of the peasantry. These unfounded reports were circulated in order to promote religious enmity, and were implicitly believed by the ever-credulous populace. Indeed they received some shadow of confirmation from the accounts of many Northern emigrants, who had been obliged to forsake their homes by the intolerant zeal of the Orangemen in Armagh. Numbers of the poor who forgot that the best means to change their countrymen's belief was to enlighten, not to persecute, left their cabins at sunset and passed the night in the sides of ditches, or in any other shelter they could procure, free from the fancied terrors of nocturnal massacre. Glencarra afforded nightly refuge to Nurse Mabel's children and their families.

At length, on the 24th of August, it was announced that a body of French troops had landed in Killala. Like a train touched by an electric spark, the flame of rebellion burst forth throughout Connaught, and the peasantry arose *en masse* to arms. Mabel received the intelligence of French invasion from her grandson,

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Cormac Morar, who had already joined the insurgents. The good old nurse remained up the greater part of the night, fabricating disguises for her young charge, whom she intended to remove from Glencarra at day-break.

Poor old Mabel has been long since gathered to her fathers, but her fidelity and devotion to our family deserve a record wherein her memory may be embalmed. Kind reader, then, picture to yourself a rather short, and very erect old woman, with aquiline nose, black sparkling eyes, and comely countenance, still brightened by the fresh hue of health, with hair turned up upon a cushion and surmounted by a stiff cap whiter than the driven snow; an equally snowy handkerchief pinned across the pointed stomacher of her black dress; very high-heeled shoes with buckles completing the antiquity of her very neat attire. Such is the portrait of Mabel as she invariably appeared, and but slightly altered was her costume as she stood by my couch before dawn. I could not conceive why she bade me to arise, while darkness yet lay upon the earth. She briefly informed me of the circumstances of the case, and quickly disguised my sister Lily and me in brown drugget frocks, giving us red cloaks to wear over our heads in peasant fashion. My brother Gore was soon equipped in a suit of corderoy. We were much amused at our transformation. As to our youngest brother, he had been sent out to nurse according to the custom of that time, and was still in the cabin of his foster-mother.

When we quitted our home, the early rays of the morning sun shone brightly upon the lake, which presented a mirror of dazzling beauty. I looked upon the mountains which girt it round, and remembered the text which my mother had so often taught me, while

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beholding the same prospect—"As the hills stand round about Jerusalem, even so the Lord is round about them that fear Him."—Oh yes, thought I, His presence must surround us wherever we may wander, it now encircles my parent's distant dwelling, and it shall be our guard until we are all again united.

After we had travelled a very long way, across fields and down bridle-roads, we sat down to recruit our wearied powers upon a green bank which skirted the highway. Suddenly a distant music of drums and trumpets was borne upon the air. Mabel directed me as the most active of the party, to reconnoitre from the summit of a neighbouring eminence. I quickly returned with intelligence, that a large body of soldiers dressed in blue uniforms, and bearing eagles on their banners, were advancing upon the Ballina road from Killala. We instantly hastened to conceal ourselves beneath the first shelter in our vicinity. It was a small outhouse attached to the back-premises on some gentleman's demesne. Mabel had a great horror of 'the French,' although they were allies of her friends the rebels, and she began to tell her beads with great rapidity, and even vowed to go to Bal,* on a station to the Virgin, should she deliver us from the impending danger. Meantime the warlike music had drawn near; but, to our great relief, it soon receded in the distance,

* Dr. M'Hale, the present titular Archbishop of Tuam, has saved many of our neighbours a fatiguing pilgrimage of thirty miles to Bal, by his consecration of a well near the old ruins of Adragoole, on the banks of Lough Conn, whither thousands now annually resort. When a child becomes dangerously ill, it is very common for its mother to pray to the Virgin for its restoration to health, at the same time, vowing an annual station in her honour, for three successive years to Adragoole. Should the child survive, its recovery is attributed to the queen of heaven, as she is impiously styled, and nothing but death ever prevents the fulfilment of the mother's vow.

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as the troops proceeded on their march. However, our fears were more than recalled shortly afterwards, when we espied, through an aperture in the door, a straggling group of rebels, armed with pikes ten feet long. Our hearts beat high as their voices approached the place of our concealment; nearer, still nearer they advanced, their pikes touched the frail walls of the building, every moment we expected them to enter, but to our great delight, they passed by, deeming our refuge too insignificant a spot to repay the trouble of entrance. Old Mabel has long since passed away, but the other tremblers in that miserable goose-house will, while they peruse this record, recal their terrors during that hour of suspense.

We remained in our lurking place for some time after all appeared quiet around, but at length ventured to resume our journey. At the next cross-road we met Cormac Dhu, according to his grandmother's appointment. Cormac, although a bigot and a devotee, was yet attached by the strong bonds of hereditary fealty to 'the ould stock' of his master's family. He had brought with him, on the present occasion, a horse and cart, hoping by so humble a conveyance to escape the observation of any wayfarers whom we might chance to meet. While driving onwards, he informed Mabel that we must diverge from our intended route, as Ballina was occupied by the invading army under General Humbert. He also told us that the French had found, on entering the town, the body of a rebel who had been hung, because a French commission had been found upon him. In order to show their sympathy with the cause, each of the French officers in turn approached the corpse, and gave it a fraternal embrace.

Cormac, ere long, conducted us to a place with which

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he was well acquainted, and which was admirably adapted to our purpose of concealment. It was an old Danish rath, still existing upon the demesne of an elderly gentleman, who was then in Ballina in the custody of the rebels. The little hill on which we stood was completely covered with wood, which screened our progress. On the summit were the remains of one of those old forts surrounded by fosses, which are generally attributed to Danish agency, but which were, more probably, the strongholds of Saxon or Norman invaders, who might have occasionally concealed their families or treasures in the caves which are excavated beneath.

Passing the fosse we entered the encircled wall, now so overgrown with moss and earth as to resemble a bank; and we reached a spot almost covered with brambles and wild privet. Here black Cormac paused, and drawing aside the tangled screen, disclosed an opening through which he bade us descend. We crept cautiously down the dark clay steps into the cave, and were rather startled to discern a figure crouched over a small clear fire. Our alarm was soon converted to joy, as we recognised our favourite Aileen, the grand-daughter of Mabel. We gladly partook of some refreshment which she placed before us, and then sank to repose, which was made welcome by our early wanderings, and subsequent alarm.

In a much smaller cave than this, Priest Cowley met his death about five months after our visit to the Rath. He had been a leader of the rebels, and after their defeat, wandered about the mountains, suffering from cold, hunger, and fatigue. At length his friends made a little subterranean cavern, under a corn-field, where they used to let down provisions to him, by means of a

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rope. His pursuers often passed the entrance, which was concealed with a large stone. After some time the priest was found dead in his cave, having been suffocated by some fuel which he had ignited to counteract the humidity of the place.

About dusk, we were awakened by the low murmur of conversation in the outer cave. Starting up, we found Cormac with his comrade, Owen Rua, in consultation with our two other friends, about our future movements. The result was, that we were to remain until next day in our present shelter, as it seemed to offer perfect security : and, although subterranean, was yet warm from the smoke fo the peat. Seated in conversation round the dying embers, the hours wore rapidly away, and children as we still were, how different was our ardent devotion that night (excited, I fear, by the circumstances in which we were placed,) from the lip-worship we had previously too often used. How cold and unsatisfactory is formal prayer when offered as a *duty*, by a heart indifferent to being heard or answered. How different the warm supplications of a being, who has been created anew by the Holy Spirit ; who feels that an Almighty and beloved Father listens well pleased to the petitions proffered through his only Son ;—and who looks expectantly for the fulfilment of those petitions, blending hopeful resignation with thanksgivings for the past.

Such is true prayer, and somewhat such did we offer up that night, as we knelt in the subterranean vault ; its terrors all removed, as Aileen told us how the eye that never slept was watching over us, and the love that never failed was extended like a wall of fire round about us. We could not sing our evening hymn, as from infancy we had been wont to do, standing by our

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mother's side: the sound might have betrayed our retreat, but we repeated the words with peculiar feelings, inspired by our novel situation.

As Aileen became our attendant during our subsequent wanderings, it may be well to give a slight sketch of her, whose intuitive tact and inventive resources proved most serviceable on this and many other occasions. Slightly formed, and about the middle height, she usually appeared in a brown woollen dress, only relieved by a plaid handkerchief, the ends of which were crossed in front. Her dark brown hair was braided back in the simple Madonna-like fashion of our peasantry, and was gathered into a large bow at the back of her finely-shaped head. Unlike the generality of peasants in this district, she possessed great personal attractions. To these were added an inexhaustible fund of good temper and cheerfulness, a vivid imagination, strong good sense, and a warm heart. It was no wonder than few were more universally beloved than Aileen Moran, the bride elect of Owen Rua.

About a year before the rebellion broke out, this young girl, for the first time, heard the Scriptures read in her native language. Scripture readers, as a class, were then unheard of, but she was fortunate enough to meet with an individual who felt so strongly the unspeakable value of salvation, that he was anxious to impart the knowledge of the truth. Aileen listened with surprise to the attractive simplicity of the Gospel, so different from the mystified compound of superstitious doctrines, in which she had been brought up. Whenever the Scripture reader collected a little audience in any of the cabins round, Aileen was a constant attendant: the result was, a perfect conviction of the errors of the Roman Catholic Church. The reader be-

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longed to the Baptist persuasion: I wish that he had been a member of our Established Church, but I simply state this case as it occurred; and I, for one, cannot but overlook his slight difference of doctrinal opinion, when I consider the pure scheme of salvation which he set forward from the undefiled well of Holy Writ.

It was in the Baptist chapel at Ballina that Aileen again received the mystic sign of regeneration. That building contains a large cavity in the stone floor, four feet wide by eight feet long, and filled with water. This excavation is usually covered with stone slabs, so as to present a surface similar to the remainder of the chapel. The minister and his proselyte, clad in long black robes, descend by stone steps into the font, and the ceremony of baptism, by total immersion, is performed in the name of the Holy Trinity. Each convert must undergo a year's probation before he is admitted into the Baptist communion. It was, therefore, but six weeks before our concealment in the Rath that Aileen had been received as a member of her long adopted church.

At once her friends proceeded from angry invective to bitter persecution. Even her mother, roused by the disgrace of her family, and alarmed for the eternal salvation of her once fondly-loved child, exchanged her usual gentleness for the most threatening demeanour, and even declared that she would tear the unoffending girl limb from limb, if she did not recant her heretical opinions. Persecution became daily more severe, until at length Aileen fled in terror, lest her life should pay forfeit for obedience to the dictates of her conscience.

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SEASONAL WILD FLOWERS.—No. III.

"Whate'er the wintry frost
Nitrons prepar'd; the various blossom'd Spring
Put in white promises forth; and summer suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view."

Few indeed can look unmoved, on the beauties with which God crowns the month of July. The waving corn, that bounteous provision, may be called the grand attraction of this and the ensuing month. However the floral creation is in general unnoticed, here is a part in which all are alike interested. In the heart which considers God's gifts, regardless of the Giver, surely emotions of thankfulness, indefinite it may be, must arise to see food thus provided for man's sustenance.

"Oh! 'tis a sight the soul to cheer,
The promise of the fruitful year,
When God abroad his bounty flings,
And answering nature laughs and sings."

To the Christian who looks "From nature up to nature's God," a walk in the fields at this interesting season cannot fail to be productive of profitable meditation—he adores the bounteous giver of all he sees, and recollects that the Fatherly hand which so liberally provides for the natural wants, alike of the evil and the good, will not be less mindful of his more important spiritual interests—that the "Bread of Life" freely fed on shall nourish his soul unto everlasting life, and if a less abundant ingathering be expected, he reflects that

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thus it cannot be with the provision for his soul, while he relies on the promise: "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." His thoughts perchance then recal the emblem of the resurrection, which our Saviour showed in the seed of wheat, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit," and he remembers that his body after a few short years, at most, planted in the earth, shall, like the object before him, rise again more beautiful and glorious, to flourish in the heavenly garner. That same Jesus too, said in the days of his flesh: "the harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few;" he knows that so it is now, and these reflections are calculated to excite him to prayer, that "the Lord of the harvest would send forth labourers," and in greater diligence to sow his seed, beside all the waters of that great field, the world.

To the botanist, however, while the corn is no uninteresting subject, the lowly weeds at its base have much beauty to call forth his admiration; amongst the prettiest of these is the little scarlet Pimpernel, already described, which has blossomed since the beginning of May.

There are two others of the same species, now decking the sod, the blue and the bog Pimpernel. (Anagallis Tenella.) The former seems to be a variety of the scarlet one, having its colours reversed; the spot in the centre is red, and the petals blue; it is rare, and though often cultivated, is found wild but in few places; the latter yields to none of our wild plants in elegance, but is comparatively rare. It does not differ greatly in appearance from the last named, but is of more luxuriant growth; the flowers are of a beautiful rose-colour.

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But we must not linger longer in the corn-field, where there are many minute flowers mingling with the Pimpernel and some of the Poppies, but walk up the lane, and there, or on the downs, we shall meet with the round-leaved Bell-flower, or Harebell of Scotland. (Campanula rotundifolia.) The root leaves of this plant are round; but they wither so soon that when it is in blossom, only the stem leaves, of which the lower are lanceolate and the upper linear, are to be seen. The stem is very wiry, about a foot high, and bears a pale trembling bell, of purest azure, which is very fragile looking, yet very hardy. Sometimes the flowers are white; wherever this plant grows, it indicates an unfruitful soil.

The common Milkwort (Polygala vulgáris) is decking the dry pastures at this season; its flowers which are pink, white, and blue, are in a terminate cluster; two inner leaves of the calyx about equal to the corolla: the stem is from three to six inches long, the leaves narrow, lance-shaped.

The wild Teazle (Dipsacus sylvestris) may now be seen in the hedges. The fuller's teazle, extensively used by clothiers, is a member of this family of plants. The name of this flower is derived from dipsao, to thirst, from the upper leaves of the plant holding water, which they do, to such a degree, that after a shower a considerable quantity may be poured from them. The plant grows to the height of four feet, its leaves are lance-shaped, and defended by large prickles; the blossoms lilac, in a conical head. There is a tribe of plants now in blossom allied to the Dandelion, and of the same order. The Hawkweed family, (Hieracium) of which there are as many as thirty-six varieties, all bearing a strong resemblance to each other; their flowers are

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yellow, the stems filled with a milky juice of a soporific quality. The endive and lettuce are of this order.*

The great Mullein (Verbascum Thapsus) is easily distinguished. Its root is spindle-shaped, its stem erect, four or five feet high, and woolly, the flowers are large and nearly sessile, of a golden yellow colour; it grows in sandy and gravelly soils and has several varieties.

The Bindweed (Convolvulus) is a great ornament to our hedges; it is so named from convolvo, to entwine; it has a calyx of one leaf, and a corolla of one petal, large, bell-shaped, regular, with five plaits, and five shallow lobes; the leaves are arrow-shaped, the flowers white or rose-colour; there is a cultivated species with large blue flowers. But we must leave the various kinds of trefoil, cranesbill, thistle, chamomile, poppy, orchis, yarrow, &c. &c. or our subject will be exclusive, and speak of some pretty flowers now to be plucked in a walk by the sea shore. The white English Stonecrop, has egg-shaped leaves, which are thick and alternate; cyme of two branches, root fibrous, and stem three or four inches high, the flowers are white spotted with red. Withering describes it as common in Scotland; it is also very plenteous in the south of England, where we have lately gathered it; there are several species growing on walls at this period of the year, with white or yellow flowers.

The Sea campion (Silène maritima) looks graceful, waving in the evening breeze. It is a species of catch-fly, many of whose varieties are to be found among the corn, has linear-shaped leaves, a purplish calyx, and white petals. The common thrift, or Sea Gilliflower,

* The ancients believed that hawks sharpened their sight with the juice of this weed, on which account the French call it Epervier, and Herbe à l'Epervier.

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(Statice Armaria) has simple stalks, linear leaves, and flowers in a head; they are pale rose-colour, forming a close head, and the stems from three to nine inches high. The lavender thrift (Statice Limonium) is also found in this month; though both are to be met with on the sea-shore, they are seldom found in the same vicinity, it has pariciled stalks, leaves leathery, and several spikes of erect blue flowers.

But we must not overlook the most magnificent of wild flowers which is now in blossom, the great white water lily, of our running rivers and ponds. The flowers are frequently four or five inches in diameter, and are equally rich and delicate in their appearance, while they emit a faint but pleasing scent; they only expand in the middle of the day, or in sunny weather. They sink their petals beneath the water during the night, and rise again at the invitation of the sun. The root is tuberous, the leaves heart-shaped, with lobes at the base; the flowers white with yellow stamens and pistil. A grey dye is obtained from the stem, and a brown one from the roots. The Swedes in time of dearth have used the roots as a substitute for corn, but their taste is bitter; the Egyptians also eat the roots boiled, and convert the seed into bread.

E. J. S.

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MESMERISM

EXAMINED AND TESTED BY THE WORD OF GOD.

UNDER this title, we have lately met with a little tract published at Sidmouth, which treats the exciting and ensnaring subject with so much sober sense, and scriptural judgment, that we conceive it will be acceptable to many of our friends, who might not otherwise see it, to transfer it to our pages. It will not occupy much space; and it may furnish some very profitable hints to serious inquiries into this bewildering subject.

'As the Advocates of Mesmerism have thought fit to call this subject an important branch of Natural Philosophy; a Science springing from Natural Causes, whose healing virtues God has revealed to man for the benefit of the afflicted; and as also a great effort is now made to direct the mind of mankind towards it, and to promote its cultivation: we feel it our duty briefly to address those who are attracted by it, in explanation of what Mesmerism *assumes to be;* and to prove that its *claims* and *pretensions* cannot be supported by sound philosophy; and are directly contrary to the Word of God.

'In doing this, we beg to suggest at the commencement, once for all, that in the remarks we are about to make, we are simply discussing the question of Mesmerism for the sake of truth, and do not intend thereby

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in the least degree, to reflect on persons or their motives:—Many, who are attracted by Mesmerism, are justly entitled to our respectful esteem.

'Though Mesmerism has not, as yet, been fully and properly explained and defined; though the *reality* of it is still doubted by many; and Mesmerists themselves are not agreed as to the phenomena, or the theory of their Science; yet, it being no part of our object, on the present occasion, to *disprove* the reality of the mesmeric power or process; we will admit, for the sake of argument, that one man can mesmerize another man, that is, that he can produce upon him the animal magnetic sleep; so that his brain may be reduced to such a galvanic crisis as to respond to the touch of the different phrenological organs of the head; and, that though the individual be ignorant and unlearned, in this condition he may be so gifted with supernatural intelligence and power as to speak and sing in the learned languages; to answer abstruse scientific questions: to step, even beyond the skill of the medical profession, in anatomically describing different persons, pointing out their various deseases, and in prescribing the proper remedies for each particular case respectively: that he may moreover, in this situation, in mind travel from place to place, even at the distance of the planets and stars, and make observations respecting them: and lastly, that he may be able to prognosticate future events: in one word, we will go the whole length, in these respects, of its devoted admirers.—But in admitting all this, we desire to ask the advocates of Mesmerism—By what power and intelligence is the person thus mesmerized, gifted in his sleep? Who is it that takes him by the hand, and conducts him from place to place, that leads him to Jupiter, to the Sun, and even

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to the distance of many billions of miles; to the stars Sirius and Aldebaran, and then safely back to this world again, at the rapidity of thought, into his body, at the bidding of his Mesmerist? What superior intelligence is it that whispers into his ear, with precision and promptness, the learned, scientific, anatomical answers, corresponding to the questions which have been addressed to him? These cannot be derived from the man's own wisdom and power, for he is ignorant and impotent; neither can it be proved to be by *intuitive discernment;* because, were this the case, his mind would retain and understand, when aroused from sleep, what his spirit had acquired in it.—This must be the case, for it is according to nature, to sound philosophy, and common sense.

'We know ordinarily, that whatever knowledge man may acquire, either by his perceptive or reflective faculties, whether instantly or gradually, *he never loses.* Sleep, or desease, may occasionally produce a cessation of its exercise and manifestation; but when the sleep is over and the disease gone, he is precisely the same physical, mental and moral man as before:—*physically,*—he is no stouter, no smaller, no taller, no shorter; not a hair of his head has changed its colour, nor a feature of his countenance has altered;—*mentally,*—if previously an ignorant man, he is still an unlettered man; if before acquainted with the learned languages, he is still a linguist; and, if he had a knowledge of the sciences, he is still a scientific man: and *morally,*—if before a virtuous man, he is still a virtuous man.

'Now let us suppose, that by some sudden transition, an ignorant man is thrown into a position, where, either by the spontaneous development of his *innate* hitherto dormant powers, or by *intuitive* discernment of every

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thing that surrounds him, or by both combined, he instantly becomes learned; he is *ever afterwards learned.* —This must be so;—it would be most absurd to conclude otherwise.—We may as well assert that nature has a retrograde tendency; that a mature man grows smaller, till he becomes a babe; that a wise man studies, till he is a fool; and that a virtuous man practices virtue, till he is vicious. But this is not the case with those who have undergone the mesmeric influence, —they display no such fine results,—all their wonderful knowledge departs with all their wonderful sleep; therefore, the learning we see evidenced in such a sleep, cannot be the unlettered individual's *own acquired learning.* Nothing can be clearer than this;—we should judge that the most sceptical Mesmerist would allow it. This being admitted, we must necessarily infer that the soul of one, in the mesmeric sleep, comes into contact with some Being, of superior power and intelligence, and that the patient himself is only an organ, a mere automaton, for such a Being to speak and act through; and parrot-like, or child-like, by *imitation,* he repeats Latin or Greek, and gives scientific solutions exactly as he is directed. 'If you place your finger,' says the Mesmerist, 'on the organ of *imitation,* of a person in the mesmeric sleep, he will *imitate* your actions; if you stamp with your foot, he will stamp with his foot; if you fillip with your finger, he will fillip with his finger; if you whistle with your mouth, he will whistle with his mouth. Still retain your finger on the organ of *imitation,*' adds the Operator, 'and place another finger on the organ of *language,* and he will repeat after you, imitating you exactly in every variety of vocal modulation.' Very good, this is just to our purpose, and establishes the point before us; for, should the Mesmerist

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still continue his fingers on the organs of *imitation* and *language*, and interrogate him on subjects beyond our knowledge,—Who does he then imitate? Do not pervert the question, we beseech you, by any equivocation. He still answers his questions very readily, and perhaps accurately. What intelligent agent speaks through him? Can you, by any sound argument, shew us that we are wrong, in drawing the conclusion, that there is some powerful invisible Being near at hand, who assists him?—Who is he? Do you answer in the negative, on the ground that if he were thus assisted, he would be cognizant of it, and able to describe it afterwards? This by no means follows, for, when he copies *your* actions, and repeats after *you*, and having recovered from his slumber, is he cognizant of the agent? Does he know any thing about what has passed? Besides, you are aware, it is an important feature of your system, not to arouse the patient too soon after the organs have been excited, lest he should be confused and wander; you give him a little subsequent rest, that all traces of what has passed, and confusion of mind, may be completely buried together in the oblivion of his sweet repose;—and all being forgotten by the patient; (except that he has had a good comfortable sleep,) he is as ignorant of the agency he has been assisted by, as he is of the knowledge he has communicated. Again, it is no part of our argument to prove, whether the patient is or is not cognizant of being assisted by supernatural agency, when there are such manifest proofs of its operation upon him. We therefore come to the conclusion, that persons in the mesmeric sleep, having their phrenological organs excited, and being questioned on scientific, anatomical, astronomical, or metaphysical subjects,

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beyond their knowledge, are assisted by some intelligent invisible Being.—Who is this Being? We answer seriously, It cannot be God. Though the advocates of Mesmerism would fain have us believe that it is God; and hence they assert, *It is a science, whose healing virtues God has revealed to man for the benefit of the afflicted;* and it was further assumed by one of their Practitioners, *that as man is created in God's image, God in his goodness has given him Mesmerism, to help him the better to discern Himself; the great Almighty Being, in whose image he is made.* We desire next to prove, that the high standing here assumed, and the exalted place given to Mesmerism, are not according to the Scriptures: but in approaching this subject, we feel we are standing on holy ground, and it becomes us as it were to take our shoes from off our feet: inasmuch as any thing that has reference to *God* or his *Word* can be treated rightly, only as He vouchsafes his gracious assistance. We trust He will so help us now, that we may be hindered from writing any thing irreverently, or irrelevantly to the subject before us.

'It is true the Great God created man in his own image, (Gen. i. 26—28.) in holiness and happiness, and gave him dominion; but he fell from that condition by eating of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and thereby, according to God's own previous declaration, he entailed upon himself and his posterity, *death.* (Compare Gen. ii. 16, 17; iii.). The moment he ate of that tree he died in the most awful sense of that thrilling word: he fell into a death of trespasses and sins, (Eph. ii. 7) and *morally* lost his likeness to God's image; the subsequent death of his body, and the loss of his soul, were consequences of this previous death.

'Adam did, it is true, retain to a certain extent, in

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this condition, his intellectual, physical, and procreative faculties; but he retained them under the influence of an evil fallen nature; hence, we read, (Gen. v. 3.) Adam begat a son in his *own likeness*, after *his image;* and this has been the case ever since. Never has man by natural generation, by intellectual power, or by the practice of virtue, attained the image of God which he *morally* lost. In corroboration of this truth the following passages of scripture may be adduced, (Gen. vi. 5: Job xiv. 4; Psa. li. 5; lviii. 3; Matt. xv. 1—20; John i. 13; iii. 6; Rom. v. 12; Eph. ii. 3.).

'Man then being dead in trespasses and sins; having *morally* lost the image of God; still at a great distance from his Maker; and possessing in his nature irreconcilable enmity against Him (Rom. viii. 7.), can have no communion with Him; and in this state it would be presumptuous in him to seek a knowledge of God, and an acquaintance with Him on the ground of having been *created in his image;* besides, the Scriptures fully confirm the fact, that man has had no disposition to return to God: even when he has been mostly distinguished by intellectual greatness, and moral culture; these have been used by him in a way rather to increase his distance *from*, than his nearness *to* God; therefore it is declared, *the world by wisdom knew not God* (1 Cor. i. 21;) and it is also further evident from the word of God, that the world, in its very climax of mental glory and boasted power, was chargeable with the most puerile folly, for it made an *image* of the *invisible* God; a *corruptible lifeless representation* of that which it knew not, even of Him who is the *self-existent incorruptible* God (Rom. ii. 23.); and it is also most plain from the same oracles of truth, that God holds the whole world guilty, and in a condemned state before Him (Compare

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Rom. 9—19 ; and John iii. 18—20.) Have we then a right to assume so high a standing before God as that which the advocates of mesmerism have taken, or, to give any invention of our own so exalted a place as they have put their system in ? (Eccl. vii. 29.).

'The great God, however, in his infinite love to a lost, fallen guilty world, has been pleased to reveal *one way only* whereby we may know Him, and that is through his Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. For it is written,—No man hath seen God at any time ; the only begotten Son who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him (John i. 18.) ; and again,—No man knoweth the Son but the Father ; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him (Matt. xi. 27.) ; and again,—Who being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high : and in his Father's throne, thus exalted, he will continue to sit until his foes are made his footstool (Heb. i. 13.) ; and then he will take to *Himself* his great power, and *enter* upon his dominion the *visible, living representation*, of the *invisible incorruptible* God ; and will *visibly* exhibit, as man, in magnificent display, the greatness, wisdom, power, and glory which are in Himself *invisibly* as God. Now all this blessing can only be known by us, as we learn what Christ is ; and as this is a most important point, let us inquire how we may learn what Christ is ? The instant one believes in the Lord Jesus Christ, he is not only washed from his sins in His precious blood (Rev. i. 5.), but he has everlasting life ; for he is said to be *born again* (John iii. 3.). He is *born of God* (John i. 12, 13.). He is made a *partaker*

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of the Divine nature (2 Peter i. 4.), and in this nature the *image* of *God* is restored to him (Comp. Eph. iv. 24; Col. iii. 10.); and when this is the case, the believer in Jesus has *life;* yea, he is united to Christ, and is made a partaker of Him who is the image of God, and the Lord Jesus has been pleased to give all such His *Holy Spirit* (John vii. 38, 39.) to teach and reveal to them Himself, to disclose to them their true dignity, and to give them to realize the joy of that *life* of which we have been speaking (1 Cor. ii. 6—16.)

'If it be true then, that we can learn what God is, *only* through Christ, we cannot learn what God is from those who are thrown into the mesmeric sleep. It is not God that gives such persons, in this state, intelligence and power; neither is it the Lord Jesus Christ, neither is it the Holy Ghost; because, as one receives intelligence and power from God, by virtue of his association with Christ, he is changed into the same *image*, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord (2 Cor. iii. 18.)

'Mesmerism produces no such result as this. When did a mesmerized person arise from his slumbers in the restored image of God? When did the instructions given out by a person in this artificial trance, have a humbling, sanctifying, transforming tendency upon those who received them?

'The knowledge of God, as observed by the eye of faith, in the face of Jesus, always leaves those blessed results on the soul of the beholder of it (1 Cor. iv. 6.).

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

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BEAUTY NO REAL ADVANTAGE TO ITS POSSESSOR.

GAZING on the beautiful features of a beloved friend, the question suggested itself, Is the possession of superior personal appearance of any real value to the possessor? Many were the fancied advantages it possessed, but to each, reason answered, No! What then can be the true end of beauty? To answer this enquiry my mind wandered to the many instances when, with deep delight I have listened to the words of exhortation as they fell from one whose look is beautiful, and although I know that the Holy Spirit alone can render of real value any words spoken, yet I do believe that beauty, like eloquence, is strong to gain attention, and therefore should, I think, be considered a talent to be used for the benefit of others. If this be not admitted, and personal beauty be considered only in the light of other beauties on which the eye delights to feast;—If, I say this be the end of beauty, who has the greatest advantage? Has not the beholder? And if, I repeat, beauty has power to excite those exquisite feelings of admiration, I know it has; who only cannot partake of this delight? The possessor. How empty then, how foolish, how sinful, how truly awful, how far removed from the real end of beauty must that accursed thing called vanity be, more especially when we consider this is its deadliest blight, and always destroys what it aims to augment, but God who gave the beauty, gave not this, this is Satan's snare, and must we not trace to vanity—not to beauty—the awful misconduct of many of its possessors.

LUCY.

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Review of Books.

THE FEMALE DISCIPLE *of the first Three Centuries of the Christian era; her trials and her mission. By Mrs. Henry Smith.*—Longman.

EXTENSIVE reading, well-digested, and brought to bear upon a subject full of interest to the Christian female, has enabled Mrs. Smith to produce a volume of no ordinary character. We are presented with a view rich in general information; and with details that enable us to realize, more vividly perhaps than we could ever before have done, the peculiar trials, difficulties, snares, and duties of a believer during the domination of paganism; and we are led to marvel at the contrast presented by the lot of a female disciple in these days: to blush at the weak, wavering, uncertain glimmer that has succeeded the burning and shining lights whose work was to glorify the Lord Jesus through a course of ignominy, suffering, and dreadful modes of death.

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The perusal of this engaging book may well rouse us to increased zeal in the pursuit of such plain and easy work as is now given us to do for Christ; while it shames into silence the grumbling complaints that would magnify our light afflictions into something comparable to what was endured of old. The style of the book is very pleasing, and its tendency truly excellent.

THE HOPE OF THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH; *or, the Duties and Privileges of Christians in connexion with the Second Advent, as unfolded in the First Epistle of St. Paul to the Thessalonians. Being Lectures delivered during Lent,* 1845, *at St. George's, Bloomsbury, by twelve Clergymen of the Church of England. With a Preface by the Rev. T. R. Birks, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; Rector of Kelshall, Herts, and Author of 'Elements of Prophecy,' &c.*—Nisbet.

WHAT a cordial to fainting hearts, a lifter-up of depressed hands, and a strengthener of feeble knees is this blessed doctrine, the coming, the personal, speedy, triumphant coming, of the Lord Jesus Christ in his glory and kingdom! There was a time when we regarded it as an interesting, but somewhat hazardous speculation: then, again, we looked on it as a clearly revealed truth, but one the belief of which was so perfectly non-essential as to render it inexpedient to press it on the acceptance of others. Now, it is fairly a matter of self-abasement that we should ever have presumed to regard as an indifferent thing what the word of God declares

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to be a "blessed hope," and sets before us as the strongest incentive alike to watchfulness, to zeal, and to holiness of life. It is our earnest desire to see this important doctrine taking root throughout the church; and to that end we cannot do better than recommend these scriptural discourses, with the animated, well-timed, introductory remarks of one who is especially chosen to stir up a remembrance of the sure word of prophecy in the hearts of all who read his writings. To Mr. Villiers also are the thanks of the church especially due, for the readiness with which he throws open his pulpit, and himself takes an important share in the work of his witnessing brethren. Sure we are that it is a work very acceptable in the sight of Him who now daily says to us in the voice of providence, what afore he has said in the volume of inspiration, "Behold, I come quickly." The church, seeing what is passing on all sides, and longing for the promised establishment of the kingdom of righteousness and peace, ought with one voice to respond, "O that thou wouldest rend the heavens, and come down!"

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A DAUGHTER AT HOME.—Seeleys.

THOSE who take up this volume must not omit to read the admirable introduction prefixed; by means of which they will more clearly comprehend the force and the bearing of "passages" taken at uncertain intervals from a long life, all pregnant with instruction of the deepest value and importance to every child of God. Great knowledge of human nature, both in its natural

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aspect, and under the struggles of renewed life, is evinced in the brief, but peculiarly interesting narrative. There is an unusual share, too, of originality about it, though nothing can be more familiarly true to the most ordinary scenes and characters of every-day observation. We know not the female, daughter or mother, at home or abroad, to whom the book is not calculated to convey a valuable lesson both on things present and things to come.

THE APOSTOLICAL CHRISTIANS; *or Catholic Church of Germany. A narrative of the present movement in the Roman Catholic Church; comprising authentic documents with reference to the Coat of Treves, &c. &c. Edited by Henry Smith, Esq. Author of 'The Pilgrim's Staff,' &c. with a recommendatory Preface by the Rev. W. Goode, M. A. &c.*—Wertheim.

THE recent, and indeed continued movement in Germany, occasioned by the audacious blasphemy enacted at Treves, is of very great importance; and the evident disposition to favour shewn by that singularly independent king, Frederick William of Prussia, may probably lead to results most disastrous to the Papacy. In every point of view, the events are worthy of deep consideration. Here is some old garment, one of the eighteen possessed by various popish establishments, each of which is asserted to be the seamless vest of our Lord, laid up at Treves; first exhibited to public adoration by a decree of Leo X. just at the time of the blessed Reformation, and which extorted from Luther one of his indignant apostrophes, now again brought

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forth to view, in order to raise money for covering sundry dilapidations in the cathedral. The description given of the programme, with the admission of pilgrims amounting to hundreds of thousands, in companies of as many as the church would accommodate, who, on the production of the ragged article burst forth into a hymn commencing, "HOLY COAT, PRAY FOR US!" is enough to kindle a blaze in the coldest bosom of this frigid generation. It stirred up the long smouldering fire in that of a German priest, Ronge, who has become a reformer, and led many to renounce the thraldom of Rome, not on the high spiritual ground where scriptural reformation must take its stand, but on that of the dignity of human nature, and the freedom of the human will, alike trampled under foot by Popery. The other leader, Czerski, is evidently moved by higher influences; and it is to his division that we principally look for fruits similar to those of the sixteenth century. The volume is small, contains a great deal of interesting information, fully authenticated, and cannot fail to produce a powerful effect.

A MANUAL *for the religious and moral instruction of young children in the Nursery and Infant School. By Samuel Wilderspin, originator of the system of Infant training; and T. J. Terrington, Secretary to the Hull Infant School Society.*—Hamilton.

EVERYBODY must love Mr. Wilderspin for the zeal with which he has devoted himself to this long-neglected branch of education; and rejoice in the success of his benevolent plans. He is as ardent as ever in pursuit

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of farther attainments in this work, the pure object of which is, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings to perfect praise. Who will not bid him God speed? In this book, we have a dissertation on the religious education of young children; followed by a good number of original hymns, and other poetical pieces, in simple, familiar style; and these by another section, set to music, in good, clear type. The book may and must prove a valuable auxiliary to those engaged in the delightful task of infant instruction; yet there are two very important points which we desire to see more prominently brought forward. One is, the total corruption, and inbred wickedness of the human heart, even as manifested in early infancy; the other, closely connected with it, as the remedy with the disease, is the perpetual operation of the Holy Spirit's influence, as necessary to the formation of even a good thought in the child's heart. These momentous things are not passed over; but we want to see them more systematically impressed and enforced.

MEDE'S APOSTASY OF THE LATTER TIMES.

With an Introduction, by the Rev. T. R. Birks, Rector of Kelshall, Herts.—Dalton.

NEVER did Mr. Birks wield his pen to better purpose than in this introduction. In a calm, clear, forcible line of argument, keeping close to Scripture, he has rescued the disputed passage, 1 Tim. iv. 1—3. from the false glosses attempted to be put upon it, and admirably prepared the way for Mede's famous treatise, which follows. We have lately, with all the earnestness of

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inquiry that sickness and suffering tend to quicken, given our prayerful attention to some very able arguments on the contrary side of the question, tending to represent the great apostacy as an event still future ; but the more we studied, the deeper became the conviction that such ground is not tenable, in the face of the striking fulfilment set forth before our eyes and recorded in every page of history that treats of papal Rome.

This addition to the series published by the Protestant Association, will be found inferior in value to none of the excellent little volumes that preceded it.

IRELAND AND HER CHURCH : *In Three Parts. By the very Rev. Richard Murray, D.D. Dean of Ardagh. Second Edition, enlarged.*—Seeleys.

Not only enlarged, but in every point so improved that we hail it as a new work. Dean Murray has abundant fire, of the noblest kind, in his character ; and this has been kindled into tenfold heat and brilliancy, while he stood by the furnace into which the Lord has seen good to cast the beloved Church of Ireland ; and while also he gazed on the doomed towers of the proud seven-hilled city where he has recently sojourned ; and contemplated the very workshop that forges fetters for his dear unhappy country. The Dean has rendered his book of intense historical interest, scarcely less in secular than in ecclesiastical matters ; and he has, moreover, enriched it with a running commentary on the Oxford Popery of the day, as it has touched on Irish subjects. We recommend this volume most heartily,

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as the work of a profound divine, an accomplished scholar, and one whose heart's desire and prayer for the spiritual welfare of his country are manifested by the able hand, and the ready tongue which the Hearer of prayer constantly enables him to exert in their behalf.

DAILY DEVOTIONS FOR YOUNG PERSONS, *consisting of Counsels on Prayer; with Morning and Evening Prayers for a fortnight, and others for special occasions. By the Author of 'The Infant Altar.'*

THE INFANT ALTAR; *or, Hymns and Prayers for Children.*—Hamilton.

Two very useful little books, well adapted for the respective ages of infancy and youth. There is a strong vein of simple, fervent piety, of a truly gospel character running through both; and we commend them, as calculated to furnish some right scriptural helps to devotional exercise.

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THE PROTESTANT.

'NEVER tell me,' said my uncle, 'that this blessed bond will again be severed, and our common danger be overlooked, or merged in the endless, hopeless controversy between state endowments and the voluntary principle; church establishments and dissent. It might be so, if, having made this onward movement, the policy of government was to remain, or even to appear stationary here: it might be so, if the basis of our union were aught less holy, and sacred, and vitally endued than it is. But, no, Rome is not wont to pause in pursuit of any helpless football that has been flung at her active feet; neither does it consist with the spirit of a military dictatorship such as we now live under, to take no rapid step onward, when it has, with some trouble and in the face of a considerable opposition, reached a vantage ground, with the enemy full in view, and, as yet, quietly encamped, without any purpose of yielding an inch of the field to the advancing host.'

'You speak too figuratively for me, uncle.'

'Nay, I speak very literally; so much so, perhaps, that you fail to catch my meaning merely because it is too obvious. The man who takes on himself to rule the destinies of England, and who does rule them, is Arthur, duke of Wellington, who has moreover undertaken to undo all that William of Nassau by God's blessing, accomplished a century and a half ago. The enemy whom he impatiently beholds, abiding, like

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Israel of old, in their tents, and like Israel of old trusting in the arm of the Lord, fearless of what man can do unto them—that enemy is the Church of God; the company of those who abhor to receive the mark of the Beast, or the number of his Name. And, pre-eminent among them, distinguished by veteran faith, courage, endurance, riddled through and through by many a hostile shot, but firm and compact still in its beautiful texture, daily lengthening its cords and strengthening its stakes to admit new converts to its holy doctrine, stands the tent of the IRISH CHURCH, over which may the angel of the covenant evermore spread his guardian shield, and hurl back in confusion every assailant who approaches it!'

'Amen! and may the lip of every Balaam, the hireling confederate of our military son of Zippor, prostituting the prophetic office in the vain attempt to defy in the name of God whom God hath not defied,—may every such lip be put to shameful silence, or compelled to utter blessings where it came to curse! Long has the Irish Church borne the burden and heat of the day: now, again, it must endure the brunt of battle; but not alone. God is surrounding it with many faithful, loving allies; and the man who dares to stigmatize as rebellion against the government the noble fidelity of that Church to God, will need some stronger defence than a laurel wreath to screen his guilty head from the consequences of so persecuting Christ in His most devoted people.'

'George the Third, true to his faith, true to his coronation oath, true to the dictates of an enlightened conscience, performed an act most studiously forgotten by an ungrateful nation—a work that followed him, and bore testimony to him, in the presence of that Saviour

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to whose bosom he has long since been taken. The king, ruling in the fear of the Lord, yet looking, as England's kings must needs do, to the aid of those who are their responsible advisers, and having strong confidence in the wisdom, the judgment, the experience of his minister, his personal friend too, a man of whom all Europe stood in awe, found himself on the eve of a most unequal war, difficulties on every side besetting his path; and the counsels, the support of Pitt apparently as necessary to the very existence of England and England's king, through such a struggle, as is the presence of the sun to the fair progress of summer vegetation. But, at that formidable crisis, he found William Pitt fully possessed with the pernicious delusion natural to a carnally wise mind—that it was needful to unite and consolidate the strength of the empire by conceding to Rome what Rome had long panted to regain; by giving up the grand principle of exclusively Protestant legislation, and introducing an element of future destruction into the national faith, which the king was sworn to uphold and to preserve inviolate. The monarch was not generally popular, because evil men and evil principles abounded, and never perhaps was a sovereign placed in circumstances of keener trial. You know the event: entreaties and strong representations of the straight to which he must be reduced having failed to move the minister, George the Third made his choice: he cast away every reed of human support, and resting his righteous cause solely on the invisible arm of the Lord, he parted with his valuable minister, keeping his conscience undefiled, whatsoever might become of his crown.'

'Nay, uncle, he did it to preserve his crown, well

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knowing by whom kings reign ; and that He had said, "Them that honor me, I will honour." '

'And his crown was preserved, his people were protected. Not all Europe, combined against this little isle, could contrive to send one shot over the boundaries of its sacred shore. Nay, by the arms of England the pride of Europe was humbled, the power of every enemy was broken, and while her foes bit the dust, this Protestant Empire extended, and planted her banners in every quarter of the globe, till she had no rival, no competitor among the nations. Wellington ! ' repeated my uncle in an under tone, and one not easy to describe : then standing erect, he loudly exclaimed, 'I'll tell you what, niece ; it was George the Third, aged, imbecile, blind, dethroned, and a prisoner in Windsor Castle, unconscious of aught that was doing in the world—ay, it was that George the Third who won the victory of Waterloo ! '

'And every other victory that crowned us by land or sea.'

'But then mark the peculiar sin of this nation. Not to speak of the bulk of the people, whose character, alas, it is to forget God, those of better understanding, yea, the most enlightened Christians among us, concurred, more or less, in giving the glory that belonged to God alone, and the thankful acknowledgments that were due to the God-fearing fidelity of our Protestant king, to the men who happened to be placed in conspicuous commands, and whose skill and success were given for the occasion by Him to whom the praying king of England had committed our cause, and who could and would have raised up instruments for our national deliverance out of the very refuse and scum of a runaway corps, had none others been found.

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Yes; we set up our golden calves, robbing the Most High of His glory, and in an especial manner outraging His laws, because it was notoriously known that moral guilt, even the dark stain of conjugal infidelity, marked both the naval and the military idol with spots far unlike the spot of God's children. For what they did, and for what they suffered, thanks were due from England; and thanks they got, with worldly honours, titles, wealth: but here it should have ended. Something was due to public morals; far more to that reverence which the law of God demands. I charge it upon the people of this empire, that they have despised their God, by utterly doing away with all distinction between vice and virtue, where our fighting-men were concerned; and I trace a special judgment upon us in the channel through which this deadly evil is come on the land.'

There was a pause; for my own conscience was not clear in the matter. How awful is the view of a subject when a ray from the very source of light breaks upon the long-cherished darkness! A thousand tongues would be loosed to protest against such animadversions, as uncharitable; a thousand hearts would silently throb in conscious attestation that the charge was true.

My uncle resumed, 'It afforded me no small delight to see the names of two honoured prelates affixed to what must be regarded as an emphatic renunciation of principles unhappily held by them in 1829. That protest, signed among others by the Bishops of Chester and Winchester, is a very faithful one.'

'Nevertheless, I wish they would openly confess the sin that they have forsaken, seeing how openly it was committed. A sin of ignorance it might be, and no

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doubt was; but it would become them, and all whom God has convinced of that fatal error, to make such reparation to the Church.'

'We shall see: meanwhile let us turn to a very bright picture quite after your own heart—the meeting in Dublin.'

'I can hardly persuade myself that I was not present at it, so vivid is the impression made by what was nearly a verbal report of the things spoken.'

'Because you know the people; even such as you know not personally are familiar to you as being Irish, *so* Irish! But when our noble, faithful brother, the uncompromising Maxwell, is described as standing forward, with the companion of his soul, his precious Bible, in his hand, encouraging himself and all who heard him in his God—Ah, then it is something more than a vision; it is an old, familiar reality, endeared by many a year's grateful recollection.'

'Besides which, uncle, he stood forth, nobly pre-eminent, to receive honour and thanks, even where and from whom he had recently suffered such censure as could only disgrace those who thoughtlessly uttered it, simply because he would not go beyond the word of the Lord, nor take part in aught where spiritual Protestantism was not the recognized basis.'

'It was but another illustration of the truth that ought never for one moment to be forgotten, "Them that honour Me, I will honour." We must not be hard upon the dear warm-hearted fellows, who, in their fervent zeal for the cause, lost sight of the important distinction which Somerset Maxwell never forgets —that God's work must be done by God's instruments, and in ways accordant with His revealed word. What say you to another dear friend, audaciously plotting

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treason against Popery in the very face of the Vatican?'

'Oh, was it not delightful to find that one so loved, so honoured as the Dean of Ardagh, was actually the originator, or rather the first propeller of this glorious movement? I confess to you, uncle, I secretly grumbled at his long sojourn in Rome. Little did I think that Sir Culling Smith, the stern opposer of our Establishment, was there, even in the midst of the doomed city, to learn a lesson of love for those whom before he knew not, and to receive an impetus that should enable him to put all the Christianity of this empire in motion. Marvellous are the ways of the Lord!'

'Sir Culling Smith is a noble fellow, and precisely the man to be acted on by such a principle of brotherly love, and pious unity, when brought right into contact with the foul apostasy in its very den. It is the constant presence of Popery in Ireland that makes her Protestantism so bright; and I doubt not of witnessing very important effects from the recent mission to that country—the true battle-field of our faith.'

'The world appears wonderfully still, as if nothing else was going on but the comparatively silent struggle between Popery and Christianity.'

'It is just that pause, during which the ear of faith hears the still small voice, saying, "Behold, I come as a thief: blessed is he that watcheth." A few more rapid strides, and the great harlot will have attained to the eminence whence she is to be finally hurled, never more to lift up her blaspheming head against God and his saints. One thing is certain, that a day might suffice to accomplish what remains unfulfilled by Him who has said, "He will finish the work, and cut it short in righteousness; because a short work will the Lord

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make upon the earth." The first advent took not place until the fulness of time had arrived, and every foreshewn sign was accomplished; yet how noiselessly, how completely out of the world's ken were these things brought to pass? Jerusalem expected not her King, save only a few unnoticed individuals, who, secretly observing what God had afore declared should come to pass, looked for redemption in Israel—waited for the consolation of Israel. The forerunner came; and his mission was made known to his believing parents; yet was not his voice heard crying in the wilderness, until the very footprint of Him whom he preceded was being stamped on the verge of that domain. These things are instructive: they furnish a practical commentary on the teaching that directs us to the typical days of Noah and of Lot, as regards the sudden destruction of a scoffing world; while the instantaneous deliverance of Israel from Egyptian bondage, their free, unfettered march "on the self-same night" marked down in the prophetic word, after the sun had set without a token of approaching rescue, all these things lead us to look for an overwhelming surprise, when the day and the hour of which no man knoweth, shall actually arrive.'

'As the lightning shining from one end of the heavens to the other, is the resemblance pointed out by the Lord himself. This is always abrupt, instantaneous, overpowering. Yet it seems to me, uncle, as if most people, not always excluding myself, expected this event as a royal progress, with a programme, and great preliminary stir.'

'The programme has long been settled, and made public. "The Lord himself shall be revealed from heaven with a shout; the voice of the archangel,

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and the trump of God." Look in the book of Daniel, (vii. 9.) and you will see it magnificently set forth. As for the stir, are not the Gentiles raging in mad rebellion, and imagining a vain thing against the Lord? Are not, alas! our own rulers at this very moment taking counsel to break the bond of sacred allegiance, and to divide, if not to deliver over the dominion that belongs to Christ, in favour of Antichrist? There is no lack of eloquent signs; let but the people of Israel be put in motion, by Him who snatched their fathers from the iron furnace of Egypt, and all is accomplished. The seventh vial will suddenly be poured forth, and the united thunders of heaven will proclaim, "It is done!"'

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THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1845.

WAR WITH THE SAINTS.

CHAPTER X.

No means were neglected by Arnold Amalric to make a fair show of what was universally felt as a baffling and mortifying discomfiture. He caused it to be reported that he, acting in his irresponsible capacity of spiritual leader, had seen good to permit the secret evacuation of Carcassonne by the bulk of its inhabitants, having first secured the person of the contumacious Raymond Roger, and of a certain number of suspected heretics, who would be immolated in the midst of the deserted city. He entered its walls with the usual warlike pomp of his most incongruous command; took formal possession of all the spoil in the name of the Church, and then prepared the spectacle that was to gratify his sanguinary band of fanatics.

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In addition to the three hundred gallant knights who had accompanied Raymond Roger, on the strength of the legate's safe conduct, and who had, with him, been treacherously overpowered and imprisoned, the scouts of the army had captured a number of poor fugitives in the act of escaping by mountain-passes, and through forest tracks, from the beleaguered city. Many of these were women; mothers with their infants, and maidens seeking to rescue their still younger brothers and sisters from the sword of slaughter, or hastening in silent panic to hide themselves, after the terrific view obtained from the walls, of that fierce band of violent and cruel men. From all these, Arnold selected four hundred and fifty individuals, as lying under just suspicion of heresy, and condemned them to public execution. To vary the spectacle, and as far as he could to gratify the taste of his followers, he ordered fifty of these to be hanged, while four hundred were burnt alive. At Beziers, the work was a general massacre; this bore more of the aspect of a martyrdom. There, the word was, "Kill them all!" here, from a limited number, entrapped by shameful fraud, or seized by cruel force, a selection was made, and every individual suffered as a Christian. We humbly trust that all among them deserved the name; that such as had not fled from the sorceries of Great Babylon, and laid hold on the free mercies of God in Christ Jesus, were enabled so to do, in that day of calamity, and were made worthy of the martyr's crown. The day is coming that shall reveal all these things; and when the past is laid open to our view, with all its horrors, when we see before us those who were most cruelly tortured and slain for the testimony of Jesus, we may comprehend somewhat of the spirit of that exulting apostrophe, "Rejoice, ye heavens,

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and ye holy apostles and prophets; for God hath avenged you of her!"

The last ember of the fading fires had died away, and the suspended bodies waved, cold and rigid, in every light breeze that swept over the lofty turrets of Carcassonne, and none survived but the captive in his lonely dungeon, of all who had peopled the busy scene, and had owned its many habitations. In their stead was to be seen a motley crew, gathered from among all classes, and wearing the costume respectively of France, of England, Germany, Italy, and the provinces. Innumerable, and active beyond all others, were the swarms of priests and friars, passing to and fro, kindling and keeping alive the spirit of merciless bigotry in the bosoms of men who regarded them as their only guides to heaven; and who never paused to enquire how far the doctrines taught, the example set, and the actions prompted by them accorded with the universally admitted fact, that the God whom they professed to represent is a God of holiness and mercy; of truth and love. But for these firebrands of Rome, the flame of persecution against God's heritage had never been kindled: under their rule it was likely never to be quenched, while one mortal was supposed to breathe, independent of the papal will.

Grouped together, in one of the open squares, near which hung the ghastly forms of several of Raymond Roger's noble knights, might be seen some warriors of lofty bearing, whose brows were clouded, and their tones bespoke a swelling indignation. There were lords of France, who, while they saw the fairest scenes of their fertile country desolated, and the life-blood of their countrymen and countrywomen shed like water on every side by the hands of a foreign banditti, while

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murder in cold blood was the finale to every combat, and the vilest were selected to butcher the noble and the fair,—had begun to ask themselves how far it consorted with their knightly and national honour to take part in such disgraceful scenes at the bidding of a monk. Arnold Amalric could not remain in ignorance of any whisper that was breathed touching the supreme power of Holy Church; and this, of course, speedily reached his ears. He therefore prepared to meet the rising spirit of dissatisfaction, by a new prize for the ambitious to grasp at. He called a council, and set before the assembled nobles the necessity of placing the conquered provinces under the rule of some prince, whose martial prowess should help forward the work, and his devotion to the Church prove a guarantee for his zealous co-operation in utterly exterminating heresy. The viscounties of Beziers and Carcassonne were now at his disposal; and he concluded by declaring his intention of conferring them on the duke of Burgundy. That prince, however, much to the legate's dismay, not only rejected the gift, but declared that they had done Raymond Roger wrong enough already, without also despoiling him of his heritage. Language so accordant with their newly-awakened feelings of compunction was eagerly echoed by other princes: The Count of Nevers, and the Count of St. Paul, to whom it was alternately offered, expressed themselves to the same effect; and Arnold began to feel the perplexity of his situation; and, to lighten the burden, took two bishops and four knights into commission with himself, to deliberate and decide on the fate of the desolated provinces. They made sure of their man before again subjecting their princely offer to a refusal. Simon de Montfort, avaricious, ambitious, cruel, and utterly without scruple as to the means by

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which his evil propensities were to be gratified, was not likely to decline the gift, or to shrink from the deed that would most effectually confirm it. He accepted the lordship of his noble prisoner, Raymond Roger; and he sealed the contract by administering to the Viscount, who, it will be remembered, was committed to his safe-keeping, a dose of poison.

It was publicly announced, with all due manifestations of regret, that Raymond Roger had died of a severe epidemic, and only the suspicion that must rest on such an event, at that juncture and under those circumstances, could be brought to contradict it; but the master-spirit of all this iniquity, the presiding Pope, has left it on record in his voluminous correspondence, that Raymond Roger died a violent death. In the Beast's war with the saints, he thus fell, firmly espousing and faithfully upholding the cause of the saints: and we do trust, that the great day of the Lord will reveal him, numbered with the saints in glory everlasting.

But this assassination was not perpetrated until the November following, although we may well believe that it formed part of the original plan. The wretched Count of Toulouse was an eye-witness to all that his cowardly perfidy had brought on his noble nephew, and the many thousands of innocent victims whose blood cried aloud from the ground. But no hope could exist that the Viscount of Beziers would ever so bend his neck beneath the yoke. Excommunication having been fulminated against him, followed by forcible deposition and imprisonment, death only remained. He was no longer the lord of those magnificent domains, but a private individual, accused of heretical pravity. Nevertheless, the fact was plain, that he still reigned in

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the warmest affections of his people; and it also became manifest that his brother nobles entertained a strong feeling of sympathy for his afflictions: they had come up to fight against him: and, blinded by the sorceries of Rome, they had connived at the infamous act by which he was decoyed, betrayed, and captured. Still, when they saw a comparative stranger, of character so repulsive as de Montfort, taking high state upon him, and carrying on a war of extermination against the refugees who were now his subjects, as one by one he reduced the castles where they had endeavoured to fortify themselves, these nobles were moved by a spirit of commiseration for the young Viscount that might ripen into something dangerous to Simon's ill-acquired power; and hence the execution of the last enormity—the murder of the imprisoned Raymond.

The expiration of the forty days had found de Montfort embarrassed by his recent acquisition; and had all the crusaders then returned to their homes, he might have sought in vain to make good his hold on the prey: but though many withdrew, others were found willing to prolong the term of their service, in the prospect of farther blood and spoil. Besides, they were now in some sort, under the leadership of him who assumed to be lord of the territory, and who would have it in his power to reward, with permanent advantages, such as might show themselves zealous in assisting to establish his dominion. Here we see the craft and subtilty of Satan and his agents: much of the fierce fanatic zeal that led the army forth, had now been quenched in blood; many who seriously made the bargain with God's pretended vicegerent, purchasing absolution for all their sins at the regular price of forty days' service in the cause of "the church," having fulfilled their part of the

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compact, recognized no further claim upon them. It was, therefore, needful to prepare some new bait, and this was done, by placing before them not only heretics to extirpate, but rebels to subdue: not only towns to sack, with a general scramble for portable spoil, but broad lands to be parcelled out, and fair portions to be bestowed by a sovereign prince, under whose banner they were invited to enlist; while he professed no other object than that of doing the will of the church, and conquering the whole country, that he might lay it at the feet of the Pope, wholly purged of whatsoever had dared to exalt the Gospel of Christ above the bulls of the Vatican. Simon de Montfort knew well his position; he had withheld his acceptance of his captives' possessions until the bishops publicly threw themselves at his feet, imploring him to assume that authority in order to avenge the quarrel of the Church, and to crush her audacious enemies, whom they represented as being too numerous, and through the countenance afforded by the barons, too powerful to be subdued without the aid of the secular arm of military prowess. The war, from first to last, and in all its bearings, was avowedly waged against those whom God designates as his saints; and Simon de Montfort might just as well have aimed to seize the crown of France or of England as the viscounties of Beziers and Carcassonne, had he stood forward in any other capacity than that of the champion of the Church warring against heretics.

Yet, with all these facts spread before us on the page of history, recorded in the letters of Innocent III., and chronicled by Peter de Vaux Cernay, the exulting eye-witness of such atrocities as we have noticed and have yet to notice—with all this, it is actually become a point of honour with some Protestant writers, and

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ministers of religion too, in our day, to vindicate the Church of Rome from the charge of persecuting cruelty; to deny that she has ever made war upon the saints, or that they have been delivered into her hand! In too many cases, this argument is pursued with a covert design of ultimately bringing back to Rome those who have happily "come out of her;" in others, it is adopted to support a theory concerning the supposed futurity of the revelation of Antichrist; but in either view it is an unwarrantable denial of some of the plainest facts that can be pointed out in the page of history; a closing of the eyes against the most striking fulfilment of the prophetic word.

Yet worse, if possible: this argument can only be sustained by assisting to perpetuate, and to circulate more widely, the shameless calumnies uttered against Christ's little flock by their cruel destroyers. The blessing was not attached to persecution only; there were other adjuncts, set forth by our Lord Himself. "Blessed are ye when men shall *revile* you, and persecute you, *and shall say all manner of evil against you*, falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven; for *so* persecuted they the prophets which were before you." If this important mark of discipleship had been wanting; if the servant had been above his Lord, and the household had remained with characters unassailed, where the Master of the house had been called Beelzebub, we might indeed find cause to hesitate, and to ask,—Could these be the saints? But no such difficulty meets us: charges the most foul, the most incredible; charges precisely similar to some that were brought by the heathen against those who formed the very earliest Church of Christ, were unsparingly heaped upon the harmless

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Albigenses, so completing the picture that in all its other parts was truly theirs. They were "poor in spirit:" humble, inobtrusive people, pursuing in quietness their lowly occupations. They "mourned;" not only the perpetual dishonour brought on the name of Christ by those who assumed to be his followers and his ministers, while living in the open practice of idolatry, and of every moral transgression, but the heavy calamities brought on a friendly people by their sojourn among them, and the certain fate that awaited them and theirs, gave them cause to mourn; always sorrowful, though always rejoicing. They were "meek:" marvellous are the instances of lamb-like resignation, unresisting submission to the hand that brandished the knife, heaped the faggot, or knotted the cord, that should send them by a violent death into the presence of the Lord. We never hear of the Albigenses, as such, taking up arms to defend themselves: the price at which mercy might have been obtained by the citizens of the assailed places, was that of delivering them up to the will of their enemies. Resistance on their part was never presupposed, either in the proffer or in the refusal of such terms. That they hungered and thirsted after righteousness, was, in fact, the very groundwork of the charge against them: their anxious search after simple truth, their rejection of all that militated against it; their diligent use of the means of grace, exhorting and confirming one another in the faith; their assemblages for prayer and praise, and breaking of bread; all these things are notorious, as the hold that their enemies took on them. Had their's been a religion of negatives, they might have lived safely and quietly enough. That they were merciful, doing wrong to no man; that purity of heart was evinced by a spotless life, is evident.

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The very name by which they were known in Italy, Cathari, expresses purity; and it was alleged against them as an aggravation of their heretical opinions, that they recommended them by such sanctity of conduct as drew many to listen to them. Peace-makers they were, in the fullest, highest sense of the word; for not only did they lead lives of exemplary peaceableness, but they spread on all sides the gospel of everlasting peace; even that peace which the blood of the cross makes between God and man. Persecuted, and that for righteousness' sake, they were, even to the death; with the most savage and sanguinary persecution that Satan could devise and man carry out; and here we have eight out of the nine marks by which our Lord describes those who are "blessed." But, on coming to the ninth, it is found to form the pre-eminently distinguishing feature of this afflicted Church; and therefore—"O fools and blind!"—therefore the case is decided against them, and sometimes too by men whose office it is to remind the disciples of the Lord that he has also said, "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you; for so did their fathers unto the false prophets."

But, leaving out of the question the actual characters of the Albigenses, let us turn to the vaunted Church of Christ, and enquire how she fulfilled her duty towards those whom she believed to be still in fatal error. It is impossible for any searcher of God's word to be in doubt as to the course indicated for the Christian, whether lay or clerical, to take, in reference to such as disbelieve or even oppose the gospel. "Knowing the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men," not imprison, torture, and burn them. "Shewing out of a good conversation your works with meekness of wisdom"—not with the thunder of menace, and the violence of armed

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power. Above all, in the instructions expressly given, by divine inspiration, to one who was ordained to a highly responsible office in the Christian church, and through him to all who should hold the like authority, we have these emphatic words:—"The man of God must not strive, but be gentle unto all men, patient, in meekness instructing them that oppose themselves, if God, peradventure, will give them repentance unto salvation, that they may recover themselves from the snare of the devil, by whom they are led captive at his will." The very worst, most extravagant, most incredible charges brought against the Albigenses and other victims of Romish persecution, could not, if fully proven, amount to more than this—that they were entangled in the snares of the devil, and led captive by him at his will. Where is the gentleness, where the patience, where the meek instruction that the "man of God" is commanded especially to bring into prominence in such a case? Shall we seek them in the annals of Peter de Vaux Cernay, or in any annals, ecclesiastical or secular, of Papal Rome? Seeking, shall we find aught but the darkest, most fearful contrast to what the Holy Spirit has traced as the duty, the badge of Christ's Church? Yet once again, "Brethren, if one of you be overtaken in a fault, ye that are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ!" That loving law of Him who came not to destroy men's lives but to save; who called on the sin-burdened pilgrim to learn of Him, the meek and lowly-hearted Saviour that he might find rest unto his soul; who bade to bless, not to curse; yea, to return cursing with blessing, and hatred with love, and persecution with acts of benevo-

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lent good will—that law stands out in such dazzling contrast to the blackness of darkness that shrouds such deeds as we are compelled to recognize as the authorized and vaunted deeds of Romish cruelty throughout the blood-stained history of her iron rule, that we gaze with dismay upon the spectacle, and reject, on the strength of God's own word, the claim of the alien usurper to any part or lot in the matter of our faith and hope. "By their works ye shall know them."

C. E.

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THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD,

OR THE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

No. VII.—GREECE.

THE name of Ancient Greece is sufficient to call up strong emotions in the mind of every one who hears it; and it would be hard to decide, among the different classes of hearers, *whose* feelings are the deepest: the enthusiasm of the classic scholar,—the military admiration of the historian—the abhorrence of the severe moralist—or the pitying disgust of the Christian. And yet, who can doubt the justice of every one among these jarring sentiments? Of the Grecian learning and wisdom, I say nothing; being very much of the opinion of Patenit, the Egyptian priest.* But what ancient nation ever equalled Greece in all the witchery of art, and the poetry of intellect? What nation could vie with her arms in the field, or the individual bravery of her heroes? In what other land of antiquity do we find a Leonidas or a Xenophon? a Homer or an Æschylus? Yet, as a set-off against all this array of glory, military and intellectual, was ever a people calling themselves civilized, degraded to so low a level of morality? What are we to think of a people among whom vice was no disgrace, but often an

* He told Solon that the Greeks were always children, and had neither antiquity nor original learning. Plato supported the same view.

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honour ? and whose religious worship was a compound of absurdity, impurity and cruelty ?

We may well doubt if the barbarities of the Egyptian mysteries were much softened by their importation into Greece ; especially when we read Porphyry's quotation from Phylarchus ; who says, that, in former times, every Greek state made it a rule to sacrifice human victims when they marched against the enemy, in order to propitiate the gods in their favour. In Homer we see Achilles immolating twelve Trojan captives at the tomb of his beloved Patroclus. Men were sacrificed to the infernal gods, as well as to the manes of the dead ; and every reader of history remembers the tremendous immolation of three hundred noble Lacedæmonians, with their king Theopompus, slaughtered by Aristomenes of Messene in honour of Jupiter. The horrible floggings inflicted on Spartan children, at the altar of Diana, are too celebrated to need description ; as well as the inhuman flagellation of women in the feasts of Bacchus, so frequent throughout Greece.

Of the impurities of classic worship, I have no wish to speak : but I may observe in passing, that these orgies of the god of wine were a convenient excuse for every species of riot and excess. Schlegel, in his Lectures on the History of Literature, ancient and modern, (quoted in the Quarterly Review, xlii.) says, 'In the festivals of Bacchus and the other frolicsome deities, every sort of freedom, even the wildest ebullitions of mirth and jollity were not only permitted, but were strictly in character, and formed in truth the *consecrated ceremonial* of the season. The fancy, above all things, a power by its very nature, impatient of restraint, the birth-right and peculiar possession of the poet, was on these occasions permitted to attempt the most audacious

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heights, and revel in the wildest world of dreams, loosened for a moment from all those fetters of law, custom and propriety, which at other times, and in other species of writing, must ever regulate its exertion, even in the hands of poets.'

Such was the style of feeling and language on these occasions. The Bacchic processions consisted chiefly of drunken, frantic, half-clad masqueraders, who personated the god himself, his tutor Silenus, Satyrs, Fauns, Naiads, &c. &c. These seemly and decent assemblages terminated their march at some solitary mountain or desert, where they found full impunity for every mad and disgraceful excess. These were truly the "revellings, banquettings, and abominable idolatries," which St. Peter denominates "the will of the Gentiles." 1 Peter iv. 3.

Many of the other Greek deities were honoured in a similar manner; the feasts of Ceres, or Eleusinian mysteries, were little less disorderly than the Dionysia, and even these were not perhaps the worst. If we turn from the vices of Greek religion to its follies, and take one glance at the absurdity of the system before we consider its practical effects—the altar in Delos, built by Apollo at the tender age of four years, of goat's horns, which adhered together without cement, or any visible bond—the ludicrous distortions of the inflated Pythoness—the gate of horn through which true dreams came down from heaven to earth—the divination by birds, swarms of bees, and thunder on the right-hand side of the sky—Ulysses raising ghosts by sacrificing black sheep in a ditch—and a thousand other proofs of the insensate folly of Paganism, crowd on our thoughts at the first mention of the subject.

Such was the religion of Greece; a compound of

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absurdity, vice and barbarity, which it might puzzle the imagination of man to invent, had its memory been happily blotted out from the records of human nature. What effect must we expect such a system to produce on the moral condition of the people at large? I might safely leave the common sense of my readers to answer this question; but there exists a full reply, as concerns many points of morality, given by one of the Greeks themselves, and therefore not liable to be too severe. Thucydides, (Hobbes' Trans. l. iii. 198.) speaking of the earlier days of Socrates, says—'the received value of names imposed for significancy of things, began to be changed into arbitrary, for inconsiderate boldness was counted true-hearted manliness; prudent deliberation, a handsome fear; modesty, the cloak of cowardice; to be wise in every thing, to be lazy in every thing. A furious suddenness was reputed a point of valour. . . . In brief, he that could outstrip another in the doing of an ill act, or that could persuade another thereto, that never meant it, was commended. . . . . To be revenged was more in request, than never to have received injury. And for oaths, (when any were) of reconcilement, being administered in the present for necessity, they were of force to such as had otherwise no power: but upon opportunity, he that first durst, thought his revenge sweeter by the trust, than if he had taken the open way. For they did not only put to account the safety of that course, but having circumvented their adversary by fraud, they assumed to themselves withal a mastery in point of wit. There was *wickedness* on foot *in every kind throughout all Greece*, and sincerity (whereof there is much in a generous nature) was laughed at.'

This state of things was rendered still worse by the

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Sophist, that self-proclaimed universal genius, who could teach every art and every science, and answer every question that human ingenuity could propose; who could 'make the worse appear the better cause;' could prove that nothing existed; that nothing was certain; that good and evil were fancies, and that all things were in a state of perpetual motion. What a pity that this useful being did not live in an age when he might have gained a substantial reward for this last discovery! 'The Sophists of the early days of Socrates, taught that it was the duty, and in the power of their disciple, to make the same thing appear to the same person at one time just, at another unjust; to make the same things appear to the people in one speech good, in another evil. All was just and honourable which satisfied the necessities of nature; that was *good* which pleased the people,—that was *evil* which displeased them. Those persons who, without any self-command, could gain command over others, had a right to have their superior talents rewarded, by possessing more than others; for temperance, self-restraint, and dominion over the passions and desires, were set down by them as marks of dulness and stupidity, only calculated to excite mirth and derision. They concluded, therefore, that it was ridiculous in those who were above restraint, to lay a restraint on themselves; and they proclaimed in the most unqualified terms that luxury, intemperance and licentiousness were alone virtue and happiness, and that all other suppositions were mere specious pretences, —compacts contrary to nature—the triflings of men, who deserved no consideration.' (How like modern Socialism!) 'The sacred principles of justice were treated with a contempt equally daring. They often began with the bold definition—that justice itself was

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nothing but the interest of the strongest; that the masterpiece of injustice was to appear a man of virtue without being really one; and they proceeded to prove that on all occasions the just man came off worse than the unjust. . . . The existence of a Deity was also denied and ridiculed, while every principle of right and wrong was either flatly denied, or so artfully sophisticated as utterly to bewilder the pupil.' Such is the masterly and spirited summary of the effect produced on public morals by those odious pests, the Sophists, given by the writer of the article on Schlegel's History of Literature, before quoted. (Quarterly Review, xlii.)

A. F.

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THE DAYS OF LAUD.

CHAPTER V.

By one of those unwise family arrangements, which occurred more frequently in the olden time than in the present day, a union between Cuthbert Camden and his cousin Marion Clive was projected, while they were yet in their infancy. With their advancing years, a kind of affection grew between them. Cuthbert was pleased with the beauty and grace of his future wife, and Marion's vanity was flattered by the preference shown her by her youthful cousin, above the few companions of her sex and age, who sometimes sojourned at Brindsley Hall. For the space of some years, therefore, the 'course of true love did run smooth' indeed. It was never ruffled, save by the slight breezes of Marion's petulance; but while the surface of the stream was undisturbed, its waters waxed daily shallower and yet more shallow. Cuthbert began to look at the future with the eye and hope of manhood. The critical and interesting state of public affairs much occupied his mind, and drove from his memory the dream of a childish affection, whose frail foundation was but the wish of mutual friends. He had not a fickle mind, but he had a reflecting one, and from the time Mark Wentworth came to Laytonfield, Cuthbert found more content in one hour spent with his wise and godly friend, than in whole mornings

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consumed by idle attendance upon his pretty cousin. Marion soon discovered why many of the days which he spent in Laytonfield were not passed at the Hall, and she conceived a dislike for Mark Wentworth, which, when Mr. Atterbury became Chaplain to Sir Humphrey, was increased and settled on a more orthodox footing than a mere lover's pique. Marion no longer 'approved Mr. Wentworth's system of faith and doctrine.' It was 'far too lax—too puritanical.' From this time she too found pursuits which engaged much of her attention. She had her favourite authors—studies in which Lucy did not share, and she began to spend many hours in solitude, or in the society of her mother alone.

Still there was no open breach between the cousins. A marriage at some future but indefinite period was looked forward to by both rather as an event that must take place, than as a union that could bring an increase of happiness to either.

The Sabbath had passed wearily away at the Hall. Sir Humphrey no longer permitted any member of his family to attend the services of the parish-church, save on those four annual occasions, when his own presence there was necessary to screen him from censure. Monday morning came, and Lucy Camden sat alone. She did not lack occupation. Her embroidery was in her hand; her books lay on the table beside her; both failed to engage her attention. She had been told how nobly the minister of Laytonfield had contended in the cause of God; she had rejoiced that his faith could triumph over the fear of man, but her own was failing—fast failing in a bitter conflict with dark forebodings. She could not work—she could not read. The tears began to flow down her cheeks. At last she relieved her

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aching heart by fervent prayer. Like Hannah of old, for a long time, 'she spoke in her heart, her lips moved, but her voice was not heard.' At length, as if a new—a higher thought must utter its earnestness aloud, she said in audible tones, 'Yet be thy will done, oh Lord! and if shame and captivity, if torture and death be in the dregs of this bitter draught, yet suffer him not through weakness, or fear of pain, to desert thy holy cause.'

'God will hear thy prayer, and grant thy petition, my Lucy,' said a well-known voice. She started, and turning towards the door, she saw Mark Wentworth followed by her brother, at that moment entering it. Reality had forced Lucy Camden to her knees. Reality was about her—stern reality before her; and God was Lucy's God; her religion sanctified her affection, which was too deep, too holy to blush because her prayer had been accidentally overheard. She rose from her knees, and looking first towards Mark Wentworth, and then at her brother, seemed to expect from them a realization of her worst fears. Wentworth looked calm and resigned. Cuthbert appeared eager and excited.

'Be calm, Lucy,' said her brother. 'He is here free and unfettered. The hand of episcopal tyranny is not yet upon him. The wide ocean is free, Lucy, and free is the far-off land, whose shores the billows wash.'

'God will keep them in perfect peace, whose minds are stayed on him,' said Mark Wentworth, gently leading her back to her seat. 'As yet I am but suspended, Lucy. An order to that effect reached me this morning. But thou knowest that as the hearts of kings are in the hand of the Lord, so he can mould to his will the thoughts of those who will no longer suffer me to speak in his name.'

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'You will be deprived. You will be thrown into prison,' said Cuthbert Camden. 'Suspension, indeed! Think you that suspension will atone for sins like yours? You must go hence, Mark Wentworth, before you are cited to appear before the High Commission.'

'Ah, go! go!' exclaimed Lucy. 'Do not think of my sorrow, but go wherever you can find peace and safety.'

'I might find peace and safety,' replied Wentworth, 'where yet there would be some hardship—some suffering, but I could not say sorrow, if Lucy would dare those hardships with me. If I remain here, I must "be dumb, and hold my peace even from good." I must keep the message of my God pent up in mine own bosom, and when "my heart is hot within me," my tongue must be mute, and refuse to speak in my Saviour's name. But, Lucy, God has provided his suffering church a place—a refuge in the wilderness. Will you forego all this affluence—all these comforts? Will you bind up your lot with mine now? Will you come with me to that western world where so many of God's saints have found a rude, but a holy home?'

What had Lucy Camden to leave behind? Half-hearted friends, and a few luxuries which, if she could have held them in comparison with the companionship that was to gladden her hours of exile, would have been utterly loathsome in her eyes. She answered as the daughter of Bethuel did of yore, when the patriarch's servant sought a wife for his master Isaac; and when "I will go," had passed her lips, Cuthbert, who saw dangers and obstacles in the way of his friend and his sister, which they had overlooked, began at once to devise the best means for carrying their designs into immediate execution.

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'I will not tarry behind,' he said. 'I also will worship under the oak and lofty pine, with a lighter heart than ever beat in my breast, when kneeling in what man calls consecrated ground. But we must leave Laytonfield at once. If Wentworth remain, he is but a clearer mark for the malice that has already injured him.'

'The wrong came from a deeper source than mere human malice,' said Lucy, musingly. 'Perhaps but little spite or wrath mingles with the cold dark plot. The actors in it care but to compass their ends. To them it matters not if the victims immolated to their purpose be few or many.'

Lucy did not speak without cause. Words and deeds that had passed under her observation during the last few weeks, she had pondered deeply in her heart. She had in one private family seen a minute but exact rehearsal of those mighty movements which were taking place in the kingdom of England. She had heard of (for she had not yet seen) slight changes effected in the ritual and the furniture of the chapel. She had seen the spark of contention that was kindling between the guests at her uncle's table, fanned into a flame by a skill that concealed him who used it.* She had heard the most devoted ministers in the land commended for their zeal and pious intentions in a manner that only gave new force to the epithets of "heady and obstinate,"† that immediately nullified the flimsy approbation. All this, and much more than this, Lucy had observed, but her friends took little notice of her words. Mark Wentworth's thoughts were too full of gratitude to God for the last crowning mercy. Lucy feared not,

* See the Jesuit Adam Contzen's sixth rule to bring in Popery, in Baxter's Holy Commonwealth. † Ibid.

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for his sake, to encounter all the perils of the sea, and the perils of the wilderness. Cuthbert was arranging their future plans, and when she stopped speaking, he said to her, 'You must leave this house, Lucy, and come at once to our old aunt Redford. You have not seen her since your nurse taught you to fear the Brownist lady. Her manners are austere, nay even somewhat sour, but her doors will open wide to shelter those who dread the wrath of the Bishops. There you can stay for a few days, but the ship will sail early in the next month, and then we'—

'And Marion,' said Lucy, interrupting him, 'will she leave her father and mother, and go with us to New England?'

Cuthbert coloured, and looked vexed. 'I must be free among the free,' he said. 'I cannot for any woman wear a yoke at home which I could snap asunder at once by crossing the sea.'

'The yoke has pressed but lightly on your shoulder yet, Cuthbert,' said Wentworth, smiling. 'You have been free to come and go—free even to worship God where you list.'

'Will you do as I have said?' demanded Cuthbert, impatiently. 'Will you follow my guidance in this matter, and leave England at once, and for ever?'

'The Lord will direct,' answered Mark Wentworth. 'I must try first to have the suspension withdrawn. If that may not be'—

'If you tarry thus,' said Cuthbert, 'the hand of the oppressor will be on you. The walls of the Fleet are strong. The heart of a jailor is hard. "There is no discharge in that war."'

'I will go to my aunt Redford at once,' said Lucy, looking alarmed. 'I would fain have lingered here to

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watch the movements of our worst foe—to weaken his influence over Marion—to warn you of the prowling wolf.'

'Mr. Atterbury!' said Cuthbert, 'I liked not the praises which my good aunt spent upon him.'

'"His words are smoother than oil,"' said Lucy; '"yet are they drawn swords."'

'A Jesuit!' exclaimed her brother. 'A fox that carrieth firebrands into the standing corn.'

'I know not who or what he really is,' replied Lucy; 'but I know it is the wicked that "bend their bow; who make ready their arrow upon the string, that they may privately shoot at the upright in heart."'

'We will go beyond his influence, Lucy,' said Cuthbert. 'I set out at once for London, and will prepare good Mrs. Redford to receive her niece. Do you inform Lady Clive of your determination to quit Laytonfield, but not a word of our projected voyage, or means will be taken to detain one at least in England.'

Every plan was arranged. Camden and Wentworth were at once to repair to London, though circumstances of minor import would take them by different routes. In a day or two Camden was to return for his sister, and should the application, which Wentworth intended to make for the removal of his suspension, fail, his marriage was immediately to take place, and passages to New England be at once secured.—"The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."

When Wentworth and her brother had left her, Lucy began to consider how she should make known her intentions to Lady Clive, and her task appeared more difficult when her fears for Wentworth's present safety

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began to diminish. She had lived under the protection of her aunt for many years, had received as much kindness as a weak and worldly woman generally bestows on any beyond her own offspring, and now Lucy was to leave her suddenly, and for ever. She heard the voice of Lady Clive, and knew that both she and Marion were coming towards the room in which she sat. She was relieved however by finding that the latter only entered it, and she determined, without farther delay, to relieve her own mind, and make known to her cousin—the companion of her girlish days—those important changes that awaited her.

The companions of our childhood and youth. Who can recognize them in the changed—cold—perhaps hardened beings that we see about us in a few years? A thought something akin to this, smote Lucy Camden's heart, as Marion took her seat in a distant part of the room, and was so engrossed by some trifling occupation that she scarcely noticed the presence of her cousin.

'Marion, dear Marion,' said Lucy, with emotion, 'I have much to tell you, and short space in which to tell it. Come and sit by me as you were wont to do when we loved each other as sisters.'

'You have chosen other friends now, Lucy,' said Marion, coldly, but rising at the same time and taking her seat near her cousin; 'and I scarce thought the pleasure my poor society could give, worth the mortification I must risk in thrusting it upon you.'

'I will not lose time in refuting your unjust charge, Marion,' said Lucy. 'I am going from you, let our last intercourse be in all love, and true affection.'

'Going from us!' exclaimed Marion, 'What do you mean? I have displeased you. I have seemed cold,

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unkind; but it is past now. You will not surely leave us?'

Marion listened at first with astonishment while Lucy told all of her future plans that she was at liberty to disclose, but when Lucy ended by condemning the treachery that had betrayed, and the cruelty that had punished Mark Wentworth, Marion's coldness returned, and she said, 'It is strange that Mr. Wentworth's high principles did not cause him to yield more implicit obedience, where our obedience is due. We are commanded to "obey them that have the rule over us, and to submit ourselves."'

'Mark Wentworth yields obedience wherever it is due,' replied Lucy, firmly; 'to God first; to man for the Lord's sake afterwards.'

'Why then does he leave Laytonfield?' asked Marion. 'That wherein he has offended will be speedily forgiven, and the light penalty which he now suffers will be speedily removed.'

Lucy shook her head. '"The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel,"' she said, without observing the flush that passed over Marion's features. 'Did you not hear, Marion, of godly Master Hayden,* who, but a few years ago was charged with the deeds with which they tax Mark Wentworth? He insulted the sanctity of painted windows and carved images, and oh! Marion,' she added, covering her face with both her hands, as if to avoid some terrible sight that was present to her imagination, 'he was cruelly scourged. He was shut up in a cold dungeon during a whole winter. He was chained too, men say, with heavy irons on his hands and feet—his food'—

* Neale, vol. ii. p. 202.

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'All the fruit of his own obstinacy,' said Marion, interrupting her. 'But Mr. Wentworth will conform. He does not object to the habits, or to the ceremonies, and he will yield in those matters wherein he has now offended.'

The colour which the excitement of her feelings had spread over Lucy Camden's cheek and brow faded in a moment, leaving only one bright spot, the token of earnestness and indignation. 'Marion,' she said, laying her hand on her cousin's arm, 'Tell me that he will be doomed to perpetual imprisonment—that he will languish for years in the weary captivity. Tell me that I must stand by while the executioner tears his loved and holy face with the cruel iron, but tell me not that Mark Wentworth is false to his God, or will cease to teach and to walk in the law of his Redeemer. All else I could bear, though heart and flesh should fail in the struggle, but that could I never.'

Marion knew nothing of that religion which takes the first place in the heart, and for itself and its beloved ones, says to the Lord, "Whom have we in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that we desire beside thee." She was strict in external devotions, exact in relative duties, but she had no idea of that love to God which becomes, if it may be so expressed, the master passion of the soul, and thus ruling on the throne of the heart, elevates, deepens, and refines every other. 'This is enthusiasm, Lucy,' she said, 'and not religion. Do you indeed think that the godly bishops and fathers of the church would punish a Christian man for too much religion? They fear schism, and disorder in the church, and therefore press conformity. I do not understand your creed, but'—

'True, thou dost not,' said Lucy, with affectionate

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earnestness, 'or thou wouldest understand how the feet run in the way of God's commandments when He "enlarges the heart." Thou wouldest understand how a Christian man could "walk at liberty"—could walk with God even in the presence of kings and counsellors.'

'I like not the liberty whereof too many boast in these days,' replied Marion. 'It savours strangely of a license to live as we list.'

'The Lord's freedman,' answered Lucy, 'will list to live even as his Lord listeth. His delight is in the law of his God, and he remembers that one precept of that law speaks thus, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsars;" but Marion, he forgets not that another says, "And unto God, the things that are God's."'

The entrance of Lady Clive prevented Marion's reply, and the latter relieved Lucy by at once declaring to her mother, her cousin's intention to leave Laytonfield, and take shelter in the dwelling of her aunt Redford. Lucy, whose heart still yearned over the relatives she was leaving, was surprised and hurt at the comparative coldness with which they heard of her intention.

'Thou art a silly girl, Lucy,' said her aunt, 'and wilt one day repent thee for thus following the guidance of thy foolish heart, and putting thy soul in jeopardy through the influence of that old heretic Catherine Redford.'

CHAPTER VI.

'WHAT is heresy?' said Lucy Camden to herself, as in the privacy of her own apartment she thought upon Lady Clive's words. She had been early taught that

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all opposition to the Catholic or orthodox church was heresy. 'And what is the Catholic or orthodox church? Nay, this is a difficult problem,' thought Lucy again, 'seeing if we solve it, as it is commonly solved, William Laud has been long since condemned as a heretic by his reverend predecessors. I will see what the scripture saith on this matter.'

The scripture told her of heretics, who, putting away faith, made shipwreck of a good conscience*—of a heresy that as a canker† eats into true piety, and overthrows the faith of some. She thought of Hymeneus and Philetus, who opposed the doctrines of inspired apostles. 'Of this sin at least,' she said, 'Catharine Redford is guiltless. Her husband died for rejecting Episcopal authority, and her heart requires his blood at the bishop's hands. This then is her heresy.'

It was near midnight. Lucy Camden could not sleep. Hope, fear, and more than all, uncertainty, kept her thoughts wide awake. At length she rose from her uneasy couch, and taking the lamp which stood on the table beside her, gently opened the door of her apartment. She listened for a moment, and finding that all around her was at rest, she proceeded along the corridor, at the end of which was a back staircase. Down this she descended, and after passing through a short passage at the foot of the stairs, she reached a private door by which Lady Clive was accustomed to enter the chapel: this door she hastily unlocked.

It was a sudden, an almost unaccountable impulse that brought Lucy Camden at that unseasonable hour to the chapel. She had not been in it for many weeks.

* 1 Tim. i. 19. † 2 Tim. ii. 17.

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Changes, that she knew were being carried into effect, justified to her own conscience, her refusal to join in the services celebrated there. Now, as she stood within the door, surprise for a moment banished every other feeling.

The Lord's table had been removed from the middle of the aisle, and at the east end, exactly opposite the spot on which Lucy stood, was an altar raised three steps from the floor. It was covered with a large purple cloth, elaborately embroidered, and surrounded by a gilded railing. A large painting was suspended over the altar. Before it burned a lamp, whose pale light revealed with thrilling effect the holiness, and the death, which were delineated in the Saviour's countenance. It was a picture of the crucifixion. Several other paintings hung in different parts of the chapel, but the lesser decorative items scarcely attracted Lucy's attention. It was the striking aspect of the whole, and more than all *that* picture which wrought upon her powerful imagination. She gazed at it for a moment in silence; the next she turned resolutely away. 'Such emotions are the very germ of idolatry,' she said to herself. 'The senses first admire, the heart begins to feel solemn and devout, and next the fool who stands looking at the painted canvass, fancies his heart is swelling with love to Him "who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto." Oh! Lucy,' so her thoughts ran on, 'What has withheld thee from being the veriest idol-worshipper in the land? Not the strength of thy own mind. Not thy poor slippery deceitful heart: that even now had led thee astray, but for his grace—his changeless grace.'

As Lucy thus communed with her own heart, she was alarmed by hearing a movement in another part

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of the chapel. She looked towards the place from whence the sound proceeded, and saw Mr. Atterbury move from behind one of the pillars which had concealed him from her view. Lucy's first impulse was to retire immediately, but the same strange feeling of excitement that brought her thither, chained her to the spot, as she saw Mr. Atterbury walk reverently towards the altar. He surveyed it carefully, then took up the lamp, and for several minutes gazed on the face of the Crucified.

'Ay,' he said, speaking his thoughts aloud, for he knew not that any overheard him, 'there is but one thing wanting. It shall be there yet.' He prostrated himself before the gilded rail, as if he confirmed with a vow the prophetic words he had just uttered. Again he rose up. Again he stood looking towards the picture, though his words bore witness that his thoughts took a wider range. 'The storm is coming,' he said; 'the grand propitious storm, in which I too shall play no mean part. The church will weather it. I shall see her ride triumphantly upon the angry billows—and then a calm, and then'—He paused, but soon spoke again. 'Proofs, clear legal proofs shall not be wanting; but they must be suborned; there is no help for that.' Lucy's heart beat violently, but she held her breath to hear his next words. 'Sedition, if not treason, must be proved against him,' he said, 'or he may yet find means to undo all I have done in this family.'

A movement, which extreme agitation caused Lucy to make at this moment, made Atterbury look round. To start—to seem surprised, were weaknesses which he had long striven, and not in vain, to overcome. He turned from the altar, and advancing towards Lucy, addressed her in mild and polished tones. '"At mid-

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night I will rise to give thanks unto thee,"' he said. 'I am happy that Miss Camden's feet have been thus piously guided into the courts of the Lord's house.'

Lucy took little note of his words, but said calmly, 'I was trying, sir, to answer a question which hath much perplexed me, and my feet were directed hither for a reply.'

'A question doubtless of solemn import?' said Atterbury, in a tone of inquiry, 'to which God's minister shall give thee an answer of peace.'

'I asked,' said Lucy, 'What is heresy? And lo! the reply is written before mine eyes. Characters like these, Mr. Atterbury,' she added, pointing to the paintings around her, 'can scarcely be read amiss.'

'True, Miss Camden,' replied Atterbury, purposely mistaking her meaning, 'since they simply teach the ignorant and unlearned those great truths which otherwise would be nearly concealed from them. As we gaze upon them the senses are caught, solemn and devout thoughts are excited, and the whole soul is prostrated before its God.'

'You have said it, sir,' replied Lucy, and she receded farther from him as she spoke. '"But if I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness, and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand; this also were an iniquity to be punished by the judge; for I should have denied the God that is above."* How much rather when our eyes are entrapped by the paltry work of man.'

While she was speaking, Lucy placed her hand upon the lock of the door, and as the last words escaped from her mouth, she opened it, and the next moment closed

* Job xxxi. 26—28.

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it after her. Atterbury stood looking towards the door as if his solitary musings had been interrupted by a supernatural visitant. He had been astonished; he had been silenced by a young woman who, though she steadily baffled his attempts to obtain an influence over her, had always appeared too timid and too gentle to offer any open opposition to his plans at Brindsley Hall. Now she had denounced them to his face.

'I was a fool,' he muttered. 'She has heard my vows against Wentworth, but then'—he hesitated—'she can make no use of her knowledge. None will believe the wild story.—This little folly will be soon repaired.' The clock at this moment struck one—'I was to meet Hobbes at this hour,' he said, and was turning from the altar when he stopped once more and again prostrated himself before it, then rising up he walked rapidly out of the chapel, continuing his way through the grounds attached to Sir Humphrey's dwelling, until he reached the village churchyard.

'I am late, Hobbes,' he said, addressing a man, whom by the light of the moon he saw leaning against a rail which served as a memorial of the dead who lay beneath.

'I began to think your reverence had forgotten our appointment,' said the man, rather drily.

'I never forget appointments,' said Atterbury: 'I have been detained—unavoidably detained. But now for the business. I must be in London early in the morning. Can you secure another witness?'

'We must do the work between us, your reverence,' said Hobbes. 'I sounded several, but though they don't like his doctrine, they'd lay down their lives rather than a hair of his head should be hurt.'

'Well, be it so,' replied Atterbury. 'I would you could do without my testimony, but since it is needed,

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'I will not fail you. You, of course, as churchwarden, must present him. I will corroborate your evidence.' He thought for a moment, and then added—'You must make one more attempt to do without me. You know Thomas Mills, who so often smarted under Wentworth's severe rebukes?'

'Master Wentworth paid a debt which would have sent Mills to jail, on his promising amendment and the avoidance of future debts,' said Hobbes. 'He forgot the promise, but wouldn't say a word against the parson.'

'Try John Coxe,' said Atterbury. 'He is a drunken fellow, and his witness would not go for much, only the council are easily satisfied against Puritans.'

'John Coxe is drunken no longer, please your reverence,' said Hobbes, in the same cool, reckless tone that he had used during the whole conversation. 'He won't serve our purpose. The Puritan parson cured him of his drinking, and I trow he'd bear witness on his side rather than on ours.'

Again Atterbury considered for a moment, and then said, 'You have your own evidence clearly arranged of course, Hobbes, agreeing with mine?'

'We both heard him deride the ornaments,' said Hobbes; 'and we both heard him preach against Church-ales, Bid-ales, and such like innocent sports.'

'And we both heard him call the queen an idolatress, you remember, Hobbes,' said Atterbury, with peculiar emphasis. 'We also heard him say that it is lawful for a Christian man to resist even to the death—quoting the text.'

'Ay, ay,' said Hobbes, interrupting him, 'but that mustn't be last Sunday.'

'Why not?' said Atterbury. 'It is better to condense the matter as much as possible.'

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'But Robinson, the godly boatman, was in church,' said Hobbes, 'and Master Cuthbert Camden. Their evidence might overturn ours.'

'Not with the bishops,' said Atterbury, hastily, 'for, as report has it, Camden's speech bewrayeth him. He, however, was not in the church. But it matters not; let it be the Sunday before if you will. There were none present then but ignorant people who understood not what they heard.'

'Very well, sir,' said Hobbes, half sullenly. 'I would fain humble Master Wentworth. He deserves it at my hands. But I would be satisfied with suspension, and a few months imprisonment. That, your reverence,' he added with a sarcastic look, 'could be done without swearing a false oath. I'd rather not meddle with matters that might affect life or limb.'

'Do as you please,' said Atterbury. 'But unless you present on the accusation I have stated, you must do it on your own responsibility. I shall not be there to support your charge.'

The confederates in iniquity parted. It was Hobbes' turn to think, and to utter his thoughts aloud. He stood looking after Atterbury, as his figure became less and less distinct in the pale moonlight. 'They tell us,' he said, 'that when the devil beguiled our first mother, he chose the fairest form among the brutes to work his purpose in. He is at his old work again, for who would have thought that goodly face could cover such a villain's heart? A churchman too, against his fellow churchman. And all for what? I have a reason in my revenge. He chode me before the man I hate. But why does Master Atterbury hate him?'

The deepest mystery in all human iniquity alone could have replied to that 'why?'

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THE FAMILY OF GLENCARRA.—No. II.

By Sidney O'Moore.

For three weeks the persecuted convert remained under the protection of the minister's family at Ballina. Her parents loved her sincerely, and had only resorted to harsh measures in order to save her from everlasting perdition, which they believed would be her award if she remained a heretic. Her absence left a void in their hearts, and their home seemed desolate without her cheerful voice and sunny smile. On the third Sunday after her departure, they went to the minister's house, and asked her to return with them, promising to be more lenient in future in their efforts to reclaim her from Protestantism.

Scarcely two months had elapsed after Aileen's return, before the rebellion burst forth, and she was summoned by her grandmother to attend us in our wanderings. Never were people more fortunate in their guide. She watched and tended us like an affectionate elder sister, from the moment we arrived in the cave, until we returned in peace to Glencarra.

Early on the morning after we had rejoined Aileen, my sister Lily and I, with youthful impatience, ran up the earthen steps to ascertain whether day had yet dawned. A most beautiful view presented itself as we climbed the outer hedge of the rath. At some distance below us the calm waters of Lough Alich reflected

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countless stars; which richly inlaid, what I then believed to be, the floor of heaven. In dark contrast, beyond the lake rose the massive form of Mount Nephin, standing in majestic chieftainship at the head of ranges of hills behind hills which stretched away to the right, to the extreme verge of the horizon: like Young's

'Joy behind joy, in endless perspective.'

Wavy clouds like snow-flakes formed a back-ground to the dark, dim outlines of the mountains: the deep silence of night wrapped all in sublimity.

The fresh memory of early life often daguerotypes scenes, which, at a later period, would leave but a faint impression, quickly erased by daily contact with the realities of life.

Our mother was gifted with an exquisite perception of the beauties of nature, and she had cultivated the same faculty in our minds from our earliest infancy. In silence, mingled with childish awe, we contemplated the shadowy trees, and faintly gleaming grass at our feet; then looking across the black moorland to the starry waters and resplendent sky, I remembered the lines—

'O Thou who dwell'st in the heavens high,
Above the stars, and in yon sky,
Where the dazzling fields never need the light
Of the sun by day, nor the moon by night.

'Though shining millions around Thee stand,
For the sake of Him at thy right hand,
Oh think on those thou hast still left here,
To wander in danger, doubt, and fear.

'Our night is dreary, and dim our day,
And if thou turn thy face away,
We are feeble, helpless, sinful dust—
And have none to look to, none to trust.'

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Our mother had often taught us to repeat this midnight Cameronian Hymn, when looking at the starry glories of a winter's sky. She always endeavoured to lead our minds from each beautiful scene to the Divine hand by which it had been so wondrously wrought. This custom we have found so beneficial in after-years, that I am convinced mothers cannot too early adopt a plan so suitable to immortal beings, so productive of intellectual enjoyment. He who can trace the love of a beloved Father shining through the varied loveliness of His creation, finds a brighter halo, a light from eternity, shed over the beauties of nature, which illuminates them more than the most glowing sunshine, while it infuses rejoicing sentiments of gratitude into his own spirit.

The silent stillness of the scene was broken by an exclamation from Lily, who pointed to a dark mass moving in the distance. We instantly fled, like startled hares. A few minutes afterwards, a party of rebels drew near, and from the steps we could distinctly overhear their conversation, particularly as they all spoke in a loud tone.

'Andy,' said the first, 'did you see something white runnin along towards the ould trees. May be somebody's afther hiding in the rath.'

'Faix, if you think so, you'd better try with your own two eyes,' replied Andy, 'for sorra bit o' me will go nigh the fort this blessed night. I know better nor to catch the good people * at their purty dance in the moonlight, and have them puttin their curse on me for my pains.'

'If you're such an omadthaun as to be afeard of them, I'll go myself,' said the first speaker.

* i. e. Fairies. But the peasants never call them such, lest they should overhear, and feel annoyed by the term.

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At this moment we joyfully recognized the voice of Owen Rua, exclaiming, 'Never heed him, Captain, I'll take the throuble off yer shoulders, and if any one's in it, I'll track him, never fear.'

Owen instantly proceeded to examine every part of the bramble-covered fosse, but the moment his companions had passed on out of sight, he crept down the steps into the cave, where we lurked, trembling at our recent danger. In a few words he warned us to exercise greater caution; promised to return with black Cormac in the course of the day; informed us that he must instantly quit the cave in order to evade suspicion; and then hurried after his comrades who were marching to join General Humbert's troops in Ballina.

The hours wore heavily away, despite the innumerable legends and tales of Old Mabel. She told us of an evil spirit which often appeared to the traveller in the shape of a turkey-cock, and then transforming itself into a hedge-hog, rolled before him on the way. She told us of subterranean palaces inhabited by 'the good people,' who, by splendid feasts in their resplendent halls, try to allure mortals to partake of their beverages, and thus for ever forfeit the privilege of returning to earth. She told us of *phookas*, which bear the unwary in a hazardous midnight career over rushing rivers, and sleeping towns, through briars and forests, moorlands and mountains. She told us also about Ceprachauns and various other ideal beings, whose existence appears an absurdity to educated intellect, although accounted a reality by the peasantry of our rural districts, who believe in such spirits more firmly than in Holy Writ. Indeed this is not to be wondered at, for their powers of imagination and credulity are extreme, and the Holy Book has been studiously excluded from their inspec-

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tion. However, it has now reached them in their beloved native language, and daily experience proves that no prohibition, no persecution can control the avidity with which, through that cherished channel, they seek the word of God. Soon, therefore, must the innumerable phantoms of superstitious credulity glide away before the blaze of gospel truth.

Mabel herself believed all her own legends most firmly, and in childhood I was half tempted to believe some of them for the moment; so circumstantially were they narrated, and so many witnesses were adduced. However, exciting as her stories were, we were well pleased when Owen and Cormac Dhu came to remove us from our temporary abode. Its vicinity to Mr. V.'s mansion, of which the rebels had taken possession, rendered a longer sojourn perilous. We never again re-entered the cave.*

Owen undertook to conduct us to the Abbey of Moyne, where we were to be joined by Mabel, who was lame from recent injury, and was consequently obliged to travel in her grandson's cart. She had no apprehensions on her own account from the insurgent army, and therefore continued her route directly through Ballina. We intended to pursue a more circuitous course, and turned from the highway at the Carragh More, or great rock set on end. This monument has given its name to the adjoining land, and still exists unchanged by the lapse of centuries which have passed

* During the absence of the family to whom it belonged, the entrance was filled up by the peasants, who thought the fairies would be better pleased to have it in undisturbed possession. The present proprietor perfectly remembers having visited it in childhood, but though she has made many ineffectual attempts, she has never been able to discover the opening. The workmen who knew the spot, would not inform her, lest they die within the year.

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since its erection. It is an immense block of granite, so placed that a touch makes it vibrate, yet the strength of an hundred men, without mechanism, would be insufficient to remove it from its pedestal. Aileen paused for a moment to show us the cylindric hole, whence the blood of human victims poured from the altar, when the Druids offered sacrifices to their false gods.

Leaving the Druidical monument far behind, we crossed many fields and bye-paths, and at length, after a very fatiguing journey, reached the old Abbey of Moyne. It is a beautiful relic of the past. Although many years have swept by since I last beheld it, its grass-grown square, surrounded by a pillared aisle, still lingers before the eye of memory. The cloisters still exist, though in a dilapidated condition, and a beautiful succession of arches still mark the long corridors, where the dark forms of cowled monks were wont to glide. I gazed with horror on immense heaps of bones and skulls which were piled to a great height in every angle of the building ; * and in doing so I stumbled and fell over one of the broken tomb-stones which crowd the interior of the Abbey chapel. The place appeared still and remote from observation, and Aileen ventured to show us the marble baptismal font, the confessional, and cells of the monks. The belfry is still standing. Aileen led us up its winding steps, and we passed some hours of repose in the roofless chamber at the top of the tower.

When the shadows of night grew deeper, we per-

* These fragments of humanity have not escaped the utilitarian spirit of the age. During the farmer's mania for bone manure, about five years ago, a Scotchman landed by night near the ruins, and carried away all the bones. Had not the theft been screened by darkness, his life might have been sacrificed by the peasants, who regard all such relics with veneration.

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ceived at some distance, the bright flame of many watch-fires; the red light of which was strongly reflected by the waters of the river Moy. Aileen informed us that the fires indicated an encampment of the rebels, who were very numerous in that district, from its vicinity to Killala, the landing-place of the French. We heard shouts of merriment from the newly-arrived bands, who were recruiting themselves after a toilsome march, by regaling on the slaughtered herds of a neighbouring farmer.

Cormac Dhu soon afterwards appeared: devoted as he was to the opposite party, he never failed to attend us with unswerving fidelity. He raised my little brother in his arms, the poor child was half dead with fatigue, although Owen had carried him a great portion of the journey from the cave.

The harvest moon arose in silvery splendour, as we quitted our lofty retreat, and stole through the shadowy cloisters and dim spectral arches, until we reached the water-side. Here we found Mabel and Owen Rua in a boat awaiting our arrival. Embarking in silence, we proceeded with muffled oars; the rebel watch-fires gleaming in the distance, and the friendly walls of the ruined Abbey concealing our progress over the moonlit bay.

Many years after our visit to the ruins, the old Abbey of Moyne became a temporary place of pilgrimage. The body of a Roman priest or bishop, who had been hanged during the rebellion, was discovered entire and unchanged by the lapse of time. This uncommon circumstance created a great sensation. It was reported that a miracle had been wrought to prove the injustice of 'the martyr's' sentence. Thousands went to pray by the exhumed corpse, which lay with hands folded

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around a crucifix. However, a very few days' exposure to the open air produced its natural effect, and earth was restored to earth before a numerous crowd of spectators.

Great was the contrast between the excitement of that bustling day, and the solitary desolation in which we left the venerable ruins. We passed the long low treeless island of Bartra and found ourselves at sea. But imagine the consternation of the seniors of our party, when the ship in which we were to have sailed for Dublin, the ship, on which, humanly speaking, our destinies seemed to hang—had disappeared. Owen had seen it there only the day previous. He landed and went to enquire at a cabin, whence a feeble light glimmered, but soon returned with the intelligence that the vessel had sailed some hours before. 'The Captain was afeard to stand the coming of the French,' said his informant, 'so he was off like a wild duck.'

Owen was well acquainted with the inhabitants of the cabin, and said that we might fully confide in their fidelity. The first object that met our eyes on entering the house was the pale, but beautiful form of an infant, the fisherman's only child.

On the wall, at the head of the bed, was suspended a white sheet, to which were attached bunches of flowers, chiefly the wild offspring of the fields. The half-withered garlands hung droopingly over the dead baby, as if they lamented the premature blight that had fallen on this their fellow blossom. The excitement of the times had withdrawn all visitants from this lone locality, even the fisherman himself had joined the invading army: and none remained to hold the usual wake over the dead, except the female members of the family. The young mother, who did not appear above seventeen

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years old, rocked backwards and forwards upon her seat, seeming overpowered with sorrow, the grandmother sat smoking by the fire, occasionally laying aside her pipe to give vent to her grief.

We observed that the young woman never made any sounds of lamentation, but seemed by strong effort to refrain from any audible expression of grief.

This strange conduct excited our surprise, until the crone told Mabel that the child had apparently died early that morning: but when its mother threw herself on the supposed corpse, uttering wild cries of agony, its eyelids trembled, its breath came convulsively, and it seemed to bear a troubled existence for several hours.

'Why does she now check her grief,' I enquired, 'does she not lament the infant's death now as much as when it appeared insensible?'

'And why would'nt she check her screeching, poor thing,' said the old grandmother, 'afther she had wanst called back the innocent craythur with the loud voice of her heart's grief. Would she stop it again on its way to the home of glory, and bring it down, worn with pity, to the house of its clay.'

I could not reply, or attempt to combat this superstition. Aileen turned to the poor mother, and endeavoured to comfort her by enlarging on the blessedness to which the happy infant had attained—at rest with its Redeemer, never henceforth to feel pain, care, or sorrow.

'Oh then, it's happy, it is sure enough,' said the old woman, 'and it's proud Mary ought to be, that it lived to get the touch of the holy water.' Then turning to her daughter-in-law she continued, 'Now Mary, alanna, think how much worse it would be, if it had to live

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with the unchristened childers, wandhering ever an always in the dark land, without a ray of light to see before it until the day of judgment.'

'Oh, then, I'm thankful it is not there surely,' replied Mary, 'but I must fret all the same: she was my *only* one, and *my heart was in her*.'

'It's a comfort for you too,' said Mabel, 'to think it wasn't old enough to commit mortal sin, so it has no purgatory to go through as we have.'

Aileen now offered to read a description of the baby's new home, and taking out her Irish Testament, commenced the seventh of Revelations beginning at the twelfth verse.

The words of her beloved native language soon caught the young mother's ear, and rivetted her attention. She listened in astonishment, for she had never before heard the sublime language of Scripture. When Aileen ceased, she entreated her to read the chapter over again. She did so with some other passages, and the poor woman appeared far more tranquillized and soothed by this means, than by the various topics of consolation suggested by her mistaken comforters.

Next morning we resumed our journey for a short distance, and then sought shelter in a forsaken garden-house. This was the most disagreeable place in which we had yet sojourned, for the odour of some old garden-roots filled the place, and in looking at the discoloured walls, and loose blocks of wood on which we sat, I discovered some holes which indicated our proximity to the rat tribe.

However, we endeavoured by conversation and gossip, to forget the disagreeabilities of our situation. Mabel alluded to the chapter which Aileen had read to the fisherman's wife, and asked her grand-daughter if she

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knew why the term "Lamb of God," has been applied to the Saviour.

I am sorry to say that Aileen was unable to reply.

'See how little your new church teaches you!' said Mabel, 'but since you don't know, *I'll* tell you how it happened that the blessed Saviour got the name. Joseph the carpenter was driving a flock of sheep before him on the road, when he spied Herod a long way off, coming as if to meet him. He knew the bad king was out hunting for the lives of the innocents, so he hid the Holy Child under his *cotha more.** Herod soon came up and asked Joseph what it was he was carrying under his coat, "Oh, its only a weakly lamb that I am bringing home," said the carpenter, "it's not able to walk." Then the bad king believed him and passed on, without knowing he had missed his prey. But from that day to this, the Holy Child is always called the Lamb of God.'

Such is one of the innumerable fables, which, in the absence of Holy Writ, have taken root in the minds of the uneducated poor of Connaught.

* Great coat.

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THE FRIEND OF IRELAND !

THE British Lion is awake !
He struggles in his den !
Shame, shame, that *he* should ever quake,
Or quail to wicked men !

He slumbered—and they o'er him threw
Their galling length of chain :
But he is roused—and, at the view
Becomes " himself again ! "

Where is the Lion, of the tribe
Of Judah, *once* his friend ?
Could he *his* spirit yet imbibe
This treason soon should end !

Hear us, O Lord of Hosts ! 'tis thou
Can wake his mighty powers !
The crisis is approaching *now !*
Let victory be ours !

'Tis not with earthly foes we war,
Nor would vain strife begin ;
We ask thy help to keep us far—
Far from the " Man of Sin ! "

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From him, who ever shut his ears,
Against thy people's cry:
And, openeth, 'gainst "the God who hears"
His mouth, in blasphemy.

Save us, dear Lord! although so late,
We bend the suppliant knee—
Preserve us from the dreadful fate
Of those who anger thee!

Oh had we trusted in thine arm,
When wicked men assailed;
Thou would'st have saved from outward harm,
And we had still prevailed!

Still, as, in happier days, when we
The honoured guardians stood,
Of that which taught us to be free
Purchased with tears of blood—

It was the charter of our lives—
Our liberties—our all—
And, whilst our love for it survives—
No power can make us fall.

Scriptures of God! the way—the truth:
Th' illuminated page—
That shines—the guiding star of youth,
The comfort of our age!

A. Y.

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"COME OUT OF HER, MY PEOPLE."

In every age of the Church since great Babylon first exalted herself against God, has this call been sounded, more or less audibly, until the era of the blessed Reformation, when all Europe echoed to the startling cry, and whole nations obeyed it. But the period had not then arrived which the signs of our times announce to be now at hand, when the full weight of Divine vengeance must fall on the seven-hilled city; and the great mart of all temporal and spiritual merchandize must be utterly burned with fire, "for strong is the Lord God that judgeth her."

We have seldom been more struck than by the coincidence of the following interesting documents, with the predicted voice of warning invitation to the dwellers in Rome. It is so remarkable, that we may safely leave it to the contemplation of our readers, whose most earnest heed we request to the appeal. We shall rejoice to be the means of awakening attention and sympathy to the subject; for it is one very nearly touching us, as a nation chosen of God to be the especial depositories of Protestant truth, the principal circulators of the Bible throughout the world:—

Dear Madam,

Will you grant a space in your Magazine for the purpose of directing the attention of your readers to a plan, which combines both the claims and the interest

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of a Home and of a Foreign Mission. It is a Mission among the Italians in London. In the year 1841, a young lady, who felt anxious for the salvation of those poor foreigners, who are brought in such numbers within reach of the Gospel, though it had not then been brought within reach of them, made inquiries as to the possibility of inducing them to listen to the "glad tidings of great joy," but she was assured that the difficulties were so many, the vigilance of the priests so great, and the occupation of the poor Italians so incessant, as to render any such attempt useless. However, in 1842, the Agent of the London City Mission in the Saffron Hill District, entered warmly into the scheme; found a person capable of teaching reading and writing; and a small evening-school was opened three times a week for all who would come. About forty-five pupils were upon the books, and the school went on as satisfactorily as could be expected under the heavy disadvantage of a master who was ignorant of the Gospel, and of the zealous and excellent missionary being ignorant of the Italian language. The pupils, however, read the Bible and other books, and several were induced to attend a place of Protestant worship. But in 1843 it was found necessary to change the master, and the Rev. Dr. di Minna, a converted Italian priest, willingly undertook the charge of the school, as a means of doing good among his benighted countrymen. On the paltry remuneration he received, it was impossible that he could devote his whole time to the work; but, in August 1844, the London City Mission finally consented to take him as their Missionary among the Italians on condition of the first promoter of the scheme defraying the expense, which for one missionary amounts to £70 annually. To raise this sum in annual subscriptions of

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at least five shillings is the object of the present appeal; but the number of Italians is so great, that one missionary is by no means sufficient for half the labour which falls upon him. Another converted priest, who owes his convictions to the instrumentality of Dr. di Minna, is now waiting, in deep poverty, until some opening shall be made for him to fulfil the desire of his heart by preaching the Gospel of peace to his own people.

The Italians are at our very doors. Some thousand souls are perishing for lack of that Bread of Life on which we daily feed. Ministers are ready to offer it to them, and to press it on their acceptance: they are willing to hear: all that is wanting is, that British Christians should give a small portion of their abundance for the purpose of supporting these messengers of peace, and that they should pray for a blessing on the work.

The missionary has opened another school near the London Docks, which is attended by many, especially Italian sailors. About sixteen persons hear the word with joy, and are in a state of mind which gives reasonable hope of their conversion.

Two Italians have visited Dr. di Minna on their arrival in England, from having seen Bibles which he had given to their countrymen, who had returned home. The good seed cast upon the waters shall not be lost, even if the waters be those on which the woman sitteth; and it appears highly probable, that the great influx of Italians into our country has been appointed, in order that they may carry back with them those glad tidings of salvation which can never reach them in their own land, while under its present rulers. If we do not consider them, we shall incur the curse (Ezek. xxxiii. 8.) "If thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his

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way, his blood will I require at thine hand." The following translations of portions of the Missionary's Journal will give some slight idea of his zeal, and method of dealing with the people, and of the superstition he has to encounter :—

Sunday, Sept. 1, 1844.—At three o'clock, P.M., our congregation of eight Italians sang Psalms, and I read the Holy Scriptures ; and after a short prayer, I made a little sermon on the text, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," &c. (Matt. vi. 33.). After another short prayer the meeting ended with much order. The hearers, who were all persons that could read and write well, showed much satisfaction.

At page 19, he says, No. 1. L——. I found four men there, and spoke to them of salvation through Jesus. They asked me if Christ instituted auricular confession. I told them,—No : that Jesus instituted the confession mentioned by St. James, v. 16, and that auricular confession was established about the year 1216, and that it is now an instrument in the hands of the Italian governments.

At page 22, two Italians begged him to explain to them the 13th chapter of Revelations, which he read to them and expounded to them, that the Pope was the Beast therein mentioned, and then ended with prayer.

Another Italian begged to know if, in the supper of the Lord, there was the real body and blood of Jesus, as they say there is in the mass. Dr. di Minna says, I read to him part of the sixth of John down to the sixty-fourth verse ; Matt. xxvi. 29 ; Mark xiv. 25 ; and Luke xxii. 19. He thanked me, as if he understood. In many instances poor Italians gladly subscribed for copies of the Scriptures, others joyfully accepted them as a gift, many promised to attend the service on Sun-

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days at Hatton Garden, 25 A, Dr. di Minna's own house, and others to send their children to the school.

On one occasion Dr. di Minna asked an Italian of the name of Cetta, whether he read the Scriptures. He answered that 'he was a Catholic and bound to go to the Catholic Church, and could not read the Bible.' How then do you hope to be saved? He answered, 'By good works.' I replied, but you do very few of these works which you call good; and if you examine yourself, you will find that you sin in doing them, for you exult in them: how then can they save you? He said, 'It is true; what should I do then!' I spoke to him on the seventh of Romans, and he seemed somewhat struck.

J. S., a native of Malta, brought up in Italy, showed himself a great lover of the Scriptures, and told me, that he had endeavoured to propagate them in Rome and in Aquila. In Rome he was lodged in the Inquisition; whence he came out by order of the British minister, as a British subject, but he was exiled from Rome. He returned to Dr. di Minna again that same day, to ask him about purgatory, venial sins, and transubstantiation. The missionary remarks that he is an extraordinary young man, though without clear ideas of faith. He loved the Scriptures, without understanding them. He relates many extraordinary traits of Popish superstitions. One poor man believed that all the members of the London City Mission were Manichæans. It seems, that whosoever kisses the Pope's toe, receives certain indulgences and remission of sins. Dr. di Minna was assured both by an Englishman and by a Sicilian, that an ass's tail is placed on the altar of a church in Sicily, and is affirmed to be the tail of the ass on which the Virgin fled into Egypt!

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Many of the Italians are infidels, Materialists, Socinians, &c. Many more are shaken in their adherence to Popery, and willing to hear the Gospel, and read the Word of God.

One poor old Italian woman he describes as having a little *altar of superstitions*, with crosses, figures, &c. I spoke to her a little of Christ in heaven, and she seemed somewhat touched. She twice fell on her knees before me, in spite of the displeasure I expressed, and wished to kiss my hand and receive my blessing. She set forth her miserable condition, and I gave her a little money. But I set forth the miserable condition of the soul without the true Christ, not without the material cross. She said she would come to the prayers.

Sept. 24.—Saw her again. She had come on the previous Sunday with her husband to prayers at Hatton Garden. We spoke of superstition. She told me, that once being in a church where there was an image of Mary with an image of Jesus in her arms, —the Virgin offered her the image of Jesus. I answered, 'If this is true, it would show that Mary herself teaches you that there is no salvation but in Jesus.' She replied, 'But I love Mary greatly, even more than God or Jesus.' Then I said, 'I tell you plainly you are in error,' and I read to her the second chapter of John, and the sixth, seventh, and eighth of Romans. She then said, 'There was once a Jesuit, who said mass, and to whom I confessed myself, and he used afterwards to confess himself to me, and he told me to burn all these images.' 'He did well,' answered I, 'and if you read the precepts of God, such as the twentieth of Exodus, you will see that images are condemned. Burn them then.'

She appeared convinced, and prayed fervently with

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me. She then said, 'I feel quite comforted. Ah! how necessary it is that an Italian should go about as a missionary. I have heard numbers, but I never understood any of them as I understand you, who speak to me in Italian.' She showed me many books, full of superstition, and I begged her not to read them any more, but to read the Scriptures only. It is impossible to record all she said, and all I replied. Her life would be most useful, were it written, for it would show what Popery is.

Nov. 4.—Found her alone. She said, 'I went latterly on All Saints' and All Souls' Days to the German Chapel, and saw the Chaplain, who said to me, "Mrs. —— you appear to be much changed?" "How so," said I. He answered, "Because you have neither confessed nor gained any indulgences." I replied, "I confess spiritually, and I communicate in the same way, and thus I receive Jesus, and with Him all manner of indulgences" (tutte le indulgenze). Then he asked me if I had seen one di Minna, and when I said "Yes, that his words were holy, and words of life," he left me.'

Nov. 26.—Dr. di Minna notices another visit to her, in which she gave him an account of her past life. He adds; although she is reduced to extreme misery, and is besides an aged woman, yet she has so stout a heart that it would do honour to a General. She speaks Italian, French, Spanish, and a little English. She seems convinced of Justification by Jesus, and, after reading and prayer, told me, that she could not tell how to express her thankfulness for God's great mercy towards her. Some days since, she was surrounded by some Italians, who wished to draw her away from the Gospel. She proclaimed the Gospel to them in such a manner that they had not a word to say.

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Dec. 1. Sunday.—Six persons were present. The Abbate Prada spoke for a long time, and though he has but just come out of darkness, yet there was no obscurity in his discourse, but he spoke in a truly evangelical manner. The old Italian woman, Mrs. ——, was there, and, after prayer was ended, she spoke to the Italians as they went out, and exhorted them strongly to take courage, and come to the prayers.

It should be mentioned, that on several occasions men have stationed themselves at the door of di Minna's house to prevent any one from entering and attending worship there. About three weeks after this time, Dr. di Minna says, on visiting this poor woman, I found her in a state which filled me with horror. She began by telling me, that she was reduced to the last extremity of misery, and that she no longer believed in God, for He took no care of her. I endeavoured to make her think of what she was saying, but she answered, 'I am lost—God has not elected me.' I would not suffer such words. I then placed on the table a sovereign, which the Rev. Mr. Parker had given me for her: at first, she would not look, but when she did look, and saw it, she fell with her face to the ground, and began to weep. Then I made her get up, and spoke to her of the providence of God and other subjects, read to her the seventh of Romans, and prayed. She showed sorrow for the words she had said.

In January, however, she told him that she had been to take the sacrament in a popish chapel. 'How!' said I, 'dost thou still believe in such things! Dost thou not hope to be saved by Jesus alone?' 'Yes,' said she, 'I do hope to be saved solely by Christ, but I go to the Lord's supper, for I feel so happy afterwards. The priest, however, told me I was a heretic, because I

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come to you, but I told him that I heard nothing but the word of God from your mouth. He however despised me, and told me you were a bad man, and shut the door in my face.' I then told her she ought to leave the Church of Rome entirely, and join some Christian congregation, and she said she would do so.

In February the missionary found her in great misery, and her former superstitions still retaining an awfully strong hold upon her. She said that 'she trusted in Jesus alone for salvation, but still,' she added, 'I must keep the image of Mary the mother of God.' 'Let us pray to God,' said I, 'through Jesus, and in his name, that you may be enlightened.' 'Yes, let us pray,' said she.

Let every reader pray for her that her soul may escape as a bird out of the snare of the fowler.

That Dr. di Minna's views are truly scriptural, is shown throughout. He thus gives his creed on church matters: 'Keep fast to the scriptures and you will be a true catholic, and by them you will learn what churches are catholic, and what are not; and thus you will go and pray in any church where the gospel is preached. If I found any minister who did preach the gospel, I would leave a minister of the Church of England who did not preach it, because I am not a member of any church except in so far as it is a Church of Christ. I am spiritually a member of all churches which preach the gospel.'

A man named V., was asked by him if he was sure of being saved. He answered, 'No;' and confessed that he could not keep the law. He then asked di Minna, if he was sure of being saved. 'Yes,' answered I. 'Then,' he replied, 'you are too proud.' 'Quite the contrary,' I returned, 'for I confess myself a sinner

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before the whole world.' 'How then can you be saved?' —I answered,' By the merits of Jesus Christ.'

In November he records: There were three persons present at public worship at 25, Hatton Garden. We read several chapters of the Scriptures, sang Psalms, and then prayed. Although our number was so small, yet two of the three persons declared that their only hope of salvation was in Jesus. I was more pleased this day with three, then when I have had fifty or sixty present, because I knew certainly that two began to confess themselves sinners, and to hope in God through Jesus Christ alone. They asked him for a copy of the Scriptures, because a companion of theirs had taken the one Dr. di Minna had previously given them, with him to Italy.

Dr. di Minna afterwards mentions reading the Scriptures with the two Italians above mentioned, and says that they shew themselves zealous for the truth.

Dr. di Minna has been the means of recalling more than one English woman who had joined the Church of Rome on her marriage, to at least an outward profession of Protestantism.

He describes the tyranny exercised by those who bring over poor boys who go about the streets with organs, monkeys, mice, &c. as so dreadful, that it would be a disgrace to Barbary. I met, he says, a poor boy playing on the organ, and asked him if he could read. He answered, 'No.' I asked why he did not go to school, 'He did not know of any.' I gave him a card of that at Hatton Garden. Then I met another whom I found as ignorant as the first, and it is not easy to make them understand any thing. I learnt what slavery—if even slavery it can be called—these

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poor boys are held under. I know not how the government can permit it.

Sept. 29.—At Hatton Garden, Sunday. We sang three Psalms, and read three chapters of the Scriptures. One named A., of excellent family, with another well-educated young man, told me many priests in Italy think as I do.

In December young P., came to tell me he was going to France, and asked for a Bible, which I gave him. I spoke a little of justification, and he seemed much impressed thereby.

Dec. 12.—He records that he found the person he came to visit dead, he adds, 'I found five Italians there, who told me R., had been assailed by one of the Pope's priests, who had told him to say, 'To you, Jesus, Joseph and Mary, do I give my heart and my soul.' 'How!' said I, 'can you give your hearts to Joseph and Mary?' 'Certainly,' replied one of them, 'the heart is offered to all three in common.'

Dr. di Minna then explained to them the sin of offering the heart to creatures, and spoke to them of the corruption of our nature, and of salvation through Jesus alone. They seemed much pleased. Two Italians told him that a monk was living in Great Saffron Hill Court, and that he took away all the books the Italians had, particularly the Holy Scriptures, and burnt them.

One more instance of his method of dealing with those whom he visits:

Feb. 10, 1845.—I began immediately to speak to him on justification by Jesus, and showed him that this was the doctrine of the Church of Rome at the beginning; and that no one can approach God but through Jesus, who has satisfied his infinite justice. . . . Then I said to him, 'The priests make you say Pater Nosters to

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the saints.' 'Yes,' said he, 'I pray to my guardian angel, and to Mary, and to other saints.' Then I asked him: 'Do you think that Mary, or the angel, or any of the saints, is your God and Father?' 'No,' replied he. 'Then why do you say "Our Father" to them!' 'I was in error,' he replied. 'I will do so no more.' Then I read to him John ii. where Mary sends the people to Jesus, and prayed. He then said to me, 'Come again as soon as you can, for I believe what you say, for it is the truth.'

In October, a man who had placed himself on the Sunday at the door of the Missionary house to prevent people from entering, met Dr. di Minna on one of his visits, and began to revile him, saying, that he went about for the sake of gain. The missionary replied, 'It cannot be for the sake of gain, for I was not poor when in my father's house, nor in my convent, nor when a missionary in Barbary; for while there, I laid by with ease in a few months about 2000 piastres, the fruit of my salary from the Propaganda, and of masses, marriages, and purgatory, &c. And here in England, I was in a college (Eton) before becoming a missionary; and I was able to earn what I wished; neither am I now unable to win my bread honestly.' 'Why then do you go about thus?' I answered, 'To preach Jesus.'

I cannot conclude these extracts better than by the following simple appeal in one of the latest pages of the missionary's journal.

'I beg Christians to take the case of the Italians into consideration. There is no time to be lost. God wills that the Italians should be Christians. If they were converted, the gospel would thereby gain half the world, or rather the whole; for the Italians are everywhere, and are very active. If our English brethren

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were to form a society for the Italians, not only would they be blessed of God, but it would also be a great advantage to their nation. Now is the time. Italians already pray for you, O my brothers; and I beg you therefore, in the name of God, and of the Lord Jesus our Saviour. The Italian brethren will be grateful to you, and will bless you, and you will be a nation conquering souls for Christ, which will be an eternal glory to you.'

The field is white with the harvest. May the Lord of the harvest raise up labourers, and bless their work, is the prayer of,

Madam, your's very sincerely,

H. C. M.

Subscriptions received by—

Miss Douglas, 27 Rutland Square, Edinburgh.

Rev. H. H. Beamish, 19 Norfolk Crescent, Hyde Park.

Rev. J. Garwood, Office of London City Mission, 20 Red Lion Square.

Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, 35 Hyde Park Gardens.

The Lady William Douglas, Grangemuir Pittenweem, Fife.

[We shall rejoice to be the means of obtaining help for this momentous work; but request that contributions may be forwarded as above, and not through our hands.]

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MY CABINET.

No. XVII.

We have now reached alumina, a metal whose earth is as widely diffused as silica itself, and affords a large number of spars, gems, &c. We have had occasion to remark its admixture in a variety of minerals, and we shall now describe a few of those in which it preponderates.

As silica is the base of all sands and sandstones,—and calcium, that of all limestones,—so alumina is the base of all clays, clay-slates, and shales. My first specimen is of the pure oxyde, or earth, in the shape of a little dirty-looking bit of soapy clay, from Leicestershire; but it has nevertheless as much right to a place under this metal as the finest sapphire, and is perhaps a more useful individual, after all.

The sapphire, when quite pure, is composed of alumina only, being the sheer oxyde of the metal; but the corundum, which is grey and opake, has, with the alumina, a little silica and iron; while emery, (which is only the same mineral uncrystallized,) contains a trifle less of silica and more of iron. The oriental ruby is properly a red sapphire; and the sapphire is often found white or yellow, as well as of the lovely blue for which it is so famed. The crystal of this species is six-sided, and flat at the ends, with the edges bevelled in a curious manner. It is also found in six-sided

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pyramids, especially when red. This real ruby is extremely valuable, but seldom exceeds half an inch in length; the king of Arracan is said to have two of them, as large as one's little finger. The blue sapphire occurs in crystals, or rolled pebbles, sometimes three inches in length, and comes from Ceylon.

Corundum is of a duller colour, grey or dark, and bears the same relation to the sapphire that beryl does to the emerald. It is often found in the pyramidal form, and when brown is called adamantine spar. Emery is much found in Greece, Saxony, and Greenland, and used as a grinding material for precious stones and steel.

The spinelle ruby, balas ruby, rubicelle, or almandine, is a beautiful gem; containing about seventy-two or four of alumina, with silica, magnesia, and iron. It is generally red, but is sometimes found violet, grey, or black; when of the latter hue, it is called pleonaste.

Chrysoberyl, a green gem, is also chiefly composed of alumina, and is by some termed prismatic corundum. Brazil and Ceylon are its best localities.

Kyanite is a beautiful blue spar, sometimes sold for sapphire, when very good and well cut. It contains alumina and silica in varying proportions, and its regular crystal is of a singular form, having four broad sides and two narrow ones at opposite corners, with the ends flat and slanting. It is however often found in simple four-sided prisms. It is usually needly, or fibrous, or in thin, long patches. When white or very pale in colour, it is called Rhætizite. I have a pale grey specimen of the latter kind, from Shetland, composed of brittle fibres in long narrow groupes, crossing each other in all directions. Another piece from St. Gothard, is foliated kyanite, of a pale shaded blue, very

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bright and beautiful; while a third specimen, from the same romantic locality, consists of long blue needles, penetrating mica slate.

Andaluxite is a singular-looking mineral, of a reddish grey colour, and sometimes of a silvery lustre; its crystal is square, and contains about sixty parts of alumina, with thirty-six of silica, and a little iron. It is sometimes mistaken for felspar, but is harder, and is found in Spain, Germany, &c. I have one very silvery specimen from Tyrol, much mixed with mica. Another, from Spain, is more red and less grey, and less bright, though very distinct in form, and as long as my little finger.

Topaz consists of about fifty-seven of alumina, and thirty-four of silica, with a little fluoric acid. It is generally yellow, but occurs sometimes white; in Scotland it is found of a sky-blue, also blue and green in Kamschatka. The pink topaz, so commonly seen in the shops of Jewellers, is a deep yellow topaz, heated till it becomes red; and when the colour obtained is deep, it is often sold as spindle ruby. Its crystal is eight-sided, and pointed at the ends, or more generally at one end only.

Physolite is a coarse, opaque Swedish topaz; and pycnite, containing rather less alumina, and more silica, is chiefly found in Saxony.

Staurolite is a rather curious mineral, by some termed prismatic garnet, and resembling that gem in its colour. Its crystals generally cross each other, hence its name from the Greek *stauros*, a cross. It contains forty-four parts of alumina, thirty-three of silica, a good deal of oxyde of iron, with lime and manganese. It has a curious trick of uniting itself to kyanite, in a continuous line, as if the two formed one single crystal, a pecu-

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liarity unknown in other minerals. It is found in Brittany, Spain, Tyrol and the northern countries. My own specimen is not a good one, nor do I know its locality.

Tourmaline is another singular species, of various colours, generally pink or green. Its coarse and black kinds are called schorl, the red, rubellite, and all the rest tourmaline. The crystal is of a form which I shall find it difficult to describe ; the two ends being different, and the ten sides having unequal width. Tourmaline has peculiar electrical and optical properties, presenting different colours when held to the light in different positions. Some crystals of one colour contain within them a second crystal of a totally different hue. At a certain heat it becomes electric, but loses this property at a higher temperature, and resumes it while cooling. When exposed to extreme cold, it again becomes electric, but the ends of the crystal exhibit opposite poles to those they had when heated. It is altogether an unaccountable gem, and requires our *savans* to make deeper researches than they have yet done, to enable us to understand it. It contains from thirty-four to forty-four of alumina, from thirty-five to forty of silica, with various other matters in minute quantities. My own specimen of schorl is a mass of small needly black crystals, pressed together in all sorts of positions. I have also a fine black crystal nearly square, embedded in a mass of quartz crystals, on a granitic rock, from Bovey ;—two specimens of the green, one very perfect, though small,—the other in large disjointed needles, with white felspar, quartz, and some rubellite of a purplish red, from Norway ;—and a specimen from America, consisting of peach-blossom coloured talc-mica (or lepidolite,) containing pink fragments of rubellite.

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Wavellite is a very pretty mineral, containing about thirty-six of alumina, and thirty-four of phosphoric acid. It is, in fact, a sub-phosphate of alumina. It was first discovered in Devonshire by Dr. Wavell, and since then has been found in Ireland, and on the Continent. It is generally found radiated and fibrous, or massive. It is generally green, grey, blue, or white: my own is of a bluish white, in bright, radiated circles, on a piece of dark Devonshire rock.

Common alum is obtained from the alum stone, or sub-sulphate of alumina, found in Italy, Hungary, &c.

X. Q.

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MESMERISM.

(Concluded from our last.)

'ADMITTING that Mesmerism is so beneficial to mankind as its Advocates represent it to be; we are sure they have given it too high a standing in associating it with the name of God; by saying *God has revealed it* to man for the benefit of the afflicted.

'We have however proved its source is not from God, and that He gives no assistance to persons in the mesmeric sleep. Neither is the power and intelligence exhibited on such occasions derived from the holy angels, who are God's ministering Spirits, (Heb. i. 14.) this we are sure of from the nature of many of the statements that are communicated. "Can a good tree bring forth evil fruit?" And would the holy unfallen angels give out things contrary to the mind of God?

'Miss Martineau, in her Work on the subject of Mesmerism, informs us, that her Maid Servant, in one of her trances stated, "*The soul is independent and self-existent, and therefore lives for ever; It depends upon nothing:*" this she contradicted by her very next expression, in adding, "*God takes care of it, to reunite it with the body at the day of judgment.*" Miss Martineau acknowledges she was forcibly and painfully struck with the incompatibility of the two sayings; she should have added, and with the presumption and blasphemy of the former one.

'This fact proves that mesmerized individuals are not assisted by the holy angels; and yet it seems evident they are acted upon by some invisible supernatural agency. We once more ask the Advocates of Mesmerism, What agency is it? The Sacred Oracles will help us in this answer: they describe, very fully, a class of

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Beings who surround us, both on the earth, and in the air above us: The following is a selection out of many passages, that illustrate their character, 1 Cor. iv. 4; 2 Cor. xi. 14. John xii. 31. Eph. ii. 2; vi. 12. Job i. and ii. Rev. xii. These quotations from God's blessed word are too clear and distinct not to be understood; they inform us of *evil spirits* who are under the direction of one ruling mighty sagacious spirit, called *Satan;* also named *the God of this world;* the *Prince of the power of the air:* the *locality* of these Spirits is said to be the *earth*, and the *air*, or *heaven*, that is the *expanse* above us, which for aught we know, may extend to the planets and stars. It is further stated that *Satan* has great influence over the *minds* of men, in keeping them in *darkness*, and in leading them captive at his will. It is also declared that he is *wily, subtle;*—a *serpent* full of *artful stratagems*, whereby he deceives and ensnares; an *old serpent*, having had now nearly six thousand years' experience since he seduced into sin our first mother Eve. It is moreover mentioned that he is *spiritual*, therefore an unseen enemy, and the more to be dreaded; he is *powerful*, he can raise storms and hurricanes, but of course no further than God permits him. The word *principalities*, also denotes numbers, order, and government.—Christ cast out of one man a *legion*. We may form some idea of their mode of temptation from the way in which the devil assaulted Christ, Matt. iv. It is generally by taking advantage of the circumstances around us, suiting the temptation to the evil dispositions and propensities of our nature, exciting us to distrust, presumption, and ambition. We are warned not to be ignorant of Satan's devices, when he appears as an angel of light; nor to be surprised at his malignity against us, when, as a roaring lion, he seeketh whom

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he may devour. The expressions, *wrestling* with principalities and powers; *putting on* the whole armour of God, and the standing in His strength in the combat; the necessity of being on the watch; and the exhortations to prayer, for help and perseverance; sufficiently denote the severity of the Believer's struggle with these evil spirits, when he is in full command of all the faculties of his body and mind, under Divine assistance.

'What language then can fully describe the Christian's impotence and folly in the mesmeric sleep? *There* he has voluntarily submitted to have all these faculties prostrated at the feet of the enemy; he can neither *watch* nor *wrestle*. *There* he has presumptuously stepped upon ground where he has no right to expect God will meet him with his strength: *there* he has vilely cast away his spiritual weapons of warfare; his girdle of truth, his breastplate of righteousness, his shoes of peace, his shield of faith, his helmet of hope, and his sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God; and the mighty is fallen in the midst of the battle, a lamentable spectacle to men and angels: *there* he unconsciously lies bound hand and foot, a passive organ in the hands of Satan, and a line of communication between him and his Mesmerist. How tremendously appalling the thought of being assisted by Satan in the mesmeric sleep! Who knows whether he who leads captive men's minds, keeping them in darkness, may not lead the soul of an individual, set at liberty in his wide usurped dominions, into some far distant inextricable labyrinth, surrounded by the blackness of darkness, to worry it for ever; and, that the sleep thus artificially produced may be the last fatal sleep of this infatuated individual; or, can the Mesmerist himself guarantee, when the soul returns to take possession of its body at

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his call, that Satan shall not intrude himself uninvited into the tabernacle, and there pervert the convolutions of the brain, filling its mental capabilities with madness and distraction, and add to this unhappy maniac's affliction, to the end of his days, acute chronic agonies, exhibited in bodily distortions, as a punishment for his presumption? There were most frightful possessions of the devil in the days of our Lord; and it is not improbable there will be again, in these last days of evil, when so many appear to be giving way to seducing spirits. 1 Tim. iv. 1.

'We trust our readers will form an impartial conclusion, from the arguments we have brought to bear upon Mesmerism, how far we have proved the points, that *it cannot be supported by sound philosophy, and, that it is contrary to the Scriptures;* and if this be the case, Mesmerism is *wrong, unscriptural,* and *presumptuous;* and it behoves us to reject it.

'We now direct your thoughts to a favourite argument of the advocates of Mesmerism to justify its practice, viz. "That it cures diseases, it maketh the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak." This is a very *fallacious* argument, since Satan is too politic not to permit some apparently good results to the body, when he can thereby secure a greater dominion over the mind, and support the system in question. Witchcraft on the same footing is good, many have been cured of the ague, and other bodily diseases by the use of charms and incantations. Satan, as an angel of light, is feignedly most bland and bountiful when he means to do the most harm. Herod-like in his saying to the wise men with courteous subtlety, "Bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also;" while in heart, he was meditating the murder of Him who was

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born King of the Jews. Matt. ii. 8. Tyrants often commence their kingly career by some liberal magnificent acts. Fraudulent designs to a very great extent are often effected on the same principle: and frequently the worst vices of men are perpetrated by some introductory seductive influence. We must not be surprised, if we find Satan more parsimonious in his healing bestowments, if the System should be better established.—But admitting that good has been done in a few instances by Mesmerism, will that counterbalance for the moral evils that may and have concealed themselves under its dark wings, in exciting the animal organs of patients, for purposes, which we hear have led to its suppression in some countries by their Civil Authorities?

'The Advocates of Mesmerism may reproach us for our want of charity and commiseration to the afflicted: but while we are favoured with so great a number of educated skilful medical Practitioners; and our Hospitals, Infirmaries, and Dispensaries; all of which may be called *lawful* means, for the use of the afflicted, we need not be under any obligation to Mesmerism for *presumptuous* means. Any who prefer the latter to the former, may find an instance of God's Judgment of their choice, in the person of Ahaziah, king of Israel, who sent to consult Baal-zebub, the God of Ekron. God, through his Prophet Elijah said to him, "Is it because there is no God in Israel, that ye go to inquire of Baal-zebub the God of Ekron? Thus saith the Lord, thou shalt not come down from that bed on which thou art gone up; but shalt surely die." 2 Kings i. And, at an earlier period of the Jewish History it is declared, that one reason why God permitted Saul to fall in battle was, because he had enquired of the witch of Endor. Comp. 1 Sam. xxviii. 15, 20; and 1 Chron. x. 13.

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'The Advocates of Mesmerism have made too much of their Science in asserting that *it springs from natural causes*.—This is partly true, and partly ill-founded.—In the same way every result in nature has been effected by *natural causes;* but they are often *secondary causes*, inasmuch as they are indebted for their operation bringing out a RESULT, to some *moving prime agency* that may be justly termed, a *first cause;* and the result is good or evil, according as the *principle* of *agency*, or *moving cause* is good or evil; while it sometimes happens that *second causes*, may innately and kept separately from each other, be harmless, possessing no qualities of good or evil. For example—Suppose a person in revenge, burnt down another man's house. In this instance *revenge*, in concert with the volition of the man's will, forms the *first moving cause:* the fire igniting the materials of the house is the *second cause*, which produces ashes, the *result*. Man is held *responsible* sometimes to human law, and always to God, in introducing a *first cause* into *second causes* for the *result* produced; and it is oftentimes as much his duty to permit some *natural causes* to remain quiescent, as it is his privilege to put others into action. We have a remarkable illustration, giving us a double view of what is here said, by a fact in Jewish History, while the Ark of God was at Bethshemesh:—as it lay there, many of the Inhabitants of that place had the *presumptuous curiosity* to look into it, and being *responsible* to God for that action, he punished them with death: here the moving cause was *wilful presumptuous curiosity:* the *second cause*, was the contact between the profane hands of the people, and that sacred depository of God's Law; the *result*, was its being opened and their looking into it; being *responsible*, God smote them with death. 1 Sam. vi. 19.

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Again, this same holy repository of the Tabernacle, was removed to the house of Abinadab; and though it had a resting place twenty years *there*, he never had the *wilful presumptuous curiosity* to open it, to scan its sacred mysteries; that is, he forbore to put *second causes* into operation; and the same may be said of Obed-edom afterwards, for which God greatly blessed them. Comp. 1 Sam. vii. 1, 2. 2 Sam. vi. 12. On this head we will take the liberty to refer the Advocates of Mesmerism to another instance of the ill effects of *presumptuous curiosity;* it is recorded in Gen. iii. 1—7. Temptation was in this instance presented to Eve. She desired the fruit to be made wise:—*desire* and *volition* of mind were the *moving cause;* she put forth her hand and took and ate it, these are the *second causes*; her eyes were opened, and she was as Gods, knowing good and evil; these are the results, only with this difference, God knew good and evil in their principles and essences, according to his own infinite happy knowledge of them; but the woman, by bitter experience and dreadful anguish had to learn the *evil* by contrasting it with the *good* she had fallen from; and this is always the case with *sin*, when it is allowed to operate, in putting into action *second causes;* see James i. 13—15. This explanation of *natural causes* is of easy application to Mesmerism, since its *result* is *evil*, in that (as it has been shewn) man, under its influence is exposed to satanic agency; then it follows that it must be *evil* to practise Mesmerism.

'We have now taken, we trust, without bigotry, superstition, or prejudice, a calm and impartial view of Mesmerism; and the result of our inquiry is, giving Mesmerism its full credit, (for we suppose it to be a reality) that it appears to be the active energies of one man's mind, brought to bear upon another in a passive

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state; which, co-operating with some known laws in nature, produce a peculiar sleep upon the latter that completely prostrates all his faculties; and it is discovered in this condition, he is, unconsciously to himself, liable to be used by human and super-human agency, at the pleasure of the Agents. This conclusion is abundantly confirmed by the Writings of those who advocate Mesmerism at the present day. We will not take up your time by making any quotations from these Writings, but only simply mention, that they inform us of untaught persons, in the mesmeric trance, who have explained the causes of earthquakes and volcanoes; who have said what electricity is, and what are its causes and effects upon the Sun, the Planets, and our Globe; they have declared with presumptuous confidence, what is now taking place at the distance of many billions of miles in the Stars; and also with the same air of assurance what God did in these, and our Globe many thousands of years ago. The statements given out by those persons, we hardly need say, are in themselves, and compared with each other, absurd, ridiculous and contradictory; calculated to excite the wonderment of the simple, and the burlesque of the sceptical, but are intermingled with observations on graver subjects, that undervalue and invalidate the blessed doctrines of God's Word; and in character with these, treat lightly the future destinies of departed spirits into other worlds, all of which sufficiently determine evil supernatural agency, as well as satanic subtlety.

'In a moral and religious view of Mesmerism, we regard it as one of those lying wonders referred to in 2 Thess. ii. 9, which will be palmed upon the world, in these last days, and no doubt will contribute its influence, with other things, in causing strong delusion that mankind might believe a lie.

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'No one can say how far many will take licence from Mesmerism to go on in sin; while they are deluded and drawn aside to observe its fancied wonders.

'And as God is not now interfering in judgment, but is longsuffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. 2 Peter iii. 9.—and as we know that many Scoffers, walking after their own lusts, have already appeared, taking advantage of God's gentleness and forbearance, by saying—"Where is the promise of His coming? For since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were, from the beginning of the creation;" is it not probable that such Scoffers in concert with Mesmerism will tend to increase the scepticism of the age? Already we may see in the moral horizon of the world, striking indications of that not far distant, wide spread black cloud of delusion, to which we have referred. But, beloved Reader, the day of retribution is at hand. It is written, "He that shall come, will come and will not tarry." Heb. xi. 37. And again it is declared, that God has appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained: whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead. Acts xvii. 31. And in conclusion, we once more add, "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall be punished with everlasting destruction, from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power: when he shall come to be glorified in his Saints, and to be admired in all them that believe." 2 Thess. ii. 7, 10.

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SEASONAL WILD FLOWERS.—No. IV.

'Say what retards amidst the summer's blaze,
The autumnal bulb, till pale declining days?
The God of seasons—whose pervading power
Controls the sun, or sheds the fleecy shower!
He bids each flower his quickening word obey,
Or to each lingering bloom enjoins delay.'

THE autumnal crocus, or meadow saffron (Colchicum autumnale) as being one of the most interesting of the season, shall introduce the flowers which deck the earth in the month of August. It has flat spear-shaped leaves, and pale purple blossoms, which vary in colour when cultivated. Like the common crocus, it has a spathe for a calyx, a corolla divided into six parts, with the tube extending down to the bulb; but the differing number of its stamens and pistels mark it as a distinct genus. This curious plant exhibits no leaves till the following spring, and as the flower comes up too late for the due perfection of the seeds the same season, they are buried in seed vessels lodged in the embryo leaves till April, when they are thrust forth. This circumstance is thus noticed by Bishop Mant:

'Long brilliant tubes of purple hue
The ground in countless myriads strew,
Anon, but brief the space between
No more those countless tubes are seen:
The meads their verdant cloke resume,
And with that evanescent bloom,
You deem perhaps its spirit fled,
Abortive, virtueless and dead.
You deem amiss. Within the breast
Secure of parent earth, the chest

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That holds the embryo fruit, is laid;
Thither by the long tube conveyed,
Safe from the force of wintry skies
Conceal'd the buried virtue lies.
Till spring-tide from the fostering earth
Shall make the meditated birth,
The germen on its stalk display'd;
And with embracing leaves arrayed.
And when the vernal grasses' bloom
Shall spread the hayfield's rich perfume,
Bright June mature in timely hour,
The seeds of August's early flower!'

The few species of wild heath (Erica) that are natives of this country are now in their greatest beauty. The common ling (Calluna vulgaris) covers hundreds of acres in the Highlands of Scotland, Ireland, and similar climates on the continent. It is a bushy shrub, from six inches to four feet high, the leaves arrow-shaped; inner calyx rose coloured: corolla paler. There is a variety with white flowers. The plant is converted into a very durable thatch, is capable of being made into ropes, forms excellent brooms, and affords a yellow dye. Grouse feed almost exclusively on this and its contemporary (Erica cinerea) common heath: five leaved heath, whose leaves are in trios, narrow and linear, with stem from six inches to a foot high, with deep purple flowers of exquisite beauty, in dense terminal drooping clusters. The foreign heaths, when cultivated are eminently beautiful. The Cape of Good Hope furnishes the florist with 250 varieties. Barrow, however, tells us that these splendid specimens are by no means attractive in their native soil; that jagged by the winds or shrivelled by drought, they give the country the appearance of our barren heaths.

The besotted rooted figwort (Scrophularia nodosa) is now in blossom. It is distinguished by heart-shaped leaves, tuberous root, stem from one to three feet high,

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smooth; flowers in a panicled, leafy cluster, with a dull green corolla, having a livid purple lip. The whole plant emits a nauseating smell.

In waste ground, and at the edges of cornfields we see the piper's bugloss (Esleium vulgare) with large, crowded and red purple or white flowers; stem about two feet high, rough with bristles and tubercles.

The privet (Ligustrum) with its cheerful looking flowers in terminal clustres, fills in the hedges the place which is left vacant by others that have done flowering; it is a shrub with dark green leaves, which frequently remain during the winter, and white flowers which are succeeded by black berries.

The bryony (Bryonia) may not be improperly noticed here, although in bloom last month as well as this, it has a peculiarly graceful appearance entwining as it does, its tendrils around various shrubs: its leaves are palmate, rough on both sides, barren and fertile flowers on separate plants, flowers white varied with green, in ascillar panicles—berries scarlet.

If we turn into yonder copse, we shall discover the hood betony (Betonica officinalis.) We shall recognise it by its stem which is rough with deflected bristles, oblong leaves, deeply serrated, and its purple corolla. It was formerly much used in medicine, the powdered leaves excite sneezing, and the root is said to be emetic.

The common yellow toad flax (Linaria Vulgáris) is a very showy looking flower, its leaves are crowded, between linear and lance-shaped stems two or three feet high, with a terminal spike of dense yellow flowers, having an orange-coloured palate. Our walk to the sea-shore will be amply repaid by procuring a specimen of the yellow horned poppy (Glaucium holenum) it has a smooth stem; stern leaves embracing, waved; pod,

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roughish with luminate tubercles; stem, from one to two feet high. The whole plant glaucous, flowers large, bright yellow, and the pod nearly a foot long. Thus, wherever we turn, we see some floral beauties awaiting us, to attract our notice either as possessing properties useful to us, in pleasing the eye, and may recal to us the sentiment to which the wise king of Israel gave utterance, when surveying another portion of God's handy works, "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!"

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Review of Books.

LETTERS *selected from the Correspondence of Helen Plumptre. Author of "Scripture Stories," &c.*—Nisbet.

It is not often that we meet with such devotedness of the heart to God, so deep an appreciation, so close an appropriation of spiritual things, as marked the character of this beloved servant of Christ. Minding the things of the Spirit was her constant employ; and, keeping her eye ever fixed on the high standard of scriptural perfection, she lived under a perpetual sense of her own short-coming, where the holiest who are still cumbered with flesh ever must come short; so that the extreme of self-abasing humility was the fruit of her living faith. Nothing was farther from her mind than the future publication of these letters, which are the confidential breathings of a soul filled with the love of God to connexions doubly endeared, by nature and by grace. We have no need to repeat here our personal

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sentiments on the publication of private documents: we have only to express the reverential affection which the perusal of these letters must needs excite in the bosom of a Christian towards the writer, and to wish that there were very many more resembling her to be found in every family throughout the land.

THE NURSERY GOVERNESS. *By the Author of "The Week."*—Seeleys.

THIS is a little book on a subject, alas! too often considered as of minor importance. We have frequently been pained, yea, shocked, at the light appreciation of these most solemn duties, too manifest on the part of many who are willing to rush in where even angels might fear to tread; seeing what is the nature, and what the object of the work to be undertaken. Nor less painful is it to contemplate the very great laxity of some mothers, in catering for the intellectual supply that the opening minds of their little ones demand, combined as it ought to be with a spiritual sowing on which, so far as human means go, the harvest of approaching eternity may depend. We are greatly rejoiced to have it in our power to recommend a work excellently adapted to awaken both parties to a sense of their great responsibilities before God. Some short time since, we gave a chapter from this little work, then in its progress through the press, with permission of those who had the privilege of affording it; and many of our readers will no doubt have been struck by the graphic description of what resulted from the too successful exertions of a young nursery governess,

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under the superintendence of an injudicious mother. The whole book is full of sound sense; and its spiritual tone is most decided; most uncompromising. We like it greatly, and hope to see it very useful.

ENGLAND IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY; *or, A History of the reigns of the House of Stuart.*—Religious Tract Society.

Every day brings with it some new proof that we are gradually falling into the old track trodden by our fathers two centuries since, which leads to the deep shadows of Popish darkness. Parliament takes the lead; the ruling powers of the national church look on, if not with complacent acquiescence yet at least with cold indifference, while the country recedes more and more from the principles of the Reformation. The press bears a most actively important part, helping on the evil in all its departments, from the weighty historical or theological volume, to the artfully contrived nursery tale, or four-paged tract. In the first-named department, we have Miss Agnes Strickland, doing the work of the enemy most effectually, poisoning the minds of thousands among the upper classes of female readers, with perversions of history, and most false colourings, artistically enough applied, rendering the foulest of persecuting enemies of Christ's people as angels of light, and throwing a disfiguring disguise over the characters of those who most effectually wrought to establish true religion among us. We are always very thankful for any help in rescuing our national history from such hands; and this volume is, through-

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out, evidently written for the express purpose of separating the precious from the vile, and of placing in a true, because a scriptural light, the moving causes of events with which we are all conversant, and of which we seem to be recklessly hastening on a disastrous repetition. It is written in plain language, occasionally strong ; and with much decision of opinion. "Words smoother than oil" are the characteristic of a different school. There are some interesting illustrations of ancient buildings &c. interspersed. The book is altogether English.

EVENINGS IN THE LAND OF UZ. *Short Expositions on the Book of Job ; arranged for Family Reading. By Mrs. Henry Van Hagen, Author of "Walks and Scenes in Judea, Galilee," &c. With Introductory pages by Isaac Taylor, Esq. Second Edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged.*—Robinson.

We noticed, somewhat briefly, the first edition of this sweet book ; and now we hail with much pleasure the appearance of a second. It is so purely and deeply spiritual, so full of consolation to the sorrowing, encouragement to the tempted, and refreshment to the fainting believer. In no part of the Holy Scriptures does the gospel shine more brightly forth than in the beautiful history of Job ; and these expositions are the work of one who is truly blessed with eyes that see what God has there recorded for the benefit of His poor children, and with skill to divide the portion among them.

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LILIE DUNBAR ; *or, The Irish Wedding. A Tale founded on facts*—Oldham.

A BRIEF story, but one that deserves to be well pondered. Its object is to show how utterly valueless is mere nominal Protestantism as a safeguard against the inducements, under various forms, by which the spirit of apostacy will assail the weak. The various members of a family, successively and quietly lapsing, under the influence of persuasions against which they had no fixed, scriptural principle to advance, present but too true a picture of what is now going on throughout every part of this betrayed Empire ; and the exhibition is no less well-timed than faithful. The evident agreement among all leading men, Whig and Tory, whichsoever may be in power, to give all possible weight and advantage to Popery, must operate widely in swelling the ranks of the enemy. Already has the ominous infatuation spread beyond the boundaries that no one would have supposed it could ever pass ; and we witness the monstrous anomaly of an eminent Evangelical Clergyman of the Protestant Establishment standing forth to advocate the placing of the revenues of the sister Church in Ireland in the hands of Rome's priesthood ; arming them at once with tenfold influence to overawe, and tenfold means to bribe the humbler Protestant community in Ireland. The little book now before us is defective : it does not place in a sufficiently strong light the soul-destroying character of the Apostacy, but as shewing the natural process of a gradual falling away, it is valuable.

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"THE ROMANS SHALL COME AND TAKE AWAY BOTH OUR PLACE AND NATION," *treated historically, in connexion with the prophecy of "the Man of Sin." By Edward M. Hearn, M.A. Trinity College, Dublin; Incumbent of Hurst Green.*—Seeleys.

By some accident, this volume has been lying by for months. We fully intended to have given it an early notice, as containing a good deal of strong evidence, condensed in small space, of a fact which we often hear disputed by bold assertors of untrue things; and, on their questionable authority, doubted by simple readers. We mean the fact of the establishment of pure Christianity in Britain and in Ireland, long, very long before Augustine came to lay upon our fathers' necks the yoke of Rome. Mr. Hearn also takes what we are well convinced is the scriptural view of the Man of Sin; and the whole book may be read with great profit. We fear the heading is prophetic.

TRANQUILLIZATION OF SYRIA AND THE EAST. *Observations and Practical Suggestions, in furtherance of the Establishment of Jewish Colonies in Palestine, the most sober and sensible remedy for the miseries of Asiatic Turkey. By Lieutenant-Colonel George Gawler, K.H. M.R.G.S. late Governor and Resident Commissioner of South Australia, &c.*—Boones.

With breathless interest have we read this most important pamphlet, and we learn with joy that it is exciting

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serious attention among those who may, and who in the ordinary course of things must, take the lead in such a movement as Colonel Gawler has proved to be not only practicable and expedient, but pressingly needful at this time. In no part of the world does so dreadful a war of extermination now rage as among the rival races who inhabit the regions of Lebanon. On one side the Druses, on the other nominal Christians, are seeking each to extirpate the other; and ever since this pamphlet was published, the accounts received have surpassed in horror what preceded them. Man may say what he will; may do, or may leave undone, according to his own prejudices, and self-sufficient wisdom: God is preparing to fulfil his own word. He will work, and who shall let it?

It is quite marvellous in our eyes that many good people, who confess that the prophetic word clearly reveals a national restoration, at least a partial one, of Judah, previous to the national conversion, should be so cold, dead, uninterested, in some cases even hostile, where efforts are made or recommended, whether or not on the foundation of such prophetic assurance, towards the political restoration of the Jews. We are not now about to argue this point: but we hail Colonel Gawler's admirable pamphlet with true gladness of heart; assured that it will do its work. May the blessing of the God of Jacob cause it to prosper, and doubly rest upon the head of the man who has come forward, seeking the welfare of the children of Israel!

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THE PROTESTANT.

'We need not say much of the retrograde movement now, uncle. The session leaves us so near the bottom of the hill, that the final event can scarcely be called even a matter of probability: it seems quite a thing of course.'

'Except only as the Lord's arm is not shortened, nor His ear heavy that he cannot hear the cry of those who ardently desire, for the glory of His name, to see the headlong course of these patricides stayed, and a nation that has so long professed to worship and to serve Him, saved from the sin of doing despite unto the Holy Name whereby they are called. Yet, I must confess, I do not see much token even among the Lord's people, of this spirit of supplication on behalf of our rulers as would encourage a very confident hope of the Divine interposition; and I too find myself wishing rather than praying, speculating rather than wrestling with God, as to the final result.'

'Don't talk of speculating, dear uncle: I have become quite afraid of the word. I see so many excellent people led away into the dangerous track that the enemy seems just now to have opened and rendered inviting on purpose to lure them from their posts and from their work, that I shrink from the expression, though full well I know that your speculations have no connexion with railways, or other contrivances for quick transit over the surface of this giddy world.'

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'Perhaps you are mistaken in some degree. I may be speculating more deeply than you suppose on the facilities of rapid conveyance both over land and sea.'

'To bring the Jews home to Palestine?'

'Nothing else: gloomy clouds darken all other points of the horizon, but there are streaks of light slowly brightening in the East.'

'Yet it is the present scene of fearful deeds, such as the eye cannot bear to dwell upon.'

'Yet the eye cannot wholly avert itself, especially under the circumstance of France having taken a foremost step in the general movement for which we look; sending ships for the avowed purpose of protecting the Maronites, but with an evident political foresight of the scramble that will ensue for a territory of which the inhabitants, comprised in two hostile parties, are mutually exterminating each other.'

'The land is the portion of Jacob, and no Gentile power will finally possess it.'

'The land is the land of promise, concerning which God said to Abraham, "I will surely give it thee," and concerning which, in reference to that very covenant He again and again hath declared, "I will also remember the land." Surely the time of that gracious remembrance draws nigh! Surely the Lord will now interpose, for the good of His long-afflicted people!'

'Does it not seem, uncle, as if their enemy was also baiting a speculative hook for the British Jews, to turn their attention, just at this juncture from *their* post, and *their* duties, to strive after local distinctions in the land of their exile?'

'He may bait, but it does not follow that they will catch at the lure. They have been very quiet, passive, indeed, in the matter. We have heard of no cla-

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mour, no meetings to urge their claims; no attempt at agitation, or even a noisy interference in politics within the legitimate sphere of their own action, as electors, in London and throughout the kingdom. I do not think that any Jew, possessing the true feelings of one, values the boon, except as a concurrent token that the Lord is everywhere taking away the reproach from His ancient people, and raising them from the dust, into which, according to the word of menace oft repeated, but alas! too little heeded by them, he had cast them down. I glance over the arguments, *pro* and *con*, on the debated point; but I cannot say that, on either side, I find much to sympathize with. To me, it is clearly a step that, in the providence of God, must have been taken, in this or in some similar shape. Still, rejecting as their Messiah Him whom they will yet acknowledge, it seems to some men a duty to keep them, as far as may be done, in a depressed and branded state: but how is this? You will find many of these really conscientious Christians fully acknowledging that the prophetic word points to a restoration, at least of a part of Judah's dispersed ones, to their own land, so that they shall actually be found dwelling there in peace and safety, as Jews, previous to the revelation of their Messiah to them, and their national submission to Him. They also admit that this partial, preliminary restoration, will be brought about by a natural current of events, produced by political changes, and having for its object the fulfilment of mere human purposes, devised by the world's expediency-hunting rulers. Yet when a step is gained towards the equalization of Judah with our own and other nations, which surely must precede their taking political rank again in their own land, the chief plea urged against such step is found to consist in a re-

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petition of the sad truth that we all know—namely, the continued rejection of Messiah by those who, as most of us agree, will not collectively receive him until these things, and others to which they will lead shall have come to pass. I stand by, mark the progress of events, and look for what is to follow.'

'I feel with you, that the pith of the matter was left wholly untouched by both parties. It was right, consistent, honourable to themselves, and true to their solemn obligations, that those who have all along steadily opposed the admission into our originally Christian constitution of whatsoever militated against the Christian faith, should do so still. The Socinian, as a denier of Christ, the Romanist, as a professed follower of him whom we know to be Antichrist, were long since admitted to legislate even for our Protestant Church; and, as it was soon proved, to despoil and wrong it: but in both instances a firm opposition was persevered in, on the ground that, being vitally a CHRISTIAN state, we could not consent to such admixture as would nullify our claim to that sacred distinction. The same principle, though all along unsuccessfully maintained by these upright men, is the true principle of the constitution, and they have no right to become parties to its abandonment. So long as they stand in that place, they are bound to maintain it; and I not only acquit them of all blame, but I love, honour and applaud them the more for their unflinching steadfastness in resisting every thing that bears upon the unchristianizing of the state, though the deed was so consummated that no new admixture of hostile elements can add to its completeness. It has pleased God, in despite of all the protests of His praying people, that England should also give her power unto the Beast, and

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help to exalt great Babylon on high, preparatory to the casting down of both for ever. It has also pleased Him that, by yet further violating the Christian principle of the constitution, on grounds of mere carnal expediency, and without any thought of what they were doing, the same rulers should assist to elevate the nation of Israel, whom it is His purpose yet higher to exalt, to honour, and to bless with all temporal and spiritual blessings. Man, vain worldly man, is the puppet, the tool, the worthless instrument with which a glorious work is being achieved. The Lord despises them, for they seek not His glory though unconsciously promoting it: while to his faithful servants, who grieve over the failure of all their attempts to stay the march of England's suicidal progress, he gently says, "What I do thou knowest not now; but hereafter thou shalt know." '

'Do you apply all this to the endowment of Maynooth too? Have you learned to look so complacently upon that?'

'I say, with all solemnity of feeling, God forbid! I was viewing these matters only as they stand connected with the abstract principle of pure, unmixed, Christian Protestantism, which is, or rather was the life of our national institutions. Beyond this point, not a shadow of resemblance can be traced between the two. Every advantage, temporal or spiritual, political or ecclesiastical, placed within reach of the conscientious Romanist, is viewed by him as an instrument with which he is intrusted from on high for the spread, the universal establishment of his own religion. By the great bulk of the Romanists it is grasped at as a happy windfall, facilitating his eager search for power and influence; and placing him nearer to the point at which he aims; the undisputed temporal sovereignty

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on the part of his church over all the honours and emoluments of earth, of which she will never, as he well knows, allow one fraction to pass beyond the pale of her own communion. Yet this would be a light thing, were it not that the system so to be fostered and extended is one denounced in scripture as making merchandize of mens' souls: as opposing and exalting itself, speaking words of blasphemy against the Most High; and by its idolatry bringing destruction on all who believe the lie that it teaches. No, again I say, God forbid that I should be, even in thought, acquiescent in the crime thus perpetrated, this increase in the facilities accorded to Rome of enlarging her net for the capture of souls, who, so captured are destroyed, unless a miracle of rescuing mercy interpose.'

'Already we are reaping the fruits of our guilty policy. The despicable concessions that were to tranquillize all Ireland, have scarcely even been proclaimed throughout the land, when we are startled by appeals for coercive enactments, military re-inforcements, and martial law, to repress the insolent spirit of murderous persecution that has gathered new strength, as well it might, from the evident intimidation under which the English government is acting. Tipperary no longer stands forward in its sanguinary pre-eminence; Cavan, hitherto so peaceable, Longford, where turbulence has scarcely been known, are putting in their claim to rank with the boldest of the bad; and as far as private communications corroborating the worst public details, can go, to prompt the saddest forebodings, we have every reason to look for an outburst that shall quench the godless projects of our rulers in blood.'

'I confess to you, my dear niece, that I have recently been astonished where it seemed quite impossible

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for any thing to surprise me. I mean, in a matter connected with Ireland.'

'Yes, I saw you with your eye-brows greatly elevated, reading Mr. Noel's new production.'

'New, indeed! Some years ago, as no doubt you remember, that good man, for a good man he is, published a thick volume, containing his observations during a short tour through Ireland, and conclusions at which he had arrived, as to the cause and the cure of all her evils. The cause, as you know, he ascertained to be whisky; and the cure was certain, infallible, universal, and everlasting in its effects, if only the population could be induced to try it. Let but a connected chain of Temperance Societies be established throughout the land, and we should immediately see Ireland peaceable, loyal, industrious, and Christian. We laughed at the utter hopelessness of such a project as that of divorcing an Irishman from his potheen; and we also ventured positively to deny that, even were it practicable to any extent, the remedy could reach, or approach, the root of the evil. Yet, marvellous to say, the most disaffected, the most debauched portion of the population soon afterwards became total-abstinence disciples! For years has Romish Ireland been, and to this day continues, one vast, organized, consistent Temperance Society. Their processions are temperance processions; and on the highest holiday you may mark the step of thousands as they march past you, and not detect a stagger. The bands that make music for the myriads who assemble at O'Connell's beck, are temperance bands; and the badge that distinguishes his most unflinching repealers, as they gather round the standard of disaffection, is a temperance medal. All are now agreed, I believe, that this

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panacea of Mr. Noel's has proved the most powerful auxiliary to rebellion and bloodshed that ever was found in Ireland; and I must say that, on finding how signally his plan and his prognostications there had failed, I thought he would have left it to other heads, better experienced in the character of the people, to project improvements for Ireland; or else, that he would have learned a valuable lesson from this sad proof of the wretched inefficiency of mere human means to uproot what Satan has planted, and continually guards. Yet here we have him, full as ever of zeal, and confident as ever in his own judgment, boldly asserting that the sure way to exalt the Lord of Hosts and to establish the truth in that unhappy country, is to portion the priests of Rome with spoil rent from the ministers of the gospel; and that the only reparation we can make for centuries of wrong, committed against the Irish people, is by conferring riches, honours, titles, and all means of influence on the very men whose existence among them at this day in their present character does verily constitute the wrong that we have inflicted on the race!'

'Will any person be tempted to embrace such views?'

'Worldly people, who wish to adopt somewhat of a sanctimonious tone in treating of religious matters, will be delighted; and it is to be feared that some few pious persons, who are too timid, or too modest, or too indolent to think for themselves, will take them on trust, stamped as they are with a name of some weight in the church. But Mr. Noel has very grievously erred; and it behoves every faithful Christian to reprove him openly, while praying to God to dispel this unaccountable delusion from his mind. False delicacy in this matter would be sinful; Mr. Noel has inflicted a wound

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on the cause of Christ, has enrolled himself, however ignorantly, among the enemies of the suffering church of God in Ireland; and shewn himself acquiescent in giving the national power and strength to Babylon. Let him see to it; or he may fall into a lower depth while stumbling on in the dark.'

'It seems to me as if many among us were adopting the motto "Let us do evil, that good may come." Oh for wisdom to guide our steps in this gloomy and perplexing day!'

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THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

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WAR WITH THE SAINTS.

CHAPTER XI.

It is now winter: heavy rains have swept over the mountain ridges the fallen honours of summer, and accumulated in the narrow passes below a body of humid obstructions that render them well nigh impassable to unpractised steps. At intervals a narrow cave presents an opening, lately overhung with the mingled festoon of tangled wild flower and straggling vine, the pleasant retreat of the weary traveller or labouring hind, during the noontide hour, when the rays of a vertical sun streamed down into the little valley, but now steaming with unwholesome damps, sufficient to repel any foot from their chasms, however way-worn, and solicitous for momentary repose. The continual drip from overhanging heights, far above, and the frequent

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bursting of a miniature cascade from some gully where the waters had accumulated, rendered these low passes so uninviting during the wet season, that he who should have chosen to shape his course through one of them must not calculate on meeting a fellow man in their unwholesome recesses. The neighbouring peasants, and such as, in more genial seasons, would have preferred the sheltered glen, now took a more circuitous route, on firmer ground, and in a more elevated region.

Yet here it is that we must search, if we would meet with the scattered remnant of the Lord's exhausted flock; once so fairly pasturing where none made them afraid, under the kindly sway of Raymond Roger, viscount de Bezieres. Wounded and torn, despoiled of the little all that once was theirs, hunted from their houses, and sprinkled in their flight with the life-blood of their nearest, dearest connexions, overtaken by the armed assassin's aim, these forlorn beings would still persist in assembling themselves together, for purposes of prayer and praise, and mutual exhortation; though to do so they must brave danger in many forms, combining the possibility of discovery where every nook and corner was likely to be ransacked for a fresh victim, with the more certain perils of that most unwholesome atmosphere, leaguing as it seemed to do with merciless man for the destruction of the helpless.

Different indeed is the groupe that we shall now encounter from the peaceful little congregation formerly assembled in a spot no less peaceful than themselves. Not many aged pilgrims are here: the tottering step ever proved unequal to escape the powerful stride of pursuing hatred; and in many instances the silver-haired Christian had offered himself more than willingly to death for the testimony of Jesus. But there were

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many of middle age, whose premature grey hairs bespoke a heavier burden of years than they had really borne, and whose frames, bent with sorrow and privation, and habitual crouching in low places for concealment, had lost the elasticity belonging to them. Among these were widowed wives, bereaved mothers, and men whose utmost strength had been exerted in vain to save their partners and their little ones from the deadly grasp of Rame's vulture bands; and who had themselves escaped, they knew not how, or why, save that it pleased the Lord they should yet a while remain to glorify Him in the fires. There was youth too, blooming and bright when the last summer's flowers had bloomed; but now scarcely less a blighted wreck, as to outward things, than were the confused and undistinguishable remains of those fair flowers beneath their feet. Tender childhood had rarely survived the sweep of massacre, the toils and terrors of the flight, and the pinching hunger that wasted their half-clad bodies in those desolate hiding-places; and few there were of these: but infants had been born, even in the dens and caves to which kindred love had contrived to bear the mother; who now hushed in her shrunken bosom the feeble cry that might perchance arrest the attention of some wandering foe. Sorrow, deep sorrow, was graven on every countenance; for they mourned the vineyard of the Lord, trampled down and destroyed; they mourned the gallant faithful countrymen and fellow citizens, who, though not partakers in the like precious faith with themselves, had refused to purchase security at the price of their lives, and had fallen in the common defence. They mourned the beloved Raymond Roger, of whom they knew no more than that he was counted as dead, and his lands and honours grasped by

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de Montfort, who now sought them also that he might put them to a cruel death; and they mourned over Simon himself, and his partners in crime, who were treasuring up for themselves a harvest of eternal wrath. Imperfectly as the Albigenses were acquainted with those scriptures which we possess in full, and can search throughout, they had not all the encouragement that we, in their circumstances, should have for "rejoicing in tribulation;" but they knew in whom they believed; and most assured they were that He was able, yea, had promised, to keep that which they committed unto Him, to the great day. Their faith, too, had received a fearfully strong confirmation, by beholding the awful crimes perpetrated in the name, and for the furtherance of that system which they had rejected as unscriptural and unholy: and as now they gradually assembled, beneath the arch of a somewhat larger cavern than the rest about it, where the cold drip from the roof sent a frequent shiver through their emaciated limbs, they freely strengthened each other in their God, even on the very ground of their terrible sufferings in the cause of a denounced and persecuted faith.

But within this natural excavation was another, formed by human hands. A grave was dug, in the further and drier part, and the soil heaped up beside it. One who had suffered the loss of all things for Christ, who had seen his wife dragged away from his side, where he lay wounded and helpless, a fugitive from Carcassonne, and forced back to the city to swell the company of martyrs there, while, one by one, his tender little ones perished on the way, had now himself been called to enter into rest; and with that tenderness towards the mortal remains of a believer which well

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becomes those who rightly understand the doctrine of the resurrection, his surviving brethren had resolved to bury him in a secure place. For it was a common practice on the part of the warriors of the church to rend from their silent resting-places such as had been branded when alive with the stigma of heresy; and to expose their decaying remains to every species of savage indignity. It therefore became an interesting duty, and one of no trifling importance in the sight of the poor flock, to ensure for their departed brethren an undisturbed grave.

There was no funeral procession formed in that secluded valley: a few months ago, and the body now about to be stealthily interred would have been borne to the tomb with many simple honours by the open-hearted citizens of Carcassonne; for he was known and respected, and had moved in a rank above the majority of those openly professing the same faith. But here it was different: the assembled group looked anxiously forth from their hiding-place, and when they saw a stout man, habited as a labouring peasant, approaching with a common sack, heavily filled, upon his shoulders, they drew back, and hung their heads, and wept. Few things could more touchingly realize their outcast, branded state, than this sad contrast to what had been, when in solemn array they were wont to chaunt their funeral hymns beside the bier of a departed brother.

Gently, most gently, was the sack lowered from its panting bearer to the ground; and reverently did many hands assist to stretch the dead man's doubled limbs upon its outspread surface; and to smooth his ruffled hair, and restore as much as they could of outward composure to the body whose immortal spirit was resting and rejoicing before the throne of the Lamb. This

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done, in the dim twilight of the cavern they formed a circle round the corpse, and commenced their whispered discourse, one well versed in scripture, quoting the words, "If in this life only we had hope of Christ, we were of all men most miserable:" a touching appeal to the recent experience of each individual present, every one of whom had undergone such extremities of misery, in one form or another, that the retrospection would scarcely have been endurable but for the sweet assurance that all had been encountered for Christ's sake; and that having suffered, they should also reign with him.

'Ay,' said a woman, whose household had been slaughtered in the cathedral of Beziers, 'but we have a better and a brighter hope than this world of sorrow holds forth to us. Here we must bear the cross: there, we shall wear the crown.'

Another remarked, 'The Lord Jesus was buried in a cave, and a great stone was rolled to the mouth of the tomb, which a mighty angel moved away that the Saviour might arise: our dear brother also will have a cave for his resting-place; but it will need no angel to open this grave, for at the first sound of the voice that awakens the dead, he will start, and arise, and, like Lazarus come forth to meet the Lord.'

A murmur of gladness ran through the little band, as one and another repeated, 'We shall all be there:—we, and those who are gone before, and those whom we leave behind. There will be no more sorrow, nor crying: no fierce warriors, thirsting for blood,—no unholy priests to profane the Name of the Lord, as though he had come to destroy and not to save his believing people. There we shall look back on all our sufferings, and rejoice exceedingly that we were made worthy to

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endure them for His dear sake. Oh that they who hate us, and pursue us unto death, might have their eyes enlightened and their hearts turned! Oh that the blood of the innocent which cleaves to their hands and to their souls, might be washed away by the blood shed upon the cross.' And the prayer increased in fervency, as, kneeling round the corpse, they contrasted the happy lot of the believer with the dreadful doom that awaits the persecutor: the wrath of God revealed from heaven against the unrighteous and cruel man.

While thus they pleaded, and gave thanks to God for his rich mercy to themselves, until the very gate of heaven seemed open to their view, and the realizing eye of faith rested on glories invisible to mortal ken, a shadow darkened the mouth of the cavern, but no one entered. It might have been the overshadowing of a darker cloud, coming over the mountain's brow, but its movement, now advancing, now retreating, and then suddenly withdrawn altogether, proved it to be somewhat else. 'We are traced, or betrayed,' whispered one of the party, when the prayer was concluded, but no farther notice was taken; and after a while they proceeded to the work for which they were assembled, gently drawing the lifeless body towards its shallow grave when, suddenly, the heavy tramp of many feet was heard, and the too well-known clang of armour resounded among the echoes, and voices stern and high commanded them to come forth from their hiding-place, and surrender their arms to the powers of de Montfort, and the authority of the Church.

'We are not armed,' was the quiet reply: 'we are met here to worship the Lord our Saviour, and to bury our dead.'

'Armed, or unarmed, accursed heretics; come forth!'

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'Nay, brethren, wherefore should you shed innocent blood? We fear not, nor refuse to die, in the cause of our most holy faith; but we would not that you brought this heavy condemnation on yourselves, by slaying the helpless and the unoffending. We are few in number; we are stripped of all things; and what with sorrow, and toil, and cold, and hunger, the brief span of our lives will soon be cut short, without involving you in deeper guilt. Leave us alone; we were praying for you, and would fain see some token that our prayers are accepted.'

A burst of laughter followed this appeal, and several proposed to enter at once, and silence them for ever; but a young knight, who had joined de Montfort recently, and whose conscience was not yet sufficiently seared by the hot iron of Rome, urged the proffering of terms to the suppliants. 'They are a miserable handful,' said he, 'and their feeble tones prove their bodily exhaustion. Let them abjure their heresy, and swear fidelity to the holy see; and the Church will gain more than by destroying them.'

'Oh, by all means,' said a veteran crusader, jeeringly: 'give them the opportunity of vaunting their stedfastness in rebellion and apostacy, and so invest them with the dignity of martyrs.'

But the young knight, who commanded the party, advanced to the very entrance of the cavern, and loudly said, 'Unhappy wanderers from the only true fold, will you renounce your deadly heresies, humble yourselves at the footstool of holy Church, submit to the penances that your crimes have incurred, and henceforth serve her, in dutiful submission to the righteous will of our sovereign pontiff, the holy father Innocent, and his pious legate, our lord Arnold Amalric?'

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'We will renounce whatever in our faith and practice can be proved contrary to the will of God, revealed to man in the blessed Scriptures: and we will submit to the Church in all particulars wherein it can be shewn that she walks according to the same rule. For the rest, we know what will come upon us. Then welcome death! welcome glory everlasting in the bosom of our God!'

A shout of rage and execration, a rush into the little cavern, and the gleam of many weapons flashing through its gloom, finished the tragedy. The grave, with pious care dug for one believer, was filled up, and concealed by a pile of slaughtered bodies, all of whom fell unresistingly beneath the murderer's hand. A rivulet of crimson hue trickled slowly from the opening, as the perpetrators of this butchery retreated; and having shewn itself, a fearful testimony against their souls, it sank into the humid soil, and was hidden till the great and dreadful day when earth shall disclose all her slain; and terrible then will be the revelation of what apostate Rome hath wrought!

It was by means such as we have described, pursuing, and with crafty perseverance marking out the fugitive prey, that Simon de Montfort carried out the plan of the pontiff, who aimed at no less than the utter destruction of every individual who had imbibed the slightest notion of liberty of conscience; or learned that there was a standard by which the church, every church, must be tried. He could not have employed a fitter instrument, for de Montfort was naturally most cruel; and power gained by fair means would have been a prize of little value in his sight, ambitious as he was. The recital of such a massacre as we have described, would kindle up a light in his gloomy eye; and,

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affording him a new plea of special merit at the Vatican, it strengthened farther his hold on the fair province that became more emphatically his in proportion as it was laid desolate, and saturated with blood. At present, this man was the sole link connecting the successful past with the anticipated future, for which active preparations were being made throughout Europe, by means as disgraceful to the name of Christianity as could be imagined.

The monks of Citeaux, who most fully merit the distinguishing title of the blood-hounds of the church, had issued in swarms from their cells, or rather from their cloisters and refectories, and had spread themselves in every direction, occupying the pulpits of all nations, and preaching up a new crusade against the Albigenses, as though there were no possible access to heaven but through the blood of these innocent victims. With the eloquence and power of demoniacs these cowled recruiting officers set forth the benefits to be derived, here and hereafter, by bearing a hand in the work of slaughter ; and as those whom they addressed were, alas ! equally under the power of the god of this world with themselves, their appeal was extensively responded to, and their success prodigious. They never preached in vain : the doctrine was too pleasingly accordant with the worst corruptions of the natural heart, and the prize set before their hearers was too tempting, both in its temporal and spiritual aspect, to admit of opposition. Under their unprincipled guidance, a band was being organized wherever the Romish see had a footing, and it seemed problematical whether the devoted land of Provence, with all its neighbouring districts where heresy was suspected, would be sufficient for such a host to swallow up. The monks were perfectly con-

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tent to anticipate such mutual slaughter as should thin the multitude to a number suited to the extent of country: and more than content, if we may judge from their language and proceedings in urging on the terrible conflict.

It is utterly impossible to conceive what could animate these men to such a work, unless we attribute it to direct Satanic influence. They knew the land: they knew it in its days of peace and plenty, of security, and elegance, and ease. They knew that the victims there, for whose blood they were athirst were alike free from a turbulent spirit, and from the vices that certainly prevailed among the voluptuous lords under whose sway they lived unmolested; and that even in their religious observances they shunned all ostentatious display of their dissent from Romish practices, and worshipped unobtrusively, according to their conscience. It is a terrible spectacle of human depravity, this mission of the preachers from Citeaux. In all ages we find him that is born after the flesh persecuting him that is born after the spirit; and a Cain always hating an Abel because his own works are evil and his brother's righteous: but this was more; this was a flood poured out from the dragon's own mouth, to overwhelm and destroy the only true Church of God.

C. E.

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THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD,

OR THE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

No. VIII.—GREECE.

But we have higher authority than that of the ancient historians, for charging the Greeks with every species of iniquity. St. Paul, in his first epistle to the Corinthians, vi. 9, &c. gives a catalogue of persons stained with every crime that can degrade or defile, and ends with this pointed application, "*Such* were some of you." In the first chapter of his epistle to the Romans, he gives a similar description of the morality of the Pagan world, he traces up the whole hideous story to its true source. "Because that, when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened: professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image, made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and to four-footed beasts and creeping things: Wherefore God also gave them up unto uncleanness," &c. They gave up his worship for that of images and beasts, and in just retribution he gave them up to follies and affections viler than those of the beasts that perish. "They did not like to retain God in their knowledge," and therefore he "gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient."

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This is the whole history of Paganism. Man deserted God, and God righteously gave him up to the natural consequences of his sin.—Man left the one "true light;" and the farther he wandered from it, the deeper became the moral gloom into which he plunged. Nor did his vain, self-confident guides, the philosophers, assist him out of his difficulty. We have seen what the sophists were, and how little calculated to lead the bewildered mind back to God. The most celebrated of the Grecian sages, however superior to those double-tongued wretches, were still far removed from true wisdom or morality. Their follies and contradictory conjectures as to the nature and the very existence of a Deity would fill volumes; and as to their personal virtues, many of them would be considered a disgrace to society among ourselves, and hissed out of decent company.

I will not dilate farther upon this subject, but proceed to a brief notice of the mythology which led to all these evils and follies. That it was imported from Egypt there can be no doubt. It is a disputed point whether the first settlers in Greece were Egyptians or Phœnicians; some insist that Cadmus was of the latter nation, while others, with greater probability, contend that he and his colony were of the "mixed multitude," that came out of Egypt with the Israelites, and separated from them in the desert; so that if they were not of pure Egyptian origin, they had, at least, resided in the country long enough to have learned its religion. The subsequent additions made to the Greek mythology were, also, Egyptian. Herodotus (Book 2.) tells us that 'the twelve gods' were brought into Greece from Egypt, and that Hercules and Bacchus were especially Egyptian deities. He also says that the names of the gods came from Egypt, after they had long been adored

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in Greece without any names, and that these foreign titles were confirmed by the oracle of Dodona. I have already quoted that passage of Zonaras, 'It is said these things came from Chaldea into *Egypt*, and *thence* into Greece.'

The Marquis Spineto, of whose Hieroglyphic Lectures I have already availed myself, traces out so admirably this derivation and corruption of Hellenic mythology, that I cannot do better than quote another passage or two from his very useful work. 'The common place of burial (for the city of Memphis,) was beyond the lake *Acherjsia*, or *Acharejish*, which meant the *last state*, or the last condition of man,* and from which the poets have imagined the fabulous lake of Acheron. On the borders of this lake sat a tribunal of forty judges, whose office, previous to the dead being permitted to be carried to the cemetery beyond the lake, was to enquire into the whole conduct of his life. If he had led a wicked life he was thrown into a large ditch made for the purpose, to which they gave the name of *Tartar*, on account of the lamentations this sentence produced among his surviving friends and relations. This is the origin of the fabulous *Tartarus*, in which the poets have transferred the lamentations made by the living, to the dead themselves when thrown into it. The cemetery was a large plain surrounded by trees, and intersected by canals, to which they gave the name of *elisout* or *elisœus*, which means nothing else but *rest*.' It was reached by crossing the lake in 'a boat to which no one could be admitted without the express order of the judges, and without paying a small sum for the conveyance. This regulation was so strictly

* It is worth observing that, in Hebrew, *achar* means *hindmost*, or *last*; and *jesh* is *being*, or *existence*.

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enforced, that the kings themselves were not exempt from its severity. Such is the origin of the poetical Charon and his boat:' and from the *elisout* or *rest* of the cemetery was derived the fabulous account of the Elysian fields.

After the funeral, the friends and attendants 'departed, after uttering three several cries, as three distinct farewells. To express therefore the circumstance that the deceased had been honoured with the rites of burial, and with the proper and legitimate lamentations of his friends, they exhibited on the legend imprinted on the mummy, or engraved round the tomb, the figure of the horse of the Nile, which the Greeks mistook for a dog. And as they at all times wished to add something of their own to the institutions of other nations, in order to express the three cries or farewells, they represented this same dog as having three heads. To this emblem, the Egyptians gave the name of *Oms*, and the Greeks in consequence of their mistaking it for a dog, that of *Cerber*, from the Egyptian *Ceriber*, a word that means *the cry of the tomb*,* and from which originates the Cerberus of the Greek mythology.'—p. 146, &c.

In the Amenti or Hades of Egypt, the soul was supposed to undergo a trial previous to its admission to happiness, similar to that which the body underwent before it was allowed burial. Emblematic representations of this trial are frequently found in Egyptian manuscripts. Osiris was the supreme judge; Smé, the infernal queen and goddess of truth, presided over the deliberations; Thoth wrote down the result, and forty-two inferior judges, besides Horus, Apis, and Anubis, assisted at the ceremony.

* I would again notice a similarity to the Hebrew. In that language *kera-bor* would mean the *cry of the pit*; and the Egyptian was pronounced *keriber*.

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'Upon the whole,' concludes Spineto, p. 158, 'it seems evident that the Egyptian *Amenti* has been the prototype and origin of the Hades of the Greeks, and the Tartarus of the Latins. Orphens, who had been initiated in all the secrets of the mysteries of Egypt, carried into Greece those mysteries; and the Greeks so altered the whole, as to render it no longer recognisable. Osiris became Pluto; Śmé, Proserpine; Oms, Cerberus; Thoth, Mercury Psychopompus; Horus, Apis and Anubis, the three infernal judges, Minos, Æacus and Rhadamanthus. To conclude,—the heads of animals under which the forty-two judges were represented, (to denote their impartiality) were changed into real monsters, the Chimeras, the Harpies, Gorgons, and such other unnatural and horrible things, with which they peopled their fantastic hell; and thus the *Amenti* of the Egyptians, as indeed the greatest part, if not the whole, of their religion, became in the hands of the Greeks and Romans, a compound of fables and absurdities.'

We may therefore imagine how far the religion of Greece was degraded from the original pure foundation of general mythology. The symbols remained, but their meaning was lost. Egypt was bad enough; but a corrupted Egypt was intolerable. We have seen, on their own shewing, what was the moral state of the Greeks; will any one say that, with all their pretended learning, and all their real genius and glory, this polite, this elegant, this poetic people were any nearer to the true "light of the world," than were the barbarians of Scythia, whom they looked upon as scarcely worthy of the human name?

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THE DAYS OF LAUD.

CHAPTER VII.

When Cuthbert Camden parted from his sister, he intended at once to leave Laytonfield, and prepare for Lucy a kind reception from her aged relative; but before he made arrangements to put his purpose into execution, he thought it would be well to seek among the villagers for those who might do Mark Wentworth good service, should he be tried for his alleged offences. In this work of friendship he was engaged till the shadows of evening warned him it was too late to set out on his journey before the morning. Unwilling to return to the Hall, he determined to seek a shelter for the night in the cottage of Robinson the boatman, whom he had engaged to take him to London.

At sunrise he took his seat in the boat; and, as they pushed off from the shore, he began to lose all consciousness of present objects, and to employ his mind in forming those high resolves, which are often the fruit of intense excitement, sometimes aided by the absence of actual danger.

The wording of Cuthbert Camden's creed agreed with that of Mark Wentworth, but the piety of the latter was the fruit of the word of God. Camden had rather gathered his belief from the sentiments and publications of the Puritans, his spirit gradually becoming imbued

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with the violent opinions adopted by some of their leaders, while it was still restrained and kept in bounds by the holy and heavenly principles promulgated by others. He had plodded through the heavy quarto pages of Prynne's celebrated 'Histrio-Mastyx,' and was familiar with the severe lampoons so daringly circulated in the days of Elizabeth by the famous Martin, and his bold compeers. From these he had learned to look with an eye of distrust, perhaps of scorn, on authorities long deemed the most sacred in the kingdom, and such thoughts were now quickening in his breast, as had long been pent like subterranean fires in many an English bosom.

He was roused from his reverie by perceiving a stranger standing close to the river's edge, and making efforts to attract the attention of the boatman, and induce him to pull towards the shore. Camden courteously replied to his signal, and in a few moments the stranger sat down by his side. He was a tall, slightly-made man, dressed after the manner of the more rigid Puritans, but wearing his apparel, a suspicious observer would have said, so as best to conceal his countenance and figure. Camden took little note of his appearance, but said carelessly, 'We are bound for Westminster, but will put you on shore wherever it is your pleasure to direct.'

'I am going thither also,' said the stranger, 'and we will beguile the tediousness of the way by such converse as once shortened the journey from Jerusalem to Emmaus.'

Camden looked at him when he spoke with some surprise, and then replied, 'Our language must be holy indeed to bear a comparison with that discourse in which the Son of God deigned to join. "Out of the

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abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and my thoughts had in them too much of carnal strife and disputation to frame themselves into such words of perfect peace.'

'Happy are they,' said the stranger, 'who in these days of "rebuke and blasphemy," meet with a kindred soul, to whom they can unbosom their griefs. They that "fear the Lord," would do well to remember the saying of the prophet Malachi, and to "speak often one to the other."'

'Another prophet hath this saying,' interposed Robinson; 'a warning in times of peril:—"Trust ye not in a friend, put ye not confidence in a guide; keep the doors of thy mouth from her that lieth in thy bosom."'*

As the boatman spake, the strokes of his oar succeeded each other more rapidly, but Camden, without noticing his admonition, or the speed by which he seemed desirous to shorten this interview, followed the bent of his own fearless, unsuspecting nature, and replied to the stranger, 'My thoughts were indeed handling a matter too deep for them. I was searching for the warrant whereby Christian rulers justify their attempts to coerce the consciences of those who submit to their sway.'

'"Curse not the king, no, not in thy thought," said Robinson; '"and curse not the rich in thy bedchamber; for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."'†

A slight flush suffused the stranger's countenance, as Robinson uttered each admonitory sentence. His embarrassment was only momentary, and when the boatman ceased speaking, he said with a frank and friendly

* Micah vii. 5. † Eccles. x. 20.

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air, 'My name is Travers. I would not have left you so long to doubt whom you had so far obliged; but I was satisfied with your speech, and your bearing, and forgot that such feelings might not be reciprocal. My name is John Travers. My dwelling is in Lincolnshire, from whence I arrived a few months since to visit our afflicted brethren in London, and to hear of their welfare.'

'And I,' said his companion eagerly, 'am called Cuthbert Camden, to whose heart the name of Travers is sufficient passport. Doubtless you are of kin to godly Walter Travers of famous memory—perhaps his grandson?'

'Walter Travers,' replied the other, 'lived and died unmarried, 'following in this the practice of the Christian priesthood in earlier, if not better times. I can only claim the honour of distant relationship to that light which shone in a dark place. My father was his nephew—but I have drawn you from the important subject with which your thoughts were troubled.'

'It matters not,' answered Camden, 'for it is a riddle I can never solve. I can read the credentials of the Roman Emperor or the Grand Turk, in the vulgar proverb, "Might makes right," but that a Christian ruler has power to legislate with the help of the sword in matters of Christian discipline, and that the Christian subject may not lawfully resist—'

'"Where the word of a king is, there is power,"' again interposed Robinson, '"and who may say unto him, What doest thou?"' *

'Doubt not my loyalty, good Robinson,' said Cuthbert. 'I would not wrong his sacred Majesty. No!

* Eccles. viii. 4.

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not even in imagination. I thought not of him when I spoke, but of other great men sitting in high seats, and having great power, to whom I would fain say, as the Pharisees did to our blessed Saviour, "show me the authority by which thou doest these things, and who gave thee this authority?" '

'It were hard for those *now* in power to give an answer to such questions,' said Travers; 'and yet a reply to it would prove the only solid base to all rule, and especially to ecclesiastical dominion. The pretender to such power should be able to show clear and unquestionable proofs that his authority had a divine origin, and next he should be able to point to an unbroken line of predecessors, all holding the same power, and transmitting it to each other.'

'Such was the proud theory of Sibthorpe and Montague,' said Camden hastily. 'It won a mitre for the latter, but it suits as little with the lowliness of Christ's religion, as with thy name and attire.'

'I did but speculate,' replied Travers, 'and distinctly stated, that no such authority encircles the brow of Laud, or of Wren. Yet surely if we could find a spiritual power on earth, dating its rise from the ordinance of the Lord, sustained from age to age by his upholding providence, and—.'

'Thank thy God,' said Cuthbert, eagerly interrupting him, 'that such dominion is but the splendid dream of thine own brains. God binds not such bonds upon his children; therefore it is we may hope to see every fabric of usurped tyranny totter and fall, and be like the chaff upon the summer threshing-floor.'

'Amen!' said Travers, solemnly. 'But such a glorious hope will not be realized, while the godly say to themselves, "yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little

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folding of the hands to sleep," while they bow down their necks, that their enemies may pass over, instead of coming valiantly forth "to the help of the Lord against the mighty." '

'And yet sir,' said Robinson, respectfully: 'it is not for the servants of the Lord to handle carnal weapons, or to mingle unadvisedly in the strife of this world.'

'Thou art yet but half blind, my friend,' said Travers, the flush of resentment again faintly passing over his brow, 'Thou art yet but half blind, and dost "see men as trees walking." I thought but of the sword of the spirit, and the helmet of salvation. I did but gird up my loins to fight the fight of faith, and thou art presently dreaming of the carnal sword, the field of battle, and the shedding of blood. It may be thou hast hearkened too often to evil counsellors, whose talk is sedition and rebellion, and thy fancy is fevered with the remembrance thereof.'

The quick transition in Travers' discourse from a theoretic admiration of absolute control, to more practical incentives to popular resistance, escaped the observation of Cuthbert Camden, who now listened with a delighted ear, while his companion conversed with much plausible fluency on the general spirit of freedom which had diffused itself throughout England and Scotland. He spoke of oppression and tyranny with a skill that found its way into Camden's heart, and inflamed still more his already excited feelings.

Robinson was silenced, but whatever suspicions he entertained when Travers first joined them, had only been strengthened by the subsequent discourse. He made one or two attempts to speak aside with Cuthbert Camden, as the latter was preparing to leave the boat. These attempts were however completely frustrated by

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the watchfulness of Travers, who, without appearing intrusive, contrived to keep so close to his companion that no word could be spoken to Camden which was not also intended for his ear.

'There is a look of stern determination, or of unwonted excitement on every brow to-day,' said Travers, as they proceeded together up Bridge-street. 'See the crowd thickens, and all move one way. We will keep close on their footsteps. Some matter of public moment is doubtless about to take place.'

Camden's attention thus roused, he too observed the bearing of those who were passing by. There was no tumult, noise, or hurry, but one swift earnest onward pace. It was not the congregating of a violent London mob, but the silent gathering of men having their passions under the control of some powerful motive, either of prudence or resolve.

When they reached the top of Bridge Street, Travers, instead of continuing his route in the direction he had intended, turned to the left, and entered the palace-yard. Here the crowd was dense, but he pressed forward, his companion following his guidance until in the centre of the place he stopped suddenly. The faces of all present were directed to one point. Camden turned his eyes towards it, and they were rivetted in one long intense gaze which he could not withdraw from the object on which it thus rested. It was the pillory—the brutalizing man-degrading pillory.

From two apertures to its frame-work, two agonizing human countenances looked down upon the pitying crowd. Drops of red blood trickled down the cheeks of each. Sights like this were not uncommon in the seventeenth century; but then such penalties had been confined to the base,—the off-scouring of society,—those

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whom mankind had not yet learned to pity; and Cuthbert Camden clasped his hands with convulsive energy, as Mr. Burton said in a voice, calm indeed, though much weakened by suffering,—'If Christ was numbered among thieves, shall a Christian think much for his sake to be numbered amongst rogues?' *

The second sufferer addressed the people in a firmer, stronger voice, though many wondered that the force of long imprisonment had not destroyed its power. 'Here are many spectators of us (he said) who stand here as delinquents; yet am I not conscious to myself of the least trespass, wherein I have deserved this outward shame. Indeed I wrote a book against Antichrist the Pope; and the Pope of Canterbury said it was written against him, but were the press open to us we would scatter his kingdom and fight courageously against Gog and Magog.' † He stopped. The people moved not. There was no noise among them. All was deep, still, thought, interrupted only by an occasional murmur of sympathy, or a muttered threat of vengeance. In a few moments Dr. Bastwick spoke again. 'There are those who have set many days apart on our behalf (let the prelates take notice thereof), and have sent up strong prayers to God for us,—the strength and fruit whereof we have felt all along in this cause. In a word so far am I from fear or care, that had I as much blood as would swell the Thames, I would lose every drop thereof in this cause.'

While Camden was gazing in grief and astonishment at this scene, Travers did not once address him. He seemed, though at the time Camden did not remark it, to be anxious that the sad spectacle should have its

* See Fuller's Church History, vol. iii, † Ibid.

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full effect; but when a movement in the crowd towards the farther end of the palace-yard, forced them from the spot on which they had been standing, Travers whispered in his companion's ear, 'Another victim is now in the executioner's hands.'

Scarcely knowing what he did, Camden moved forward. The victim's head was on the block, and the executioner with a brutal exaggeration of cruelty was roughly sawing off the remains of ears, which had already been submitted to the knife.

'Mr. Prynne!' exclaimed Camden, throwing himself forward as if he would embrace the scaffold on which the virtuous sufferer was placed. Prynne at that moment raised his head from the block, and recognized in Cuthbert a youth who had long looked up to him as to a Master in Israel; had listened to his instructions when he told of the durable glory of the "Born of God," * and had not less eagerly drank in the spirit of bitter censure, with which he wrote and spoke against the prelates of England.

But the patience and constancy of Prynne on this sad occasion justified the historian's encomium, 'He who suffered most, fretted the least,'† and when he saw the danger into which sympathy with him might draw another, he forgot his own torments, and exclaimed, 'Forbear, my son. Cuthbert Camden, forbear. I know thy pity,—thy affection; but such evidences of it cannot avail to give me ease, and will but endanger thee. And sore grief it were that ruthless bonds should detain all who can feel for the work of the Lord, and for the freedom of this hapless nation. Think not that William Prynne suffers aught beyond the paltry smart of a

* 'The Perpetuity of the Regenerate Man's Estate.'—According to Fuller a useful and orthodox book † Fuller.

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lacerated skin. Shame, the sorest smart of all, attends only on a guilty conscience.'

As the executioner (having applied the burning brand to either cheek) proceeded to place him in that painful position in which he was to stand for hours, he added, addressing those who stood around him, "Rather then I would have my cause a leading cause to the depriving of the subject's liberties, which I seek to maintain, I choose to suffer my body to become, an example of this punishment.'*

Hitherto Travers had suffered Camden to utter his feelings unchecked, but just as Mr. Prynne finished speaking, he laid his hand on his arm, and said in a low tone, 'You are but committing yourself by these strong emotions. Learn from me to subdue every feeling, and to bring every thought into the obedience of Christ. Then only wilt thou be strong and do exploits. Then wilt thou have skill to overcome the Goliaths of Prelacy who now defy the armies of the living God.'

Liberty had been sternly held back from man since Nimrod, the mighty hunter before the Lord, founded the race which, on the throne of Assyria, exercised the power of the Lion, uplifted by the eagles' wings. When those wings were "plucked," another, and another power succeeded. Man gained not his freedom. Sparta called herself free; but her children were the veriest bondslaves of customs and statutes more ferocious than the will of the most sanguinary tyrant. Athens called herself free. Her first laws were written in blood, and her best and bravest were the sure victims of a Lynch law that condemned Miltiades to rot in prison, and Socrates to drink the poisoned cup. If freedom could have been

* Fuller.

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found in any country, surely it would have been enjoyed in that land where "Judah yet ruled with God, and was faithful with the saints." But Judah knew not true liberty: no, not even when "There was no king in Israel, and every man did that which was right in his own eyes." In after years she bowed beneath Solomon's scourge of whips, and Rehoboam's scorpion thongs. St. Peter bore witness before the first Council of Jerusalem that the bondage of Jewish ordinances was a yoke "which neither they nor their fathers were able to bear."

When the Son of God came, the souls that he made free were "free indeed," but their bodies were often fast bound in the fetters that the Roman tyrants forged for them. Time rolled on. The Emperors of the world were baptized,—the man of sin grew up beneath their fostering care, and Christian souls and bodies became his abject slaves.

But "light is sown for the righteous." From the days of the Reformation that light brightened, till many, who scorned to walk to heaven by its aid, yet used it to seek and to discover their earthly birthright. The struggle for liberty commenced,—for liberty to think, and to establish those thoughts by corresponding deeds, —for liberty to pray, and to pray openly as enlightened conscience dictated. Liberty did not come when the Church was overthrown. The Presbyterian sought to bend the nation to his solemn league and covenant. The Independent strove to force his *voluntary* yoke upon her deck. But years passed on and liberty came at last. The penal laws relaxed their iron grasp; one victim after another escaped from it, until at length their whole power over life and death is concentrated in fulfilling the primal decree, "Whoso sheddeth man's

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blood, by man shall his blood be shed." Liberty is to be found in a form fairer than that she wore in Greece or Rome, at the Englishman's fireside, or within the open doors of the Christian sanctuary. But before this happy consummation was brought about, long years of crime and bloodshed intervened, and the low murmurs of vengeance that fell on Cuthbert Camden's ear, as he emerged from the crowd, were fearfully fulfilled.

'I am calm now,' said Camden, as he declined the support which Travers, observing his tottering steps, and palid face, had proffered. 'I am calm now. Nothing gives firmness and courage like being forced to stand at bay. What will not a nation do in that dangerous pass?'

'And this Church of England,' said Travers in the same quiet tone from which he seldom varied. 'This true daughter of Babylon shall yet be brought low and destroyed, even as her mother has been. Happy shall he be that rewards her, even as she has afflicted the servants of God.'

'Yet,' said Cuthbert, hesitating, 'methinks the Church of England is guiltless of this blood. The groans that ascend from our prison cells are wrung by the hardness of a man whom the church required to promise that he would 'show himself gentle, and be merciful for Christ's sake, to poor and needy people, and to all strangers destitute of help.'

'They have promised, moreover,' said Travers, 'to punish all who are "unquiet, disobedient, and criminous." Of these they keep a fair and full list on which you will surely find the names of William Prynne, and Mark Wentworth.'

Cuthbert started. He had not spoken of his friend, or his friend's danger, and yet this stranger seemed to

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be intimately acquainted with both. He turned with a look of astonishment towards Travers, and met the eye of the latter fixed on him, as though he watched the effect of his words. Camden was going to speak, but Travers prevented him by saying, coldly, 'He must obey, or suffer as Prynne and Burton are suffering. Those who hold the reins of power give him no choice.'

'He must not—shall not come to that shame,' said Camden, eagerly. 'The nation will no longer submit to wrongs so deep.'

'But what can the nation do?' said Travers. 'You surely would not think of open rebellion?'

'It matters little what may occupy the thoughts of such an one as I,' replied Camden, 'but when the people learn to think, the rulers should excel in wisdom. One thing is certain; Scotland will not receive the service book.'

'Ay,' said Travers. 'She crieth aloud, "God confound the service book, and all the maintainers thereof;"* but she dare not reject it.'

'Dare not!' repeated Camden; and the angry blood mantled high upon his brow as he returned Travers' keen and scrutinizing gaze.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE dwelling of Mrs. Catharine Redford had been chosen, not for pleasantness of situation, not for its cheer-

* Fuller, vol. iii.

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ful neighbourhood or salubrious air, but because it stood hard by one of those forbidden conventicles, in which many a child of God in the seventeenth century worshipped the Father in "spirit and in truth." The house was spacious and gloomy. Its form and furniture belonging to the early part of Elizabeth's reign, corresponded in appearance with the aged inmate who for forty years had made it the asylum of her widowhood. She was married in early life to a young minister, who having first adopted the opinions of the moderate nonconformists, afterwards formed an intimate friendship with the celebrated Robert Brown. The result of this intimacy was Redford's complete separation from the Church of England, which from that time he zealously denounced as antichristian, and in spite of the prohibition set on the publications of the new sect by Queen Elizabeth's authority, he continued to dispense them wherever he found any daring enough to read them. For this contempt of a power that was still held in terrible but dark majesty over the consciences of men, Redford shared the doom of Elias Thacker, and John Coping, who were executed at St. Edmondsbury in 1584.*

His heroic wife stood by the scaffold on which her husband suffered, and left it not until he had reached his eternal rest; and still though more than fifty years had passed away, Catharine Redford's memory pointed to that day as one on which her faith had obtained a fearful triumph over flesh and blood. Her husband's unjust doom had tinged her feelings with a bitterness towards the church and government which many thought utterly incompatible with Christ's true faith.

* Fuller.

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Others who knew her more intimately, believed, that under an appearance of stern bigotry against all but her own peculiar sect, there was in her heart a deep stream of love for all who name the name of Christ, and depart from iniquity.

For the children of her only brother she entertained a sincere affection, strongly mingled with pity. 'Poor things,' she was wont to say, 'they were fed from the flesh-pots of Egypt, and made to drink of the broken cisterns of rites and ceremonies; and how could their souls be other than lean and ill-favoured?' Still Harry Camden's children were precious in her sight, and when their parents died, she would fain have taken them home to her house and to her heart, but their father, believing the Brownist opinions to be heretical and dangerous, left it as his dying request that Lucy might remain with her mother's sister until her brother should be of an age to take possession of his paternal property, and afford her the comfort and protection of a home. Sir Humphery and Lady Clive had carefully kept their niece from all communication with Mrs. Redford, but Cuthbert knew and loved his aged relative. When quite a youth he paid her many a stolen visit. As he grew to man's estate, these visits gradually became more frequent, and now when he stood before her to crave a temporary shelter for his sister, Catharine Redford's rigid features relaxed, her eyes filled with tears, and she exclaimed with earnestness, 'She shall have it, my son. She shall have such a refuge as my poor dwelling can afford, and better will it be for her thus to suffer affliction with the people of God, than any longer to enjoy the pleasures of sin in the stately halls of that man of Belial.'

Cuthbert knew Lucy did not enjoy the pleasures of

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sin, and he was going to remind his aunt that the fear of God, and the faith of Christ were found even in "Cæsar's household," * but his time was precious, and he dreaded the long unconvincing arguments which a far less matter had often stirred up between Mrs. Catharine Redford, and any who would plead the cause of episcopalians.

Cuthbert's time was precious, and he lost not a day in carrying his primary arrangements into effect. Lucy was brought to London, and Mrs. Redford gave an unwilling consent that in a few days a 'prelatical parson' should unite her niece to Mark Wentworth. 'I was young and fair as you are, Lucy,' she said, 'when I married Paul Redford, and I prized the ring which he put on my finger with a care which was very sinful towards such a popish bauble. It seemed to me the pledge of an endless union, and I wept sore when he broke it in twain, the night before he was taken and cast into prison—I could tell thee a tale,' she added, 'but not now.—It would mar the joy of thy young heart, and give to thy bridal-day the gloom of the grave.'

'My heart is not joyful,' said Lucy, with a deep sigh. 'Alas! it fails with forebodings of some woe that is surely coming. The cross is so heavy that I bow beneath the burthen, and cannot look upward to the crown.'

'Thy cross!' exclaimed the old lady, with astonishment. 'Thou art indeed to pass the stormy waves. Thou art to dwell in the wilderness—to see thy native land no more. But what then? He whom thou lovest as thine own soul—thy husband will be by thy side, and

* Phil. iv. 22.

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no gibbet will frown on thee in the desert, girl. Thy cross is light indeed, my daughter, to that which the saints of God bore in the days of my youth. I will take thee this even to hear good Master Rippon tell what some have suffered in their Saviour's cause, and how nobly they endured their pains. He is brother's son to that godly man of whom you have doubtless heard—Roger Rippon, who was starved to death in Newgate.'

'Alas!' said Lucy. 'I heard that his sufferings were great, but that his enemies carried their cruelty to that extremity I heard not.'

'I say not,' replied Mrs. Redford, who was conscious of a lurking disposition to exaggerate whenever she spoke of the suffering Brownists, 'I say not that they actually deprived him of all food and sustenance; natheless hunger and cold brought him to his grave. I will read thee an inscription which his godly friends and relatives fixed on his coffin.'

Saying this she rose up, and unlocked a drawer, in which were contained all the sacred relics of her younger days, and taking out a small packet, she unrolled one wrapper, in which it was enveloped, after another, until she came to a scrap of paper soiled, and worn with frequent reading, and again sitting down beside Lucy, she read aloud—'This is the corpse of Roger Rippon, a servant of Christ, and her majesty's faithful subject, who is the last of sixteen or seventeen which that great enemy of God, the Archbishop of Canterbury with his High Commissioners, have murdered in Newgate within these five years, manifestly for the testimony of Jesus Christ. His soul is now with the Lord, and his blood cries for speedy vengeance against that great enemy of the saints, and against Mr. Richard Young,

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who in this, and many the like points, hath abused his power of upholding of the Roman Antichrist,—prelacy, and priesthood. He died A. D. 1592.*

'"That it may please thee to forgive our enemies and persecutors, and to turn their hearts,"' exclaimed Lucy, clasping her hands with all the energy of inward prayer.

'Dost never pray in any words, save those that are written in that Popish massing book?' Demanded Mrs. Redford, hastily.

'Mass book?' said Lucy, with surprise, 'they are the words of the Litany, and nearly akin to those which our blessed Lord prayed when he expired on the cross.'

'The mass book it is though, however you may disguise it with fair names,' replied Mrs. Redford, without noticing the latter part of Lucy's speech. 'Take my advice girl, and have nothing to do with the shreds of the scarlet raiment, with which Babylon the great gaudily bedecketh herself. I tell thee that book has wrung more tears from the saints of God than aught else in this fair realm of England. What other cause forces him to whom thy own troth is plighted, to flee beyond the great sea?'

'Mark Wentworth loves the beautiful prayers of the Liturgy,' said Lucy, calmly, 'and was wont to say how far beyond all other human forms of devotion they are. He is not in danger for despising the Prayer book, but for adhering to the advice of the Church when she enforces the fourth commandment of her Lord, and says, "Upon the sabbath-day, as at most convenient times, to cease from bodily and worldly business, and to give

* Neale, vol. i. p. 443.

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themselves to holy rest and godly contemplation, pertaining to the service of God,"* and when she saith'—

'Nay,' said her Aunt impatiently. 'Her speech is fair enough, but sith her actions agree not thereto, it is to me but as the "sounding-brass, and the tinkling cymbal."'

Mrs. Redford became silent, and Lucy, who felt that all the consolation which her Aunt attempted to offer only served to increase the gloom which would steal over her own spirits, was seeking a more refreshing draught from the pure word of God. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee: he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved," she repeated over to herself once or twice, trying to drink in the comfort it afforded, when her aunt, who had been retracing in imagination the scenes of her early days, spoke again; 'Yet the tale may give strength to thine own faith,' she said, 'and I will tell it thee, that the bright hope which cheered Paul Redford in the valley of the shadow of death may shed its rays on thy soul. We lived together two years—two short years of bliss in the midst of danger. I thought I shared his peril, and therefore I regarded it not. For some time we worshipped God in secret, according to the bidding of our consciences, and oh! how sweet were those meetings with the Lord's people, when we poured out our souls together in prayer, and listened to deep words of wisdom from lips long since closed in death. But when Paul Redford hearkened to the call of the brethren, and became the pastor of our little flock, his fearless and faithful spirit could ill brook to skulk in secret, and the first scripture he expounded in our tingling ears, was

* First Part of Homily on Place and Time of Prayer.

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that fearful text ; "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he comes in the glory of his Father and of the holy angels." From that hour we threw away disguise.'

'Pity it is that Christian souls should ever need disguise before their fellow-Christians,' said Lucy, 'or that such fearful text should be made to rebuke the shame of merely differing in outward modes of worship. He who "spake as never man spake," said little of such things.'

'Peace, child,' said Mrs. Redford. 'Speak not thus lightly of the great work of destroying the Babylonish garment, and the golden wedge which the Church of England hath coveted, and hidden in her tents ; and interrupt me not while I tell thee of one who suffered and bled in a cause so holy. My husband from that moment cast the fear of man behind his back, and preached everywhere against the accursed thing, and those who concealed it. He was warned once or twice, but he did not "fear them which kill the body." He ceased not to teach and to exhort daily, and from house to house.

'My heart failed me when the blessed John Coping was taken, but still my husband was by my side, and I thought when his turn came I should share his prison, and his scaffold. And so I did,' continued the old lady, tears gushing from her eyes ; 'but not quite in the manner I had hoped. The captivity of his friend only served to enhance his zeal. I stood beside him while he denounced the bigot Aylmer as a bloodthirsty persecutor of Christ's church. While he was yet speaking, the men who were sent to take him rushed into the room and hurried him away—.'

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'And you, dear Aunt,' said Lucy, eagerly. 'You they suffered to escape?'

'I was beneath their malice,' replied Mrs. Redford, 'and therefore consigned to the worst punishment—a long, lingering life of loneliness and sorrow. But sorrow did not overcome me *then*. I was strong in the desperation of my grief. I followed to the prison. They shut me out. Again and again, I stood before those barred and bolted gates. My feet were only once suffered to enter them. At length a rumour of his sentence met my phrenzied ear—.'

'Nay, dearest Aunt,' said Lucy, bursting into tears, 'say not phrenzied. The Son of God was with thee in that burning fiery furnace, and therefore the flame did not kindle upon thee.'

'He was with me doubtless,' returned her aunt, 'but I felt it not then. Yet he held me fast, and put words in my mouth, that I might speak them into the martyr's ear, as they coiled the rope about his blessed neck. I reminded him of "the crown of glory that fadeth not away"—of the "inheritance incorruptible and undefiled." He smiled upon me with such a smile, you would have thought he was already in the third heaven. But I saw only earth—dark cruel earth—and the hangman's glaring face—and the death struggle—and—.'

The old lady stopped suddenly, her whole face changed by an expression of extreme agony, as though the fearful scenes of the past were again enacting before her, while Lucy, gently embracing her, said, 'The martyr heeds not those terrible things now. They are forgotten amid the hallelujahs that surround the throne.'

'I know it, Lucy. I know it,' replied her aunt. 'But when *that* fearful vision passes before mine eyes it clouds all the brightness that faith should gaze upon.

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He passed away to the general assembly of the church of the first-born. I have lingered behind him for fifty long years!'

'Fifty years of woe,' said Lucy. 'Glory will not be reckoned by centuries and half-centuries.'

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THE FIRST OF JULY.

If "signs of the times" in clouds and gloom are ever and anon reminding the people of God that days of trouble are at hand for the *vexing* of the Church, signs of the times in rainbow tints are also permitted, as encouraging remembrancers that a day of glory is at hand for the *deliverance* of the Church. If "no cross," then "no crown;" if no struggle, then no victory; if no shade, then no contrasting sunbeam; if no divisions, no contrasting unity.

So our wonderful and omnipotent God, overruling the course of this our world in its physical and moral condition, "often displays a beauty in the gloom, for which an unclouded sky affords no opportunity," and suiting his dealings to the capacity and the character of his creatures, "affects them by contrast," enabling them to appreciate light by preceding darkness, the glory of victory after a struggle, and the value of unity in the midst of divisions.

Such might be the thought of some minds on that morning, when on the common ground of Christian faith, brethren met together in Liverpool to do homage to Protestant spirit and fearless zeal, embellished by genius, and consecrated by grace, in the person of Merle D'Aubigné, the historian of the Reformation, presenting a scene of surpassing interest, not unworthy the harp of the royal Psalmist when he sweetly sang "Behold how good and pleasant a thing it is for breth-

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ren to dwell together in unity." Truly "good and pleasant" it was, in the full heart-cheering meaning of those expressive words. The Head of the Church was there seen by the eye of faith, and felt in the hearts that loved him, for being gathered together in his name, according to his promise, he would be "in the midst." Angels were there, and wondering perhaps (themselves unconscious of disturbing discord) why earth does not oftener present such scenes of harmony. Men were there—men of God—men of prayer—men of noble spirit—men of true, active, zealous patriotism, the real bulwarks of a nation's strength, the real conservators of civil and religious liberty; for long ere this it would have been found that the overthrow of thrones, and parliaments, and princely institutions, were an easy task for rebels, if God had not such servants in his Church, such a Church in England, and such an England in Christendom. Of the Clergy of the national Church a finer specimen could scarcely be presented. There sat the Chancellor of this favoured Diocese, an illustration of the dignity, the refinement and the spirit of a venerable and honoured Establishment—his profession of faith and his love for the brethren, enabling him to take prominent part in this novel demonstration.

In near neighbourhood sat the venerable Dr. Marsh, with his gentle and loving countenance, beautiful in age, beaming with holy happiness, reminding one of St. John, when, filled with the Spirit of Him on whose bosom he had leaned in tenderest companionship, he would expend his energies in beseeching the brethren to "love one another." And if, as with clasped hands and upraised eyes the aged saint dwelt upon his sweet and spiritual theme; there were something too poetic

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for the rough experiences even of *Christian* life, and the varying shades of human mind, yet hope sped forward to the period of yet prophetic promise when all shall be one as Christ and the Father are one, and millennial glory shall exhibit what the benevolent theorist now pants for in vain. The kindred spirit of the Rev. Haldane Stewart drank in the loving sounds, and his kind heart beat warm response to every word. But to complete the representation of the Church of England, there was another of her sons of younger and not less spiritual tone, (the Paul of modern days) whose heart and soul, and mind and strength, in all the vigour of his manly prime are set for the defence of "the truth as it is in Jesus," illustrating in word and deed, the well known saying of one whose memory he reveres, "*Charity* beareth *all* things, *Faith nothing!*" and refusing to "elevate man's sincerity upon the pedestal of eternal truth, and make God's revelation bow down before it," boldly disclaims all fellowship with the worshipper of Mary, however sincere his idolatry, and with the denier of the Deity of Christ, however sincere his infidelity, but yielding to the preferences of others all that he demands for his own, is ready with a cordial heart and an open hand to greet as brethren, of whatever country, or kindred, or people, or name, all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and receive his word as their rule of faith—proclaiming that Christian union in this present world consists not in uniform adoption of visible things, as one house, one fund, one dress, one liturgy; but in the greater, and higher, and nobler principles of "one Faith, one Lord, one Baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in all." Such a man of comprehensive mind, sanctified intellect and devoted heart, uniting the digni-

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fied simplicity of our noble reformers with the bold energy of Martin Luther, formed by the grace of God in moulding of no common stamp, blending in harmonious combination for the varying duties of his station, the softest Christian tenderness that can kneel in sympathy beside a suffering infant's couch, with a penetrating faithfulness that would make a monarch tremble. Such was the host of D'Aubigné, a congenial spirit to welcome the representative of Continental Protestantism.

On his right hand, pre-eminent in manifest enjoyment, was Dr. Raffles, the very personification of Dissent in good humour, surprised into a new position, in the discovery that where, surveying from a distance, he had imagined a barrier of icebergs arrayed along an unfriendly shore; he had found in reality a band of warm-hearted Christian brothers, to whom the love of the same Lord and Saviour, was a sufficient letter of introduction. And perhaps no moment of that morning was more replete with interest, more productive of that pleasurable emotion which has no adequate expression in forms of speech, and finds its best relief in involuntary tears, than when the Doctor with beating heart and faltering voice, asked, turning an inquiring look to the Rev. Hugh M'Neile, 'May I not call you Brother?' And the quick and generous response was the offer of the hand, and the sight of the brethren, Churchman and Dissenter, hand in hand, excited a thrill of pleasure, and roused a burst of rapture through the Hall.

But at a short distance from this prominent group, sat the representative of another Church in Britain—the Moderator of the Free Church of Scotland, with a cold and flinty countenance, befitting a leader in some Scottish movement. The covenanters would have been

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proud of such a head. Stern determination, patient endurance, intellectual energy, and calm judgment, traced their distinguishing characteristics on his brow, and the cold eye, and compressed lip, gave no sign of the feelings that might be treasured within, until with his own spirit stirring eloquence, one who knows how to appreciate such deeds of spiritual chivalry, paid the high tribute of his admiration to the disinterested heroism of the men, however differing from them as to the necessity of the measure; when he spoke of their devotedness, their zeal, their self-denial, their sacrifices, then the Moderator's was full; at the honourable mention of his country and his church, then the rock was smitten, the ice melted, and in vain he struggled to repress the conquering tear—it was a tribute in return to a brother's affectionate and glowing commendation, of which he need not be ashamed.

Such were some of the Representatives of British Christianity assembled to welcome a Presbyterian from Geneva, and a Free Pastor from France. At this crisis in the history of our country, when the Government of England is in the act of descending from the high ground of Protestantism, on which alone she has ever prospered; when in vain the indignant protest of the bulk of the nation has heaped expressions of public opinion on the tables of Parliament, and pressed them even to the foot of the throne, at such a moment the visit of Merle D'Aubigné, whose name stands connected by the graphic brilliance of his pen, with the saints and martyrs of the sixteenth century, has been in the good Providence of God, most admirably timed. There he stood, the centre as it were, of a new movement in Christian practice, if not originating a new feature in Christian minds, surrounded by 'a gather-

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ing, such as scarcely England, and certainly Liverpool, never saw before; lowering all the motley badges of sectarian clanship, beneath the ample banner of the cross of Christ. Was it not a "sign of the times," a little glimpse of the shadow of "coming events" when all will cast down the walls which party spirit and proud exclusiveness have raised around their several communions, and join (each having their own officer chosen, and named, and distinguished by the uniform of his party, but all serving the same Captain) to defend the great citadel against the devices of the common foe. Perhaps D'Aubigné's wish to leave behind him 'something more than remembrances flattering to his personal feelings' may be gratified, and if not 'a monument to civil and religious liberty,' he may have been permitted to lay the foundation of a temple of concord in our land. If his noble and spirited address were full of interest and encouragement on some points, on others it was full of pain and sorrow to thinking minds. When he asked, with mournful voice, 'Is England still the Protestant sentinel of the world?' Oh what a pang of sad regret wrung every heart that has gloried in her proud distinction amidst the nations of the earth, to be compelled to answer—No! Did he come to sing the dirge of England's greatness, when he added, "The crown *has* fallen from Zion," and Christian brethren on the Continent, when they hear of England, "are afflicted and mourn." If England fall before the power of Antichrist, where shall the persecuted find refuge? where will the Church find a resting-place on her heavenward way? No where upon earth in its present condition—the wing of faith must be plumed to soar high above all dependence upon human things; for the dove will find no rest for the sole of her foot, until the

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olive branch of the Prince of Peace waves once more over a renovated world.

Another name and our picture is sketched.—A name, if not wafted so far on the breath of fame, yet as dearly enshrined in the affectionate hearts of converts from Popery, amidst the six flocks of the six folds he has been honoured of God to found. And with such work already done, and much more of the same kind yet to do, it was with no small authority that such a workman might quietly demand for his Master's cause, from people who seemed to be listening with sincere interest to all he said, the sum of two thousand pounds! Yet the Pastor Roussell sat down amidst the smiles as well as the applause of his auditors, as if he had asked an impossible thing! Perhaps he thought that the Foreign Aid Society merited an unusual amount of liberality for the pleasurable feelings and cordial manifestations it had been the means of eliciting that day.

To the indefatigable and persevering Secretary, Mr. Burgess of Chelsea, we owe the chief information concerning the objects, the position, and the labours of the Society; but it seemed as if something greater still occupied the thoughts of many minds. Novelty doubtless had its charm, and the presence of Merle D'Aubigné its deserved attraction, but there was something far beyond all this.—Such a breathing of peace and good will, a strengthening of old, and a formation of new bonds of brotherhood, a scene on which the eye could love to linger, and on which the heart will long delight to dwell. The unction of the Holy One had been shed around, and few whose religion was a reality and not a mere profession and a name, would quit that assembly, though to return into a world of which the devil is still the god, without a heart refreshed by spiritual enjoy-

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nent, a spirit strengthened for a more decided protest against all error, and desires more intense to live as becometh the people of God, as members of Christ mystical in the Church Militant, in the blessed hope of the glorious appearing of Christ personal, the head of the Church triumphant!

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THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

"CONSIDER the lilies of the field how they grow," were our Lord's own words to his disciples; and he bade them do so in order that their weak faith might be strengthened, and that thus they might learn "to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," in the full assurance that all other things should be added unto them. May the Lord himself direct our minds and hearts, that in following this His own injunction, we may learn another lesson of His love and care, and have more deeply impressed upon us those solemn truths which belong to our present and eternal peace.

The lily of the valley is one of the loveliest of the many flowers that deck our woods and fields; let us seek it then in the deep retirement it loves so well, and listen to its gentle teaching. We may perhaps have some difficulty in our search; for carefully it shuns the frequented path and chooses some shady spot in an untrodden part of the wood. And how is it with the Christian? does his soul prosper amidst the excitement of the business or the pleasures of the world? Would our lily flourish as it does if we brought it to our gardens and planted it where there is no shade from the summer's sun? Even so the Christian whose talents or position in life make his society desired by those who are not of the Saviour's little flock: he may be tempted to neglect secret communion with His God, and though for a time, all may seem to go well, yet one by one his

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graces will begin to wither, and e'er long we shall have nothing left but the green leaves of profession. "Love not the world," "for the world passeth away, and the lust thereof," and "the friendship of the world is enmity against God." And if it be so, that intercourse with the world is dangerous to the Christian in general: it is especially dangerous to the Christian female. And do we not see another proof of the wisdom and love of our heavenly Father "who knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are but dust," that in the diligent discharge of the daily round of domestic duties we best fulfil his will, and find our truest happiness in His approval, and in promoting the welfare of those we love: only, let us remember, that in thus running the race He has set before us, we must "lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, *looking unto Jesus.*" Then every duty, however seemingly unimportant, will be sanctified, and we shall be seeking "whatsoever we do, to do all to the glory of God." The bride is represented as calling herself "the lily of the vallies," (Cant. ii. 1.) and is described as "a garden enclosed, a spring shut up, a fountain sealed," (iv. 12.) conveying thus beautifully the character of a Christian woman. And again, if we turn to the writings of the Apostles, how many are the solemn injunctions to the wife; and surely the spirit applies to all, to be in subjection "in all things," "in every thing," "even as unto the Lord." How contrary then to the mind of God, is that desire of the natural heart to gain attention by the display of personal attractions, or mental accomplishments; that seeking to shine in society instead of devoting these talents in such measure as we may have received them, to that which is alike our duty and our privilege, the making of our own domestic hearth the

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scene of real profit and enjoyment to each member of our family. Let us gather now our little favourite, and mark each tiny bell, how purely white, how meekly bending beneath the shadow of its broad green leaf, and what a delightful perfume it sheds around. Does it not beautifully exemplify the Apostle's exhortation, (1 Pet. iii. 3, 4.) "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel. But let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit which is in the sight of God of great price." Does it not indeed speak of the beauty of humility? Having taught us that home is the chosen spot for the exercise of every talent, and all our holiest affections, it now points out one of the ways by which to follow out what we have learnt. It bids us seek "the ornament,"—implying that we have it not by nature,—"of a meek and quiet spirit." How full of meaning, and yet how slow we are to understand. Do we really desire to possess this precious ornament? if we do, our Lord's own words teach us how we may obtain it, "Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Matt. xi. 28, 29. Let us then in simple confidence in this word of truth, go to Jesus, and receive out of His fulness the grace we so much need, beseeching Him to cast down "imagination and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and to bring into captivity every thought into obedience unto Himself." Then shall we be more willing to give up our own opinion, our own way, and instead of contending about trifles, willingly submit in

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all things lawful, to those whom the Lord hath placed over us, and by our consistent walk and conversation, "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things." Shall we now lay our flower aside, satisfied with what we have already heard? Has it not yet a message to our souls, touching the foundation of all our hopes, the source of our richest consolations? Yes, it points us to the cross: for those snowy petals tell us of the necessity of holiness. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." And if, on looking into our hearts, we find nothing of this purity, but in its stead sin ever striving to have dominion over us, and are led to ask, How can *I* then ever see God? to what can we look for encouragement, but to that sure word of promise which testifies, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." On Calvary alone was the "fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness;" in that fountain let us daily wash, that our guilty souls may be made clean. We read of the great multitude "whom no man can number, which stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands." And we are told how these robes were made white: "they have washed them in the blood of the Lamb;" and if we listen to the new song St. John heard, they say, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." "Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood." And in the song of triumph when "the accuser of the brethren" is cast down, we are told they overcame him "by the blood of the Lamb." We come now to consider what spiritual application may be given to the perfume of the lily. Is it not even "the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost." The love of Christ constraineth us to live not unto ourselves, but "unto Him who died for us and

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rose again." This love, like the precious ointment, will fill our houses with its fragrance, so that all around us may "take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus." And that we may grow in love, let us daily seek to glory only in the cross of Christ, to see there how Jesus hath loved us: let us look unto Him as our redemption, that we may also find Him made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification. Thus by stedfast faith in Him we shall grow in meetness for His heavenly kingdom, for He will work in us "both to will and to do of His good pleasure."

There is one of the many characters brought before us in the Word of God that sweetly illustrates our subject. It is Mary, the sister of Lazarus, one of that happy family whom Jesus loved. The first account we have of her is, she sat at the feet of Jesus, and heard his word, receiving this high commendation, "Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken way from her." When next we see her she is in deep affliction mourning the loss of her departed brother, and at her sister's summons going forth to meet her Lord. "Then when Mary was come where Jesus was and saw Him, she fell down at His feet:" she had sat there when all was going well,—and in adversity it is her refuge. Yet once more we read of her, the only one, it may be, among the disciples of our Lord, who understood Him when he spoke of all he had yet to suffer at Jerusalem. "Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair, and the house was filled with the odour of the ointment," betraying thus to all present this offering of devoted love and tender sympathy. She was reproached by one who called it waste; but He who looketh upon

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the heart accepted and appreciated it, for He read the motive that prompted it: "She hath come aforehand to anoint my body to the burying; she hath done what she could. Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in all the world, there shall also this that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."

She was indeed a lily of the valley; she sought ever to be in meek humility at the feet of her Lord and Master, like the lily bending beneath its broad green leaf, safe sheltered from the storm and shaded from the heat; and her history is recorded for our admonition that we may in like manner make the Lord Jesus our "hiding place, our shield," "The shade on our right hand," "our refuge from the storm, our shadow from the heat." In him are "hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge" and truly blessed only are they that put their undivided trust in Him. He "will be as the dew" unto our souls, and we shall "grow as the lily." "Unto Him therefore who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood be glory and dominion for ever and ever." Amen.

M. A. N.

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THE FAMILY OF GLENCARRA.—No. III.

By Sidney O'Moore.

During the short period in which Connaught remained in a state of civil commotion, not a drop of blood was shed by the rebels, except when engaged in open warfare. Could we, wanderers from Glencarra, have foreseen such moderation on the part of a populace excited to rebellion, our anxieties would have terminated, and our weary journeyings ceased: but we could only judge of the future by the traces which the past had left; and, in Wexford, the revolt had inscribed its records upon the historic page, in fearful characters of blood. Even in our far distant dwelling, tidings had reached us of homes destroyed by conflagration, and frequent assassinations of women and children by both yeomen and rebels, as either party gained a temporary ascendancy, and was enabled to retaliate upon its opponents.

Such accounts gave an impetus to our flight, while it induced us to travel by lonely and unfrequented paths in preference to the public highway. We were kept in a state of constant alarm by the reports of random shots, which we imagined to proceed from adjacent scenes of conflict, but which were more frequently the ebullition of youthful restlessness on the part of young rebel recruits, who could not be restrained from trying their new French fire-arms upon magpies and other birds.

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An unusual number of shots had been fired upon one occasion; when we concealed ourselves in a deep ditch surmounted by a thick-set hedge, and Aileen went out to reconnoitre. On her return, she informed us that a large body of insurgents were marching onwards, and the best mode of safety that she could suggest was to join the band at once. Colonel O'Dowd was its commander, and his wife who accompanied him was an acquaintance of my mother's, and would certainly protect us from any danger or annoyance. While she was in the act of speaking, the rebel band appeared in view. It consisted chiefly of agricultural labourers, in their working dresses, decorated with green cockades and sashes, and armed with muskets, pikes, and pitchforks. At their head rode a tall gentleman, dressed in a green uniform with gold epaulettes; and accompanied by his wife, who was also on horseback, and wore a profusion of ribbands of the national colour. To this lady we were introduced by Aileen. She had some difficulty in recognizing us at first, in our coarse habiliments of disguise: even our faces appearing altered by having had our locks cut as closely as young 'croppies;' but she afterwards spoke very kindly to us, and ordered us seats upon some baggage-carts which followed the procession.

Animated by excitement, and flushed by hope, as Mrs. O'Dowd appeared during our interview, her anticipations of happiness were destined to a very short duration. Scarcely ten days afterwards, she had the agonizing affliction of seeing her husband hanged as a rebel, after the battle of Ballinamuck (Sept. 8). Colonel O'Dowd was one of the very few Connaught gentlemen who joined the insurgent cause. His disloyalty was hereditary, for one of his ancestors had, by sharing in

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the rebellion of 1641, forfeited the extensive baronies of Tireragh and Tyrawley, which, until that year, had appertained to the family.

Shortly after we had joined the Colonel's troop, it reached the old chapel of Innishcrone, and halted to hear mass, according to the frequent custom of rebel bands. The little chapel was instantly filled by all who could gain admittance, but the crowds who knelt upon the highway without, believed that they enjoyed equal participation in the benefits of the unseen rites.

When the short service had concluded, we moved on in the direction of Lough Gilly, in the vicinity of which the rebel leader had determined to encamp. We passed unnoticed in the crowd of rebels' wives and children, which formed the usual rearguard of every patriot band. My little brother Gore was quite delighted with the wild and dissonant music, the bustle and confusion; he longed to be a man that he might mingle in the ranks. Lily appeared undecided whether she should be amused or terrified: as to me, I cast away all fear from the moment that I recognized a lady at the head of the party.

We continued our journey without pause or incident, until we arrived at the appointed station; which, as usual, had been selected upon the demesne of a Royalist gentleman. The rebel leaders took possession of the mansion, and the peasantry established themselves upon the park-like lawn, and among the leafy glades around. Magnificent trees—oak, ash, elm, and lime intermingled, cast their long shadows over the fresh verdure, and afforded a welcome shade. While enjoying the refreshing coolness of a woodland retreat, we became, unwittingly, spectators of the institution of the Carmelite order: a semi-secular association, which can still

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boast innumerable members throughout the province, although nearly half a century has elapsed since we witnessed its formation.

Beneath a noble oak-tree, near our temporary resting-place, appeared a mendicant friar, clad in the robes of his order. He elevated himself upon a high barrel, and commanded silence. Then in a long speech, he announced that all who felt anxious to secure their eternal salvation, could at once do so, by joining the holy order of Mount Carmel. The mode of admission was simple; it was only necessary to purchase one of the innumerable badges which he exhibited for sale. Each badge was formed of a square piece, of brown cloth, inscribed with the letters I. H. S. (Jesus Hominum Salvator,); and was worn upon the shoulder, from which it derived its name of Scapular.

'Who will buy safety in this world, and a bed of glory in the next?' continued the friar. 'Here, I offer to all, the power of becoming members of this holy confraternity. You have only to wear one of these scapulars, and no gunshot will be able to harm you, sore or bruise can't light upon you, the Devil himself will be afraid to come nigh you. There is no end to the virtues of these scapulars. If the Orangemen set fire to a house, you have only to throw one of the holy tokens within the walls, and it will put out the flames.'

'Its more likely the scap'lar itsel id be burnt,' said Owen Rua, drily.

'No, you misbeliever,' replied the friar, 'it would not be burned: only let the hand of faith throw it in. Bring out some fire from the big house some of ye, boys, till I show plainly before you all, the wonderful virtue of the shoulder-pieces.'

Two or three men disappeared upon this errand. All

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present were anxious to witness the experiment; many from mere credulity; but a few hoped to see the assertions of the friar confounded and disproved. The messengers soon returned with some half-burned sods of turf, which the friar kindled into a blaze, into the midst of which he threw a scapular. The string by which he held the cloth was quickly consumed, and the faith of the by-standers fell considerably.

Owen quietly observed, 'It's much that same vartue I thought it had.'

However, the fuel was quickly consumed, and then the friar triumphantly drew from the ashes, the identical brown scapular. 'See, see,' he exclaimed, holding it up to view, 'see what holy power the priest's blessing has given this little piece of cloth. It withstands the fire just as the three children did in the furnace of Babylon, uninjured, unconsumed.'

'Aye, but it did'nt *put out* the fire as you said it would,' muttered Owen, in a low tone; 'I'm afther thinking that you swopped it for another, some way.'

Fortunately for Owen Rua, his observation was not overheard by any person except by me. Had it been otherwise, he would have fared but badly among the enthusiastic dupes who now pressed forward to purchase the precious amulets. A large sackfull of them was disposed of on the spot. Thousands were afterwards sold throughout the country by itinerant preachers, and at length a shop was opened for the exclusive sale of scapulars, which were purchased by the peasantry at a shilling a piece, while the more affluent gave a higher price. In a short time, the distinguishing badge of the rebel party throughout Connaught was a Carmelite scapular. The speculation proved a most profitable one to its originators, who, by forming a few samples of

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cloth of asbestos,* at once secured a supply of the sinews of war, and raised the courage of their adherents to a blind fatalism.

Such alleged miracles succeed with the majority, yet they induce many others to regard chicanery and religion as inseparable companions. In our mountain districts, are numbers of young men who despise the only articles of belief with which they are acquainted, and having no means of hearing or reading the truth in the word of God, they live without prayer, never attend mass or confession, and the priest looks on their neglect with indifference, because, to avoid trouble, they pay him his half-yearly dues. The labours of Irish Scripture-readers have been blessed to these men in many instances, but as yet the labourers are but a few, scattered among extensive fields, white unto the harvest.

Of this class of humble sceptics was Owen Rua; and, humanly speaking, had his life been prolonged, he might have given heed to the admonitions of Aileen, but it was not so to be. At this time he refused to assume the Carmelite token, but Mabel did not coincide in his opinions or practice. On the contrary, she purchased scapulars for us all, including the absent Cormac. Aileen decidedly objected to wear hers, because to it were attributed powers which belong alone to the Supreme. I am ashamed to say that the hope of securing safety by the adoption of so popular a token, together with the solicitations of one who had been a second mother to us all, induced me to wear the universal badge of party, and the younger children of course followed my example.

* For corroboration of this fact, see Musgrave's Memoirs.

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After almost all the rebels had become members of the fraternity, and thus secured, as they believed their temporal and eternal welfare ;* they prepared to turn to a more ignoble subject, and gratify the imperious demands of hunger. Some cattle grazing upon the demesne, were immediately caught and slaughtered, large fires kindled, and the operation of cooking formed in the open air.

Meantime, the rebel leaders regaled themselves in Mr. W——'s dining-room, upon the contents of his cellar, and on account of the heat of the weather, they flung the windows open to the very ground. Thither Owen Roe directed his steps, and I will give the result of the interview in his own words: 'The officers were all sitting at their ease, drinking the best of every thing, when I walked up to the window, and taking off my *caubeen*—my Frinch helmet I mean,—I made a bow, quite polite, to Colonel O'Dowd, the only raal blood among them; and, says I, "What would it plaze your Honour that the boys should get to drink." "There's a large water-cart in the back-yard," says a little ugly chap of them; "Take it down to the lake," says he, "and you can bring more nor ever the boys can drink." "I'm entirely obliged to you, Sir," says I, "but if we're always to be *soles* and ye *uppers*, we might as lief have gone on serving King George as the likes of you." So I left them there, continued Owen, and I'm going afther Black Cormac, to join the Frinch Gineral.'

'Take us all safe out of this noisy crowd, first;' said Aileen.

* It is the nature of the Roman Catholic to trust in vain and insufficient means. This enlightened nineteenth century has heard the voices of thousands ascending in the cathedral of Treves, uttering the impious absurdity, "*Holy coat, holy coat, pray for us!*"

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'And where would I take you too, darlin? I've no place to lave you, but with Madam O'Dowd.'

'Look there,' said Aileen, as she pointed towards the beautiful lake to an island fringed with arbutus, and covered with hollies and laurel to the very water's edge; 'leave us there, Owen dear. Just get a corragh, and row us over, where yon island is sleeping quiet in the bright sunshine, where the threes are bending down to kiss the wather, and not a fut of earth can be seen, for the thick green leaves dancin' in the wind. Land us there, and we'll be hidden like *partharishkas* (young partridges) in the nest.'

Aileen's design was immediately put into execution. We passed through the rebel encampment, leaving groups variously employed: cooking, discussing politics, dancing to the sound of violins, and a few already sleeping around the watch-fires. In order to escape observation, we rowed round the island, and landed on the far side, screened by thick foliage. We found a small, neat cottage, which was fortunately uninhabited; the fisherman to whom it belonged had joined the insurgents some days before, and his wife and children had chosen to follow his fortunes rather than remain in uncertainty of his fate.

Owen brought over a quantity of provisions with him, but when Aileen wished him to pay for them, he replied, 'And who would I pay, Aileen aroon? its hard to say where the owner is now, but, if he wants to be paid for what he ought to be glad to give for the good of his counthry, he has only to get a bit of a writing asshignat, I think they call it, from the Commishary, and the Irish Directory will pay him, as soon as ever its set up in Connaught, which it soon will by the help of ——. Besides the boys often leave half bullocks

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afther their dinners, so you may make your conscience asy, Aileen ; as you don't go to confession now, it would be a pity to make a pack to carry that you couldn't get quit of.'

Aileen was silent, and Owen set off to join Humbert's army. It was fortunate for us that the rebels were not under any military discipline, but were at liberty to wander to and from the different camps at pleasure. Their usual custom was to disband and revisit their different homes whenever there was not any march or attack in prospect, but as Bishop Stock justly observes, 'Wherever danger appeared, they always flocked to meet it. They were not deficient in animal courage, but had no head, no leaders of talent, and, therefore, they were scattered like dust before the wind. Their captains were chosen by themselves, and principally from among themselves ; and, though fearless and patriotic according to their views of politics, they were equally ignorant and rash.'

After Owen left us, Mabel and Aileen improved the cottage much in cleanliness and comfort ; and when Lily and Gore had fallen asleep, I crept up to Mabel's side, and asked her to narrate some legend. 'I like to tell you stories, Miss,' she replied, for as the proverb says, '*Is fodha cuimhda shean liannìv*' (The memory of an old child is long,) and you were always cute, and ould from your cradle. My stories are not thrown away on you.' Mabel was right in her conclusion, for the following tale has stamped itself with unfading colours upon the tablets of my memory.'

'There was once on a time,' said Mabel, 'a wicked man who lived hard by the cabin where I was born. He was a better sort of farmer, and had plenty of sheep on the mountain and oats in the haggard, but he was nivir

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content, but always cryin, more, more. Little good any thing he had did him, though he would have skinned the very stones to increase it. He always drew the last penny from the poor, soora lock of potatoes or handful of straw he ever gave them without getting the highest price of the market in return. Beggar never crossed his door or took an air of his fire; indeed, I believe he'd grudge them the shade of his shadow, as he passed of a hot day. At last his time came, a fever was sent for him, and he was buried in the old berrin ground where your father's fathers lie. Twas no use the widow putting a stone cross at the head of the grave, for my father was out that night, and I'll tell you what he seen. 'Twas very dark, and he was trembling passing the church-yard wall, where the big branches of the ould trees seemed stretching out black hands to catch him every time the wind stooped them over his head; when he heard tramp, tramp, coming down the road forenent him a big black horse, with fire burning out from his two eyes, and his very breath a shower of sparks. The black rider carried before him on the saddle the very miser my father had seen berrid. Two large black hounds with fiery eyes and nostrils were tearing at the miser's heart, and every now and then, they'd let go for a minute, then race on again, and fasten on the bleeding heart, while the screeches of the wretch you'd think would melt the stone wall. My father crept into the hedge, and they galloped by, the fire shining after them that black night. Heaven be betune us and harm, but 'twas a fearful sight! Some men going to work next day found my father lying in the ditch; they carried him home, but he took a fever from the fright and was n't himself for many a day after.'

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MISSIONARY SOCIETIES, MISSIONARIES, &c.

. . . . "Missionary efforts are the glory of our land. . . . Instead of paralyzing exertion in the cause of God, the near approach of the advent of Christ supplies an additional motive to enter upon gospel extension with fresh vigour. . . . If, therefore, I wanted to furnish a powerful stimulus to spiritual enterprise, it would be to exclaim as in the voice of thunder,—'THE LORD IS AT HAND!"—(*Shiloh's Sceptre*, p. 13, by the Rev. Thomas Watson, M. A.)

DEAR MADAM,

THE doctrine of the pre-millennial Advent of our blessed Lord, together with his personal reign upon the earth for a thousand years having been buried, as it were, under the traditions of the corruptors of God's word, is happily gaining ground, and calls aloud to Committee-men of Missionary Societies, especially who hold the spiritualizing system, to examine this doctrine, for their responsibility on this score is tremendous, even to the disobeying of such clear commands as Deut. iv. 2. Rev. xxii. 18, 19. Prov. xxx. 5, 6; as well as disregarding of many proferred blessings, as Rev. i. 3. Luke xxi. 36.

The doctrine of "Justification by faith," though clearly sustained by scripture authority, has its opponents. And as the doctrine to which I have adverted, is as easily to be proved by scripture, it is no marvel whatever, that it should in like manner share the same fate. As long as this dispensation shall last, there will be two opinions on this point, namely, the right and the wrong; and the latter, if I can read aright, will be the most

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numerous. See 2 Pet. iii. 4. Luke xviii. 8. Matt. xxiv. 35—39. No one, that I am aware of, is ever accused of *dogmatizing*, when stoutly affirming the doctrine of "Justification by faith." Then, why should it be presumptuous in like manner to assert that, the spiritualizing system, which robs Christ of his kingly office, *as the Son of Man*, (See Isa. ix. 7. Luke i. 32.) and that a millennium to precede his advent, is heterodox, unscriptural, a Popish figment and solely the invention of man. This dispensation is rapidly hastening to its close. Can any one see the smallest probability of a millennial period? Will the recent act of this apostatized nation, in setting adrift amongst us a large body of people instructed at Maynooth College be likely to aid in producing such a blissful period? "*Think on these things.*"

But I proceed—the robbing of Christ of one of his offices, namely that of King, as the Son of Man, is treated as an open question as it were, and one on which many excellent men differ. Suppose that the offices of Prophet and Priest were in like manner treated. And why not? for one would be just as rational as the other. See Matt. ii. 2. John xviii. 37. John xix. 19. Reader, who is the Nobleman referred to in Luke xix. 11, 12?—if not the "King of the Jews," I ask, who is it?—I entreat that all who may read these remarks, though hastily written, will exert themselves to bring forward a doctrine against which Satan has so well succeeded in blinding the eyes of such multitudes. See Luke xxi. 33—36. Mark xiii. 32—37. And may he who hath so often reminded us of a clear duty to "Watch" for his *bodily* coming, (for he has never been absent spiritually, (Matt. xxviii. 20.) preserve us from treating any of his commandments with contempt.

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I am desirous to say a few words on the Prayer, "THY KINGDOM COME."

Perhaps there is nothing more conspicuously inconsistent among the upholders of the "*spiritualizing*" system, than wherein the above and comprehensive prayer is concerned. Just mark—this prayer is a petition for something *future*. All notion of believers enjoying this kingdom, under the present dispensation, is excluded by that single declaration—"FLESH and BLOOD cannot inherit the kingdom of God." 1 Cor. xv. 50—53.* We pray that that kingdom may come which is to be set up by the Lord himself. (See 2 Tim. iv. 1. Dan. vii. 14.) For, if it be come, why pray for it? It is a prayer also that the Lord will perform that promise of Acts i. 11, and as "King," the Son of Man, that he may sit on the throne of David which has been promised to him—not a spiritual throne, for David never had such. *Where is our faith?* The human body of him

* The Church of England in all her offices speaks of the kingdom as *future*:—

At BAPTISM the prayer for the neophyte is: "that *finally*, with the residue of thy church, he may be an inheritor of thine everlasting kingdom."

At CONFIRMATION the Bishop prays: "Defend, O Lord, this thy child, &c. May he daily increase in thy Spirit more and more, until he come unto thy everlasting kingdom."

At the COMMUNION we pray for grace to follow the good example of those departed this life, "that with them we may be partakers of thy heavenly kingdom."

At MATRIMONY the prayer for the newly married couple is: "Grant them to inherit thine everlasting kingdom." And

In the BURIAL SERVICE the prayer is: "That it may please thee of thy gracious goodness shortly *to* accomplish the number of thine elect, and *to hasten* thy kingdom."—A testimony quite decided, as respects the point I am aiming at.

Reader, please to keep in view 1 Cor. xv. 50—53. Such were the views of Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, &c. and though constantly rehearsed within the walls of our Established Church, yet most of her members call it a "*new* DOCTRINE!!!"

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who was born King of the Jews, *is* still King of the Jews, and will as surely sit on the throne of David, as surely as ever David did ; for he is in heaven, and will descend therefrom as revealed in Zech. xiv. 4, on some future day, to set up that kingdom which, in our Liturgy, (in the morning service) is prayed for, not less than four or five times from the desk, and once from the pulpit ; yet almost in the same breath many preachers may be heard to instruct their hearers, that such a prayer means a petition that God would set up his spiritual throne and reign in the hearts of people ! This is not only erroneous doctrine when brought to the test of Scripture, but is equally opposed to the voice of our Established Church. I appeal to the candour of the reader, and beg him to digest the following *extract* from an extremely valuable work. "*Abdiel's Essays*," by the Rev. J. W. Brooks, M.A.

'I must now recur to the working of Missionary Societies, and declare my belief, that the reason why so small a blessing is apparently poured out on missionary enterprise, is just this,—that missionaries are instructed to preach two-thirds of Christ instead of a whole Christ, in his threefold office of Prophet, Priest, and King, (the latter embracing His reign upon the throne of David as the Son of Man, and combining his pre-millennial advent and restoration of the Jews to their own land, &c.) Now, if they be not instructed in this doctrine, then they take out a part only, instead of a whole message of the " glad tidings." If my conjectures be wrong, they can easily be refuted ; but, until I can see clearly, from unquestionable authority that I am in error, I must continue to believe that such is the fact. It is of deep moment and demands being investigated. Every missionary, as I presume, is taught to

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unfold to his hearers that Jesus of Nazareth is the Prophet set forth. (Deut. xviii. 15. Acts iii. 12—23). Why should he not equally unfold to them that He is the King set forth. (Numb. xxiv. 17. Matt. ii. 2. Isa. ix. 7. 1 John xix. 19). If this be duly weighed, the inconsistency and the robbing of our gracious Lord of his glory will become manifest. No wonder then that so little is achieved in missionary work.'

Reader, I entreat earnest attention to the following fact, which will tend greatly I trust to confirm what I stated as my belief to be the consequences *mainly* of preaching a mutilated Gospel.—Again, I ask attention. Some time ago I ascertained from the public prints that a project had been commenced by a gentleman to send forth some missionaries to a heathen land, and being desirous to aid in such work I wrote for some circulars, and at the same time adverted to the doctrine of the Second Advent, and stated my belief of the cause which operated against our missionary labours. With the reply from that gentleman (whose views on that doctrine appeared not to harmonize with mine), came half a dozen numbers of a publication, whose author is a clergyman of the Church of England and an anti-millennarian. On receipt of these I turned to the Church Missionary Report to ascertain the effects produced by the preaching of this author's doctrine, who occupies a vicarage. From this post I turned to another, the first that occurred to my mind, an episcopal chapel of about 150 congregation, where the preacher is a millennarian, and I found the results as follows, at the Anti-millennarian post for 1843, the total remitted to the Church Missionary Society is under £14; at the Millennarian post, 1843, upwards of £360; for 1844, at the Anti-Millennarian post the sum remitted is under £25; at the

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Millennarian post, 1844, it is above £400 ! ! !. And I have ascertained from a source, on which I can depend, that this little band of 150 remitted to various Societies in 1843, upwards of £600. Here is a fact known to others as well as to myself, though I withhold the names of the preachers, both of whom are known to be what are usually called 'Evangelicals.'* Here is a something *practical*, and enough it is hoped, to induce all who continue so wedded to preconceived and unscriptural notions, even to the *traditions* of man, to examine their system; for I am firmly persuaded in my belief, that if a full and faithful Gospel, by which I mean Christ in all his offices of Prophet, Priest, and King, as previously explained that the contributions to the Missionary Societies would soon be doubled and perhaps trebled.

Reader, if your esteemed pastor be one of the upholders of the anti-millennarian doctrine, the writer of these remarks respectfully entreats you to place them under his eye. For although they may be adduced by an old man-o'-wars-man, one of those "that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, and see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep,"—yet he trusts they will stand the test of a rigid scrutiny and command attention. This dispensation is rapidly drawing to a close, and at the end thereof the Lord will come. See Rev. xvi. 12—15. The deniers of the premillennial advent and personal reign of the Lord, will do well to look to it; for I am of opinion that scripture designates all such as "*scoffers*." I appeal to 2 Peter iii.

* Satan has tempted some adversaries of this doctrine into a belief that it is *hostile* to missions—let such bear in mind the facts just advanced; for on due reflection, they may find that *where it is preached* there will missionary zeal be in *lively exercise!*

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3, 4. The more I examine the "*spiritualizing*" system the more I am convinced of the utter impossibility to defend it successfully; by which I mean as regards that doctrine which is enticing people to look for a millennial period of happiness *before* the "coming of the Lord." And I presume that there will not be found an "ambassador for Christ" in all this realm, from the archbishops downwards, who would dare to invite a public and viva voce discussion thereon, in defence of the anti-millennarian dogmas. No,—not one.

I will add one short *extract*, and conclude * * 'The kingly office of the Lord Christ is not yet arrived. He is now in heaven, not as King executively, but as a Priest mediatorially. He stands there as the Lamb slain. He ever liveth to intercede. He is still carrying out the great office of his priesthood; and by so doing, making way for his kingdom in Zion. * * * Tell me not that the Lord Jesus reigns supremely, even in the affections of his own people! Is there not a body of sin and death which retains its stout resistance to the last moment of life. * * * And think you it is the reign of Christ within, when one half of the believer is *for* Him, and the other half *against* Him; and when the strife and contention between these opposite and contending principles are kept up to life's latest hour! Is this the Lord's reigning in glory? How little does the believer himself participate in this glory!—how little does even the Lord manifest of it.'—*Shiloh's Sceptre*, pp. 19, 21.

O Lord God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, "increase our faith:" deliver us from all hypocrisy, all hardness of heart, and contempt of thy word and commandments. Pour out upon us those gracious influ-

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ences of thy Holy Spirit which will constrain us to "WATCH," "WAIT," "LONG FOR," and "LOVE" thine appearing. May He bless and preserve you to glorify Him, is the sincere prayer of,

Dear Madam,
Yours very respectfully and faithfully,
HENRY DOWNES. Comr. R. N.

P. S. It appears there is to be a Missionary College at Canterbury, for the Church of England; in the circulars will be found as follows: '*It being understood that no contribution shall convey any right of nomination or of interference with the government of the college.*" Surely this must be part of a leaf taken from the 'Propaganda Society' at Rome! for it savours very strongly of Popery.—H. D.

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MY CABINET.

No. XVIII.

We have now to notice some more scarce metals. The next on our list is Glucinium, the base of an earth named glucine, found in the composition of the emerald, beryl and euclase. Of the two former we have already spoken; the latter is often called prismatic emerald, and is very rare, found only in Peru and Brazil. It has less silica and more alumina than the orthodox emerald, with a little of the oxydes of iron and tin, and about twenty-two parts of glucine, while the emerald has only twelve, and the beryl fourteen or fifteen.

The thirty-eighth is Yttrium, also producing, with oxygen, an earth which is called yttria. We have already noticed it in yttro-columbite and yttro-cerite. Gadolinite consists of forty-five parts of yttria, and twenty-five of silica, with other substances. Phosphate of yttria contains a little fluoric acid and sub-phosphate of iron. Both these minerals are very rare, especially the latter, which is found only in Norway.

The next metal is Thorium, extremely rare, and also forming an earth named Thoria. Phillips says, that it is found with yttria in Gadolinite; but Allan gives a totally different analysis of that ore, and probably alludes to another substance from that intended by Phillips.

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The fortieth metal is Magnesium, which yields the earth so well known as a drug. In the mineral kingdom it is found in a native state, combined with water, though this is not a common mineral. The siliceous hydrate, or nemalite, is still rarer. The carbonate is far more common ; it is found massive and opake, but never crystallized. The sulphate, or Epsom salt, is a well known medicine ; but the greater part of that sold by chemists is otherwise obtained, or rather manufactured. In its natural state, its crystal is somewhat complicated ; and it is more generally found in fibres or coatings. Besides these forms, magnesia occurs in small proportions in many spars, &c., which we have already noticed, especially under Silicon.

The last metal on our list is Vanadium, called also Erythronium. It is found only in that rare mineral, called vanadiate of lead, first discovered in Mexico, but since found also in Scotland, though never well crystallized. It is of a yellow or brownish colour, and contains chlorite of lead, a little iron, and sometimes a portion of arsenic.

Thus ends our list of the metals, and indeed of the mineral kingdom in general. I am only too sensible of the very deficient and scanty manner in which I have treated this most interesting subject. To those already acquainted with mineralogy, these very elementary papers can be of no service ; and on the other hand, probably I may have failed to render them interesting to the class for whom they were written, the unlearned in such matters. If so, I can only apologize by saying that the dulness lies, not in the subject, but in the writer ; and I will venture to affirm that if I had at my side, and before my *real* Cabinet, the most volatile young lady who has turned away from these pages in disgust,

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or the most somnolent dowager, who has yawned over them in weariness, I should have been able to make her eyes brighten, and her tongue flow, at the sight of those minerals which I have laboured (tediously, it may be,) to describe.

If, however, I have led any one of my readers, (*fair* or otherwise) to investigate one of the most beautiful as well as useful among the many realms of nature, to find interesting objects among rocks and stones, and to discover Creative goodness in iron, sand and clay, then I shall be satisfied, and shall feel that not in vain did I pull out the drawers of my cabinet, and spend many hours, (and more sheets of paper,) in the attempt to describe the beauties and utilities of the mineral kingdom.

X. Q.

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SEASONAL WILD FLOWERS.—No. V.

"THE harvest is past, the summer is ended," and we in vain look for the abundant supply of new floral beauties which has greeted our observation during the preceding months. But we may very appropriately supply the want of novelty, by raising our hearts, in devout thanksgiving to the bounteous donor of summer blessings. The evening primrose (Ænothera Brinnis) naturalised from America, blooms in sandy soil during the present month. It has leaves between egg-shaped and lance-shaped, flat; stem rough, between two and three feet high, leaves alternate, flowers yellow in bright alternate clusters. Its name is derived from oinos, wine; and shera, catching; the root having the odour of wine. In moist pastures we meet with the Gentian (Gentiana) so named from Gentinus king of Illyria, who is said to have discovered antidotal properties that it possesses. Its calyx of one leaf is divided into four, sometimes into five acute angles; its corolla bell-shaped, five cleft, leaves linear. It was originally brought from the Alps; its corolla is deep blue with prominent greenish angles. Its colour is so intensely blue as to have excited much notice. Gerard, speaking of it, says: 'The gallant flowers hereof, be of so beautiful a colour that it passeth the very blue itself.'

"Flower, whence came thy dazzling hue?
When I opened first mine eye,
Upward, glancing to the sky,
Straightway from the firmament,
Was the sapphire brilliance sent!"

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The Vervain (Verbena Officinalis) which has blossomed since July, and which we have not yet noticed, may claim description here. It derives its name from the Celtic Farfaeu: fer, to drive; and faeu, a stone; and is remarkable for growing in the near vicinity of human habitations; hence, amongst common people it has obtained the name of Simpler's joy. This plant is determined to be the 'Herba Sacra,' of the ancients, in honour of which, verbenalia were annually held. The vervain was devoted to sacred purposes, was offered between the Romans and their enemies as a pledge of mutual good faith, and was used by the Magi of the East, and the Druids of our own country and the continent, for sacrificial purposes.

The dodder (Cuscuta) is parasitical, without leaves; it has white flowers, and a stalk which is slender like a thread, and would trail along the ground did it not cleave to some plant stronger than itself for support. Not content with support, it draws its entire nourishment from that around which it entwines, and at length, in gratitude, strangles its benefactor: it fastens on beans, nettles, hemp, clover, flax, &c., and feeds upon them by means of innumerable glands, which it inserts in the pores of its supporter's back.

The grass of Parnassus (Parnassia Palustris) is one of the most beautiful and elegant of our native plants; it has a calyx of one leaf, fine egg-shaped petals longer than the calyx, with several longitudinal ribs; filaments awl-shaped spreading, anthus heart-shaped, flattened; capsule egg-shaped four-celled, with four receptacles: the stem is about six inches high, angular and twisted.

There is a species of broom-rape (Arobanche Nemórosa) now flowering which is parasitical on the

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roots of hemp, with light purple flowers in a loose spike.

The strawberry tree (Arbutus) is a bushy shrub, with reddish brown bark, elliptical bright, stiff, green leaves, and panicled clustre of greenish white flowers, succeeded by crimson tuberculate berries; it is found principally in Ireland, near the lake of Killarney.

On the sea-shore the sea-tree mallow (Lavatera arbórea) which has been flowering since July, is still to be seen. It has a woody stem from six to ten feet high, erect, large flowers and rose-coloured petals darker at the base; this plant however is somewhat rare: it is named from the two Lavaters.

The flowers peculiar to the autumnal months are, as we observed before, comparatively few, though many of the summer ones still linger with us: we have noticed the principal with the exception of the autumnal crocus described last month, which towards its close and the beginning of the present, is in all its beauty. We cannot, however, fail to be struck with the idea, that those now flourishing, if their numbers be diminished, are singularly beautiful: perchance the fact of their being about to depart from us, till spring shall return, makes us more susceptible of their many charms.

"These few pale Autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are!
I have all that went before,
I have all the summer store,
How lovelier far!

And why they are the last!
The last! the last! the last!
Oh! by that little word,
How many thoughts are stirr'd
The sisters of the past."

E. J. S.

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THE FAITHLESS DISCIPLE.

SUGGESTED BY A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING OF THE FAITHLESS DISCIPLE, AFTER ONE OF THE OLD MASTERS.

"Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed."

A SWEET yet mournful picture! Who can gaze
Upon those looks of eager hope and fear
With solemn mystery blended,—and on Him,
Gentle and sympathizing still, though now
The Man of Grief no more—nor feel the scene
Melting through all his spirit at those words
Of tender chiding; yet of heavenly hope?

It is a cheering tale that picture tells
To wounded, doubting hearts. The troubled soul
May dwell upon its meaning, till once more
That gentle eye and gracious voice shed forth
Upon its waves ineffable repose.

Long ages since from every countenance there,
The shade of grief has pass'd.—Upon His throne
The Mediator sits; and they who shar'd
His toils and sorrows here, much marvelling
And oft incredulous, but faithful still—
Share now his fellowship where Love and Joy
Keep their perpetual Sabbath.

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Yet oft still
Across the pilgrim's path a vision steals,
Like to that painter's dream :—and music breaks
Around the lonely steps of him who walks
In fear and sadness, speaking to the heart
In tones of heavenly hope :

Blessed are they
Who have not seen, and yet in cheerful faith
To that bright land beyond the gloom of death
Hold on their stedfast way.

Darkness and doubt and fear
Bow down the heart by many thoughts oppress'd :
Yet cheer thee, traveller !—to soothe thy breast
He whom thou lov'st is near !

His feet have led the way
O'er the rough path thou treadest to the grave ;
Ev'n in the shades of death, to cheer and save,
His love shall be thy stay.

Oh, to have seen Him here
—The Man of sorrows—and have shared His lot !
All thought of toil and suffering forgot
In this—that *He* was near !

But yet more blessed thou
If it is given thee, with unwavering trust
Not seeing to believe. Lift from the dust
Thy sad and anxious brow !

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This is the world of faith :
That is the world of certainty and joy :
And bless'd are they whose mute unquestioning eye
Looks through the shades of death.

In firm unshaken love ;—
Believing, when life's mysteries are past,
Faith shall be turn'd to adoring joy at last,
In the bright world above.

W. S. M.

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Review of Books.

NARRATIVE OF A MISSION TO BOKHARA, *in the years* 1843—1845, *to ascertain the fate of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly. By the Rev. Joseph Wolff, D. D., L.L.D. In two volumes. Second Edition, revised.*—Parker.

We looked forward with intense anxiety to the appearance of these volumes; and after an eager perusal we close them with feelings of renewed wonder and thankfulness at the almost miraculous escape of the intrepid narrator, but without having a single doubt dispelled of the many that all along have filled our mind as to the actual fate of our two countrymen. That they have been put to death, or miserably perished in prison, is rendered too probable by the known character of the Ameer of Bokhara; but not a tittle of what, to our apprehension, can be called evidence, is afforded of the fact.

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Dr. Wolff, whose self-devotedness, and trustful perseverance, and heroic endurance throughout, are above all praise, was refused, as Captain Grover had been, the one *sole* indispensable passport and security, so far as human means might go, for his truly national enterprize—express authority, in any form, from the British Government; and a most foul, a most indelible blot it is upon the character of the government that could refuse it; unjustly cleaving to the whole nation, who could not in any way overrule the matter. At every step of his progress, Dr. Wolff found fresh cause to hope that he should be in time to deliver the victims; for no one could give any account of their death, nor any reasonable grounds for supposing that it had taken place. Arrived at Bokhara, he was at once delivered over by the Ameer to the safe-keeping of a most crafty unprincipled Nayeb, who, gaining by a fair shew of candour and kindness the ready good-will of one of the most unsuspecting and guiltless men living, drew from him a distinct admission that he was not armed with authority from the British Goverment to demand the restoration of her imprisoned envoys; but that such authority had been refused; and that he went out at the expense of private individuals, whose envoy he was; This fact being established, to the great satisfaction of the Nayeb and his sovereign, the mask was thrown off; and thenceforth it is but a daily escape from daily peril; a system of the most shocking extortion and robbery; and such a final rescue, that even Dr. Wolff's former deliverances fade into nothing before it.

Of all that was told him in Bokhara respecting Stoddart and Conolly, it is clear that he heard nothing apart from the Nayeb and his spies; and not one ray of light has fallen on the matter beyond the fact ascertained and

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announced long ago; contradicted and seemingly overturned, amid the exultations of those whose disgrace it seals; and now finally established in documentary evidence—the fact that Stoddart and Conolly were alive and safe on the day when Captain Grover so nobly went to Lord Aberdeen, to entreat permission to undertake what it might have been hoped that an English Statesman, an English Queen, would have been but too happy to sanction; but, because this fearless philanthropist quailed not beneath the frown of office, because he persevered, and by personal efforts and sacrifices to a high amount, succeeded in doing all that could be done without Government authority, he has been assailed, maligned, belied, and villified as though he were an offender of no ordinary stamp; and all in a spirit that proves how very inconvenient it has been to some parties to have even a corner partially lifted of the veil that covered their mysterious proceedings. We are grieved, disgusted, ashamed: but let Captain Grover bide his time; and the progress of events may bring to light more than he and his devoted friend could possibly discover.

There is much interesting matter in these volumes, dismal as is the picture unfolded of those lands where the gospel is unknown, and dark as is the cloud of mystery still suspended over the fate of our abandoned envoys. Our dear brother has suffered, and is still suffering much from his most perilous expedition; but we are confident that, in many respects, his labour will prove not to have been in vain.

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THE BIBLE STUDENT'S CONCORDANCE; *by which the English reader may be enabled readily to ascertain the literal meaning of any word in the sacred original. By Aaron Pick, Professor of Hebrew and Chaldea, from the University of Prague.*—Hamilton.

THE intrinsic value of this work will at once be appreciated, even by any lay reader of the Holy Scriptures; though unacquainted with the Hebrew tongue; but to the student of that venerable language, and above all to the minister of God's word, it really must be a treasure beyond price. To justify this encomium, we will slightly describe the plan. An English word is given, and below it are arranged the various Hebrew words, given both in Hebrew and English characters, that are translated in our authorized version by that expression; with their exact literal signification. These are numbered, 1, 2, 3, &c., and marked by corresponding numbers, beneath this are the whole of the references where such Hebrew words occur in our Bible, with the translation, of course, indicated by means of the preceding list. An example may better explain this. We will omit the Hebrew characters, for convenience.

BOTTLE.

1. *Khaimeth*, a bottle made by heat, of glass or other substance.
2. *Noud*, a leather bottle.
3. *Naivel*, a bottle made of bladder.
4. *Bakbuk*, a narrow-necked bottle.
5. *Ouvouth*, a bottle made of skin.

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1. Gen. xxi. 14, 15.	2. Psalm xvi. 8.
2. Judges iv. 19.	2. —— cxix. 83.
3. 1 Sam. i. 24.	3. Jer. xiii. 12.
3. —— x. 3.	4. —— xix. 1.
2. —— xvi. 20.	1. Hab. ii. 15.
3. 2 Sam. xv. 1.	

BOTTLES.

2. Joshua ix. 4, 13.	3. Job xxxviii. 37
3. 1 Sam. xxv. 18.	3. Jer. xlviii. 12.
5. Job xxxii. 19.	1. Hos. vii. 5.

The word selected is not an important one; but it serves to exemplify the exactness of description conveyed in the Hebrew, where a single term, of general import, is used in the translation: and by this means the student of Scripture may become at a glance acquainted with the full value of any expression used in the sacred Word, in any given place. When we add that the type is large, and beautifully clear, and the volume moderate in size, we think our readers will agree with us that a valuable addition has been made to our stores of information. The single word, 'Break,' presents no fewer than fifty-three expressive varieties in the Hebrew To a clergyman preparing for his pulpit ministrations, such help must be indeed acceptable.

THE LADS OF THE FACTORY; *with Friendly Hints on their duties and dangers.*—Religious Tract Society.

It has pleased God, during the last session of parliament, to give a good measure of encouragement to His indefatigable servant, Lord Ashley, by blessing with

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success more than one or two of his benevolent undertakings; and we may now hope to see the precious leaven working extensively among various classes, to the advancement of the cause of godliness, where, alas! its very name has been almost unknown. The factories were the first scene of that zealous philanthropic enterprise which is continually extending, to embrace a wider sphere,—wide as is the sway of oppression, extortion, and crime: and fellow-labourers are multiplying to pursue the work so nobly begun. The little book before us, is a well-imagined description of sundry families inhabiting a court in a manufacturing district; with a great deal of excellent advice grounded on the incidents related. We recommend it for circulation among factory lads, and all other lads too.

SERMONS *on the Scriptural Principles of the Protestant Church. By the Rev. Edward Hoare, M. A. Curate of Richmond, Surrey.*—Hatchards.

We wish every minister of our church had as correct a view of his present duties, and as promptly fulfilled them, as Mr. Hoare; who in a volume of most unpretending size has perpetuated his pulpit efforts to drive away erroneous and strange doctrine from the fold that he is appointed to watch over. He has boldly and truly exposed the pernicious character and designs of Popery in this land; and we pray for an abundant recompense to be awarded, in the manifest success of his faithful admonitions.

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THE PROTESTANT.

We must commence this paper in somewhat of an apologetic strain for an error that remained uncorrected in our last 'Protestant.' It was written in the actual bustle of a complete removal to a different home; and after too cursory a view of Mr. Noel's unaccountable pamphlet. We fully purposed making in the proof sheets any correction that a closer examination might suggest: but very severe indisposition following immediately on the exertions and excitement of that removal baffled the attempt; and our pages were printed off, as they had been written, under the impression that Mr. Noel had advocated the endowment of Popery with the spoils of the Protestant Church, compulsorily seized by an unprincipled Government; whereas he merely proposes that the Protestant Church should generously step forward, like the patriotic suicide of old Rome, to propitiate hostile powers, and to ensure the prosperous tranquillity of a thoroughly heathenized land, by precipitating itself into the chasm that yawns so wide and so deep, and so sorely perplexes our Cabinet. Mr. Noel, whose undisguised leanings towards voluntaryism have rendered it long a marvel to many that he did not disestablish himself, now cheers on the Irish Church to take the first step in that work, and adduces many arguments in favour of the proceeding, which others may

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be the less careful to answer, because, in one part or another of his publication, he has himself overturned every one of them.

We felt indignant, under the first impression, resulting from a hasty glance at his plan: our indignation is increased tenfold by that which a very careful and deliberate perusal has produced; and for this reason, that the battle between truth and falsehood is spoken of, and its probable issues determined, as though CHRIST had ceased to make the Gospel's cause his own—as though Antichrist had as good a prospect, of remaining Master of the field, exulting in the defeat of his opposers. All is chance-medley: all calculated on the ground of human probabilities. Do we misrepresent Mr. Noel's work? Let the reader judge from the following extract:—

'Or let us suppose that the untamed gallantry of the Orange and Tory powers shall still return to the war-cry of "Equality or Repeal," the stiff and desperate determination of "No surrender," so that Sir Robert Peel, with the prospect before him of an Irish rebellion can neither avert it by the payment of the priests, because of our immoveable religious convictions, nor by the disestablishment of the Irish Church, because it would break up his party; it is clear that being thus excluded from the only sedatives which a statesman could apply to the passion of Ireland, he would be compelled to resign. What would then probably follow? No cabinet could possibly be formed on the "No surrender" principle: the Whigs must therefore return to power. But since all the evangelical Churchmen and Dissenters of the United Kingdom would, at all costs and hazards, oppose any ministry which would pay the priests, Lord John Russel could not take office on that

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principle: nor would it be necessary. However much he may prefer his own principle of paying all the clergy to Mr. O'Connell's plan of paying none, his main principle, to which that preference might legitimately be sacrificed, is to do justice to Ireland. On that understanding he might honourably assume the government; and the basis of this Administration would be, the separation of the Irish Church from the State. As the Catholics claim an equality, but lay no claim to the property of the Church, this measure would satisfy them; as the only well-principled method of averting civil war, all the earnest Protestants of England and Scotland would see it to be just and necessary; the free-traders would without difficulty give it their support; and nearly the whole body of the Whigs would consent to it. With this parliamentary support, the opposition being at the same time paralyzed by the resignation of Sir Robert Peel on the ground that he could not carry on the government on the opposite principle, Lord John would easily carry his measure; your Church would be disestablished against its will; and the Catholics would triumph in its defeat.'—(page 50.)

'The opposition would be paralyzed.' 'Lord John would easily carry his measure.' 'The Catholics would triumph.' Such language would excite no surprise coming from the pen of a calculating worldling; it would be perfectly consistent, if used by Lord Brougham, Mr. Macaulay, or others of the infidel school whose oracular opinions on the subject Mr. Noel has collected, strengthened by their respective names in confirmation of his suppositions: but such is NOT the language beseeming an enlightened Christian, who, looking round on his own diminished and furiously assailed little party, stays himself upon the divine word, remembering

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that the Lord of hosts is with *them*, the God of Jacob is *their* refuge.

Not to go farther back, into the inspired annals of deliverances miraculously vouchsafed to the Lord's people of old, we will recal to our reader's mind a fact connected with the stiff and desperate determination of 'No surrender,' in Ireland, and within little more than a century and a half back. On that stiff and desperate determination a few Protestant Boys of Derry barred the gates of their diminutive fortress against the Earl of Antrim, and his troops. How diminutive, how exposed, how utterly inadequate to two days' successful resistance that fortress must have been, none can imagine who have not paced the walls that yet stand, a memorial of what the Lord both can and will do for his confiding people. We have paced those walls; and we tell Mr. Noel that the stiff and desperate determination which manned them was far greater than is needed in the present juncture to maintain the cry, ay and the deepest principle too, of 'NO SURRENDER.'

But to return to the facts: in a short time after Lord Antrim's repulse, no less a personage than the King of England appeared before the walls, to summon that sturdy garrison: he was quickly put to flight; for he came in the name, not of God, whom they worshipped, but of the pope, whom they, like us, abjured. Next, a famous Marshal of France, whose success in war, and specially in sieges, was so renowned that his name inspired terror in Europe, was dispatched, with a French army, to reduce the desperate defenders. On coming within view of the maiden city, the whole of which appeared but as a speck upon the crown of a hill, commanded by much higher elevations, wholly in the possession of the besiegers, the French Marshal was filled

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with amazement: and, indignant at being sent to achieve so paltry a conquest, he swore an impious and disgusting oath that instead of carrying it by military assault, *he would make his soldiers fetch it to him, stone by stone.*

Stiff and desperate as ever, the Protestant garrison held out: and after having for nine months baffled the utmost that the Irish Earl, the English King, and the French Marshal, with their legions could effect, they saw the mortified enemy finally retreat; and the cause of Protestantism, chiefly through their means, established on so firm a basis that it never more became endangered, till treachery in the camp appeared; and some apostatized from their nominal principles, and villainously betrayed the trust confided in them; and we, alas! were not wise enough to pursue the same determined plan with Wellington and Peel that the Derry men put into execution against their prototype, Governor Lundy.

At length, King William, the commissioned deliverer of these realms, in his triumphant progress through the country also saw Derry. And what said he, as his practised military eye took in the scene of a deliverance that surpassed the comprehension of man's wretchedly grovelling mind? He gazed upon it for a while, and then uttered these memorable words, 'Had there been a single soldier either within or without the walls, this place could never have been defended.' To adapt Mr. Noel's words to the occasion, 'Lord Antrim would easily have forced the gate, your city would have been captured, in spite of the apprentices, and the enemy would have triumphed in its defeat.'

But King William was wrong; as wrong here as Mr. Noel; there were soldiers, veteran soldiers, both without and within the gates; the secret that seemed

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so hard to unravel consisted in this; that those without trusted in their own prowess, calculated on the extent of their force, and the range of their artillery, and while girding on their armour boasted as those who put it off; while those within cried unto the Lord for help, and troubled not themselves with the theory of probabilities, seeing, and knowing, and heartily *believing* too, that there is no restraint with the LORD, to save by many or by few. There were not wanting among them those who derided their hope, and strove by every means to shake their trust in God, by pointing out the fearful range of the besieging camp, hemming it in on every side, sweeping in all but a circle from the western to the eastern bank of the narrow Foyle, and filling up that only vacant space where succour might approach, by the formidable boom: the defenders saw these things, and pressed into their church, and sent up their united supplications to Him who is mighty to save. Their duty was plain: it was to hold fast that they had, because in its preservation was involved the continuance of Protestant privileges to them and their children —an unfettered, unmutilated Bible; the freedom of scriptural worship, and an undiluted protest against all the errors and abominations of Rome. This duty they fulfilled, regardless of human prognostications, of defeat to themselves, and ruin to the cause in defence of which they were banded. They were not the only Protestant garrison in Ireland, in those days; Enniskillen proved equally true; but the brunt of the battle was borne by Derry; in her despised but impregnable fortress raged famine, pestilence, and slaughter; while men of cruelty and crime pressed hard around, eagerly calculating how soon the prey should, perforce, fall between their teeth. Derry had the importance attached to it of becoming,

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if captured, as available to the enemies as it had always hitherto been to the friends of Protestantism; and it was habitually looked to by the latter as a stronghold, the loss of which must spread general consternation, and greatly weaken the hands of the faithful party.

The Established Church of Ireland is the Derry of our days; and it is no disparagement to the good men and true of other denominations, equally belonging to the Church of Christ—those whom we may call the spiritual Enniskilleners of the war—to say that she is the most important point to be defended. More than one fierce, though thinly-masked attack has been made upon her outworks, and with a measure of success sufficient to intimidate all who are not, by the grace of God, wrought up to the stiff and desperate determination of 'No surrender.' She has her mitred Lundies, and a few inferior traitors, we admit; but the garrison in general is sound, firm, and resolute, looking not to what Sir Robert Peel may say, or what Lord John Russell may do, but to the command of the Lord Jesus Christ to take heed to themselves and to the flock; and to the example of the Lord Jesus Christ, who, when the wolf came, fled not, nor forsook his fold, but gave his life for the sheep. We pity the man who thinks it his duty to denounce and discourage this trebly-hallowed principle of 'No surrender.' We pity the man who can endeavour to calculate such a garrison into the abandonment of their post, and the consequent betrayal of stores, arms, and ammunition into the enemy's hands: but we have no apprehensions as to the result. The Church of Ireland understands too well its position to be so misled. It may answer very well to dash into ecclesiastical history in the reign of William III., and so to prove how Protestantism obtained and established

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an ascendancy; but suppose we went somewhat further back, say, the commencement of the reign of Henry II. and showed the Church of Ireland scriptural, as it had been from the beginning, refusing any homage, any concession to the Bishop of Rome; and for its firm resistance of his claims given over, by that daring usurper of God's prerogatives, to the sanguinary conquest of a foreign prince, the condition of whose bargain was, that he should force Protestant Ireland to become Popish? Mr. Noel is eloquent on the wrongs of Ireland, but he passes over some five centuries of the blackest wrong inflicted on her.

Or, suppose we added little more than a hundred years to the range of history taken in this pamphlet, and exhibited the whole country, clergy and laity, in a state of peaceful and willing conformity to the Protestant ritual, established by Elizabeth? We could show that the relapse into Popery of so large a proportion of the people was the fruit of Rome's craftiness, in taking speedy advantage of a fatal, a cruel oversight on England's part. Here, the Services and the Scriptures were at once transferred from obsolete Latin to the vernacular tongue; and Englishmen being thus enlightened, continued to walk in the light. There also, English was substituted for Latin, being to the native Irish as much an unknown tongue as the other; and of this Rome did not fail to take instant advantage, by conveying deadly error in the language of the people, while truth, effectually shrouded in what was to them a barbarous tongue, did not enlighten them at all—no marvel that their blind guides led them on securely in thick darkness!

These facts are of weighty importance, utterly overlooked as they seem to have been by our reverend bro-

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ther. They show the prior and unalienated right of the Protestant Church in Ireland, and turn the tables upon the main point of his argument. But it is not as a question of vested rights that the faithful pastors of the Irish Church will view, or act upon, this matter. They have a sacred trust confided to them, and they will not abandon it. Woe to the state that shall ever DARE to cast off the Church! and woe to the Church, as a body, that shall needlessly separate from that connexion in which God has placed it with the state, unless the latter require any concessions inconsistent with the supreme allegiance due to the Lord Jesus Christ, which the English Government has not yet done, far as it has gone in daring impiety, and farther as it is evidently disposed to go, in defiance of the warnings that God vouchsafes to send.

When John, king of England, in the depth of his abject pusillanimity prostrated himself before Rome's legate, placing the national crown at his feet, the arrogant priest kicked it, as well he might, and it rolled in the dust of the floor. When, in the presence of, and in an address to, Victoria, Queen of England, the legislators of the land vaunted of their evil deed, in having actually set apart a large sum of public money for an increased supply of Romish priests in Ireland, that deed being fully understood as an initiatory step to the future establishment of Popery in the land; and when they had been duly thanked for their zealous care; and when the blessing of God had been formally besought on a system of policy utterly subversive of his truth, what followed?—Why then, and there, in the fullest circle of the pride and power of the land, struck by an invisible hand, down fell the royal crown of England, before the face of

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England's Queen, and not only did it roll in the dust, but it was battered, and bruised, and disfigured, and had its fairest jewels violently struck out.

Dear brethren of the persecuted Church of Ireland, there is not one among you, rightly deserving to be so addressed, who does not lift up his heart to God in prayer that the terrible omen may be averted, and that they who in seeking your debasement for the better exaltation of God's foe, may be convinced of their error, and pardoned, and brought to a better mind. Yet you must not overlook such signs: they are sent alike for warning to some and encouragement to others, and though the former will too probably scoff at the message, not believing it addressed to them, the latter will thankfully accept it. The LORD is on your side: fear not, therefore, what man can do to harm you. The LORD is on your side: heed not, therefore, what man may say to dishearten you. Very recently you were in the furnace; did not the LORD sit by it, as a refiner, and bring you out without damage, doubly taught to confide in Him? The assault was then made most openly, to compel you to disestablish and to expatriate yourselves too: you did neither; and if you fled not when the lion roared in your path, will you flee now, when as yet none pursueth, and only a few affectionate, but mistaken friends, sit down to calculate the probabilities of your being ultimately compelled to yield? No, our good brother has kindly reiterated a watchword too familiar to your ears, too dear to your memories, too sacred in your estimation to be lightly abandoned. Remember Derry, and stand unflichingly to your posts. Already there is alarm, there is hesitation in the enemy's camp: and by the enemy I do not mean our poor Romanist brethren, but those falsely-called Protestants,

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who would purchase political amity with Rome at the price alike of your rights and of their souls. This effusion of mistaken but righteous zeal on the part of a brother in Christ, will do much good: it may do some harm, but the good will preponderate. May you, overlooking all the changes and all the supposed chance of this world, be kept steadfastly looking unto Jesus alone; and may you be enabled, while warring in His name a good warfare, to raise with unfaltering voice the cry that bespeaks 'the stiff and desperate determination of NO SURRENDER!'

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THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1845.

WAR WITH THE SAINTS.

CHAPTER XII.

Too successful were the efforts of the monks of Citeaux. They speedily gathered together a fresh band of maddened enthusiasts, whom they had induced so implicitly to believe their audacious assertions, that probably not one among them entertained a doubt of being at once made clean from all his past offences, and licensed to a new life of unblushing iniquity, with the positive certainty of gaining heaven at last, at the easy price of marching for forty days through a country already conquered and desolated, and putting to death a few poor straggling fugitives, to be dragged from their places of concealment. Such was the aspect of the war in which the second crusading army engaged; for it was not until they were on their way to join his standard that any thing like a reverse seemed to menace de Montfort:

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nor was the discouragement occasioned by a momentary check sufficient to damp the ardour of that fearless fanatic. Either through policy or some personal goodwill, the pope had listened with favour to Raymond of Toulouse, when pleading his own cause in the Vatican; and it cost the legate no small trouble, eagerly as his efforts were seconded by the fierce bishop Foulquet, to render nugatory the advantages supposed to be gained by that wretched nobleman. Meanwhile the king of Arragon had broken off all negociation with de Montfort, declaring his hostile feelings so plainly as to infuse new courage into the surrounding lords of the conquered provinces. They combined in a general revolt, and proved so successful in repelling the usurper that, at the end of a few months, the two hundred cities and fortified places in the hands of Simon were reduced to eight.

Most welcome, therefore, was the succour supplied by the efforts of the preaching monks of Citeaux; and most appropriately was it headed: for these troops, enlisted for the express purpose of wholesale, indiscriminate massacre, by the exhortations of priests, were led to the scene of their cruel exploits by a woman. Alice de Montmorency, the wife of de Montfort, headed the fresh host whose approach gladdened the heart of her husband: and thus was the frightful anomaly completed.

And now was the flood indeed poured forth on that devoted land: now, indeed, war, in its fiercest, fellest aspect, raged against the saints of God, and against all who conspired to shelter them, and all who hesitated to drag them forth to slaughter. Again must we repeat that the details are those, and those alone, left on record by the companions, the eulogists of the aggressors; and therefore only are they credible: not so much from the trust-worthy character of the witnesses, as because the

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exulting tone of joy and thankfulness in which they are narrated, exhibits a spirit of murderous bigotry sufficient to account for the perpetration of what it were else incredible that man should have committed against his peaceful, unoffending brother man.

De Montfort cast his mental eye over the wide territory; and being well informed as to the number, position and strength of the fortresses which he had to reconquer, and those still remaining to be reduced, he placed himself at the head of his impatient levies, and commenced the fierce campaign. One after another he attacked the castles on his route, and having, by the impetuosity of the assault, the terror that his name inspired, and the mysterious permission of Him who thus for a time delivered over his poor flock into the hands of the merciless, carried the place, he dragged forth the remaining inhabitants, hanged them on gibbets in the most conspicuous spots, dismantled or burned the fortress, unless it was sufficiently important to justify his leaving a garrison there, and marched on to the next post. In this way he scoured the country with wonderful rapidity; and when, trusting in their righteous cause, or rendered confident by the strength of their bulwarks, the defenders of any place protracted their resistance, he revenged himself for the temporary delay by the most horrible cruelties. Thus, Brom, having a very strong castle, occupied him three days in reducing it; and no sooner had he captured it than he selected upwards of an hundred of the inhabitants, whose eyes, with ferocious barbarity, he tore out, cut off their noses, and having left a single individual with one eye uninjured, he commanded him to use his sight to guide the wretched company of bleeding sufferers to the next fortress, Cabaret, so to apprize its garrison of what they

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must expect if they dared to oppose his progress. Death by strangulation on the gallows, or by a blazing pile, was surely preferable to tortures such as these, with the prospect of miserably perishing in lingering helplessness: and thus the Church's champion calculated on immolating her victims at a less expence of time and trouble and possible loss of life to his own host. The castle of Alaric, however, proved a great hindrance, and a severe disappointment too: it held out for eleven days, defying his utmost efforts; and when at length the place was carried, and imagination already revelled in the blood of the audacious defenders, they were found to have made good a retreat that placed them beyond his grasp. Only a small remnant remained for de Montfort to massacre. Beyond this, he passed unobstructed for many leagues: not a castle but had been deserted, leaving little more than empty walls to reward the plunderers' search. Still the poor blood-stained country smiled in the beauty of its rich fertility: vineyards mantled the hills, and the precious olive bore its wonted freight: in the absence of human victims, here was a field for wanton devastation; and the soldiers of the cross were dispersed on all sides, rending up by the roots those beauteous vines, and hewing down with their gory weapons the ancient olives, that promised to supply many a succeeding generation. This was acceptable work to the master whom they and their leader alike served; the Spirit who evermore works in the children of disobedience, prompting rebellion wheresover God has given a command. We find a gracious and merciful prohibition recorded in scripture, "When thou shalt besiege a city a long time, in making war against it to take it, thou shalt not destroy the trees thereof by forcing an axe against them; for thou mayest eat of

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them, and thou shalt not cut them down (for the tree of the field is man's life) to employ them in the siege: only the trees which thou knowest that they be not trees for meat, thou shalt destroy and cut them down." Deut. xx. 19, 20.

Here we have the case of a people actually sent forth by the Lord to execute His judgments on the idolatrous and cruel heathens, requiring wood for the necessary operations of a siege, yet strictly prohibited from supplying their need by the destruction of a single fruit-tree, even in an enemy's country, because, "the tree of the field is man's life:" how dreadful, then, is the spectacle of a body of men professing the religion of the Bible, employed in destroying the whole rich produce of a country, not to aid their hostile operations, not to supply their own present necessities, but simply and avowedly for the very reason assigned by the Most High against such an act, because "the tree of the field *is* man's life," and some famishing wanderers might find the table spread by God's hand in the wilderness to support the life which He gave. Such deeds have been done even in our day, and by men nominally protesting against the crimes of Rome: but it is an awful thing thus to make light of what the Lord our God hath commanded; and the Evil One who exulted in every step of de Montfort's terrible career, is the leader in all such enterprises of cruelty and wrong.

We now arrive at a point in the narrative on which the monk Peter has dwelt with more enthusiastic delight, than even on what he calls the 'miracle' that delivered up the innocent victims of Beziers to the knife. Near Narbonne, perched on a lofty rock, and surrounded on all sides by such precipices as rendered it seemingly inaccessible, stood the magnificent castle of Minerva,

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or Menerbe, famed no less for its natural strength than for the courage and fidelity of its lord, Giraud, one of the bravest and most loyal knights owning fealty to the viscount of Carcassonne. To Raymond Roger he had been ardently attached; and now that the grave had closed over that champion of the oppressed, Giraud indignantly rejected the assumed authority of his murderer, and held the castle as a duteous vassal of Raymond Trencavel, the infant son of the viscount, and lawful inheritor of his possessions. The faith of the gospel was, perhaps, more extensively and openly professed here than in any place that de Montfort had yet assailed; and the prize was, in every point of view, a most tempting one, alike to priest and warrior. The siege was commenced with vigour, and seven weeks of unsuccessful assault had not abated either the fury of the crusaders or the constancy of the garrison; but that which in one aspect formed their greatest strength, in another proved the worst disadvantage of the besieged. Their rock repelled the enemy; but it yielded no water-spring to them; their sole dependence was on cisterns, which at length failed them; and Giraud under a flag of truce proceeded to the camp to treat on the best terms that he could for capitulation. De Montfort, dreading the diminution of his host, from which at the end of every forty days many withdrew, while he depended solely on the recruiting brothers of Citeaux for adequate supplies in their room, and exceedingly anxious to proceed on his march, granted terms that satisfied Giraud; and the latter was about to make preparations for surrendering, when the legate, who had been absent during the treaty, suddenly returned to the camp; and de Montfort, alarmed at his own boldness, no less suddenly announced that nothing agreed upon during the absence

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of the legate could be considered binding until ratified by him. We cannot but cite the language of the monk Peter, in describing the trouble of Arnold on being thus appealed to for the approval of conditions comparatively just and rational. 'The abbot was much afflicted. In truth it was his desire that every enemy of Christ should be slain; but in his character of monk and priest he could not undertake to pronounce their condemnation himself.' Here we see, most clearly, the use to which the Romish Church puts its miserable slaves; among whom were then numbered most of the kings and mighty men of Christendom. With the full development of the dragon's character upon it, still as a nominally religious system it is compelled to assume the lamblike aspect that prevents its tearing with its own teeth the prey set apart for destruction. Wonderful and fearful is the craft which, to meet the difficulty, has brought such troops of wolves into perfect subjection; so that on a signal they obey, (and count it meritorious obedience too) no less their own carnivorous propensities than the will of their masked director!

Arnold Amalric immediately hit on a device for the attainment of his object. Knowing that the agreement entered into between the chiefs was as yet only verbal, he directed them to sit down apart, and each to furnish him with a correct written statement of every item in it. Of course, without a miracle some discrepancy would appear; and on this the unprincipled legate founded a pretext for declaring the whole agreement void, seeing that they were not fully of the same mind as to the terms. Giraud, anxious to succour his people, now suffering from the extremity of thirst, offered to waive his own version, and to accept that of de Montfort; and this again brought the council of war to a

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stand. The articles of capitulation, as stated by Simon, were read; and, here another instance occurred of the deadly spirit animating the breasts of those who assumed the spiritual leadership of men's consciences, as a sure means of commanding their unlimited submission in things temporal; and of the utter opposition of that spirit to every thing that savours of the gospel of peace. The incident is related by the monk of Vaux-Cernay, with admiring approval of the holy zeal manifested. When that article was read which provided for the safety of any among the Albigensic professors who should renounce their faith, a French nobleman, Robert de Mauvaison, mindful of the terms on which his salvation was guaranteed by the church, exclaimed that the pilgrims would never consent to such a clause; for they had taken the cross, not to shew mercy to heretics, but to exterminate them. He spoke, no doubt, the real feeling of the whole host; but one which it might be supposed the ecclesiastical leaders would, for decency's sake, have appeared to disavow. Far from it: the legate Arnold, immediately soothed the indignant knight, not by representing to him the blessedness of bringing wanderers back to the fold; not by reminding him that our Lord has pronounced, "Blessed are the merciful," but by bidding him not fear; for he was satisfied that very few of the heretics would be converted! This tacit approval on Arnold's part of the agreement, together with the comfortable hope which it held out of no limit being placed on the work of blood, decided the matter: the articles were signed; and with a heavy heart the gallant Giraud delivered up his fortress to those who thirsted for the slaughter of its defenders. They entered with great solemnity, preceded by the cross and the banners of de Montfort; while

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the whole army, led by the priestly choir who in full canonical pomp formed their vanguard, chaunted in grand and overwhelming chorus the magnificent *Te Deum*, every sublime verse of which speaks condemnation to those who could so fearfully misapply the language of believing prayer and praise. Alas for those, the light within whom is darkness! how great, how awfully great is that darkness!

Meanwhile, the servants of the Lord, who had indeed tasted the redemption afforded by his most precious blood, and who knew that their happy lot was to be numbered with his saints in glory everlasting, abundantly verified the prediction of the cruel legate. Not one among them entertained a thought of renouncing the faith of their Redeemer. Calm and cheerful in the assured hope of meeting again ere night should have closed upon the earth, in that happy place where night never comes, husbands embraced their wives, fathers their daughters, sons their aged mothers, and brothers their blooming sisters, and parted: the males repaired to one large mansion, the females to another; and thus self-accused of their denounced faith, voluntarily separated from their sympathizing fellow-townsmen, prepared as sheep to the slaughter, they kneeled down, confessing their sins to the Most High, pleading the all-prevailing merits of the Lord Jesus Christ, and, with fervent thanksgivings for having been brought to the saving knowledge of Him who of God was made to them wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption, they besought the grace that alone could keep them stedfast, unmoveable, faithful unto death, and meet for the crown of everlasting life.

And now the heavy tramp, the loud clang of mailed hosts, almost drowned in the thundering hymn of such

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praise as must be an abomination to the holy and merciful One, whose Name they dared so to blaspheme, bespoke the approach of the dragon's progeny. First of the motley band of assailants, came the Abbot Guy de Vaux-Cernay, still active in the fulfilment of that mission which he undertook in the recesses of the Vatican seventeen years before. He appeared as a preacher of the faith to men who had fallen into 'damnable heresies,' and commenced the formal exhortation which the terms of the capitulation rendered necessary, thundering forth the terrors of the Church's ban on all who dared to dispute her supremacy, and requiring an instant recantation of what the Albigenses held to be, as indeed it was, the doctrine of eternal life. He was not allowed to proceed far in his sermon: a general cry burst from the indignant hearers, who felt that he was speaking blasphemy against the holy Name whereby they were called: 'We will have none of your faith; we have renounced the doctrines of your Roman Church. You labour in vain to move us from the truth which we have embraced, and from which nothing either in life or in death can move us.' Satisfied that no victims would escape from among these devoted believers, Guy left them, and proceeded to the house where the females were in like manner awaiting their fate; and here he was even more quickly and resolutely cut short in his discourse: they would not hear him; they were full of hope and joy, and eager to lay down their lives for the Gospel. While this was going on, de Montfort, fully partaking in the legate's assurance, collected an immense quantity of fire-wood, piling it in the most open space of the town. He then visited in turn the two assemblies, addressing them more briefly than the Abbot had done, in words that could not be misunderstood. He

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pointed to the heap of dry faggots, on which it was counted a sacred privilege for the noblest of the band to cast an additional stick, and in his usual dark, stern manner, said, 'Be converted to the Catholic faith, or ascend this pile.' Not one among his hearers flinched, or quailed, or gave token of a hesitating thought; fire was applied to the heap, and a mighty conflagration blazed up to heaven. Then might be seen the eager rush of armed men, each hoping to seize some helpless victim, and to propitiate GOD, yea even our own GOD, by casting the struggling form of decrepit age, or blooming youth, or terrified childhood into the burning gulph—but most of them were disappointed in the hope; for with light step all who could do so glided by, and cast themselves into the fire as into a glorious chariot provided to bear them to their bright and blessed home. With loud voices they commended their souls to Him for whom they counted it all joy to suffer this terrible martyrdom; and thus did a hundred and forty human bodies perish from the sight of man, in a single pile of fire, kindled from the materials of their own peaceful homes. Yet three were left of the women: while on their way to the fire, a noble lady, mother of the lord of Montmorenci, had them forcibly arrested, and held as lookers-on upon a scene, the horrors of which were sufficient to deprive them of reason; while a forced or an unconscious assent to what was demanded, enrolled them in the list of apostates, from which, and not from the book of life, we must fervently hope that their names were subsequently blotted out: for those were days when the word of our Lord was fulfilled to the uttermost extent of its awful import; "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

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Such was the termination of the seven weeks' siege, which had doubtless been protracted to ripen many souls for glory. The smouldering fires died away, and the undistinguishable ashes of what had but an hour before been vigorous with life, and bright in beauty, were borne on the winds of heaven to be seen no more. The spirits, set free from mortal fetters, went to the presence of their redeeming God, there to meet and to rejoice with the multitude who had, like themselves, come out of great tribulation, with robes washed white, not in their own innocency, but in the blood of the Lamb; with them to anticipate the day of reunion with their purified bodies, changed by the power of elemental fire into imperceptible dust: again to be changed into the likeness of Christ's glorious body, according to that mighty working, whereby He is able to subdue even all things unto himself. We lament now their past sufferings; we rejoice in their present happiness; ere long we shall see them, a magnificent army of glorified saints, descending with their Lord to experience the literal fulfilment of a too-much neglected promise, "The meek shall *inherit the earth*."

The angels of God having borne his slaughtered ones to His bosom, the spirits of darkness brooded still over their wretched prey, who watched with horrible satisfaction the crumbling away of each human cinder into dust, and raised again the mocking-hymn of praise, and looked forward to the morrow's march that should conduct them to new victims. And is this, again we ask with solemn earnestness, as in the presence of God, Is this Christianity? We know no one, scarcely even among the adherents of Rome in our day, who would dare to answer—Yes. They disown such deeds, as forming any part of their religious system, attribut-

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ing them solely to the spirit of the barbarous age in which they were perpetrated; yet examine a little farther, and it will be found that, of this, the middle ages as it is called, not only Romanists, but some who believe themselves to be Protestants, habitually speak as of the most glorious era of the Church! There is a net of deadly texture fast closing around us, and it behoves us narrowly to examine the subtle meshes as they come to view. The crusades were a legitimate carrying out, by a party then powerful enough to do its bidding, of the unchanged principles, the consistent doctrines, and of the now existing laws of the papacy. As we proceed, this may become more apparent; but it is a fact, the overlooking of which is at this moment hurrying on a crisis that man cannot, perhaps, avert; but for which the Church of Christ must be prepared, by arming themselves with the like mind as their suffering Master; and as their brethren who of old were slain, as many more will be.

C. E.

Look upon each day as a blank sheet put into your hands, to be filled up for eternity.—*Pennington.*

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FEMALE EFFORTS.

I WAS unusually interested last Sabbath, and stirred up powerfully to a sense of duty, when our beloved Pastor, alluding to lay agency (that traduced means) made especial reference to female exertion in the blessed cause of religion and truth.

The remarks made—indeed the whole subject caused, deep searchings of heart. I was led to ask myself the question what *have* I done for the good of souls, and to promote the glory of my God and Saviour? What *am* I doing? And what can I do to further this blessed —this all-important object.

Surely, my dear Christian friends, there is much for us all to do in these eventful times—much for *us* to do —although poor, weak, insignificant females. The great Apostle of the Gentiles, and above all the great Head of the Church, was pleased to own instrumentality as humble as ours, and is not this an encouragement, an inducement for us to imitate our primitive sisters in the faith, and to be fellow-helpers with those who labour in the Lord?

If ever there was a time when the *individual* members of the Established Church were called upon to exert their utmost influence, to put forth their most strenuous endeavours, it is at this alarming crisis. The enemy is up and doing—and shall we remain inactive? O no! let us do what we can. Weak, it is true we are, yet let not this deter us; rather may it urge us to apply

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unto the Strong for strength: let us earnestly and fervently beseech the aid of the glorious Spirit, and then, if He is our helper, we shall do great things, for "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

And first, let us do what in us lies to counteract the evils of the day, to provide antidotes for the baneful poison which is being disseminated among our fellow-Christians and the world at large. We each have a sphere of influence. Let us make it subservient to the cause of Protestantism and Truth. We *each* have a sphere of influence, I repeat—there is not one among the lowliest of the least, who has not some hearts at her command—some, to whom her word and example may prove a guide and beacon. Oh may our lights more brightly shine, while we wait with joyous anticipation and lively hope unto the coming of our Lord.

But to the subject in hand, present duties, let *each* make a resolve that we will omit no opportunity of doing, or saying good, when such opportunities offer; we would not be forward or presuming—but this we should be, bold in the confession of our Saviour, and in declaring to the world to whom we belong. This is not the time to mask sentiments, to be ashamed of the religion we profess. Oh no! let us be more anxious than ever to give evidence to all around that we are disciples of Jesus, followers of the Lamb. Let us rally round his cross, and lifting up the gospel standard, invite all to join our ranks, to enlist under our banner, and fight manfully against the world, the flesh, and the devil; against spiritual wickedness in high places. My heart beats still warmer upon the subject, for I have just been listening to the statements of our dear Minister, who having been in London during the

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past week, has kindly given us (at our Sunday School Teacher's festival) an account of the soul-stirring meetings it was then his privilege to attend. Oh may each Minister who then and there assembled, thus diffuse among his people a knowledge of those things which concern them most, and may their different congregations aid their efforts, and strengthen their hands in the good work in which at this important crisis they are so arduously engaged.

Let us *each* see to it that we perform better than we ever have done, our duties to ourselves, our fellowmen, our Ministers and our God. Duties are *ours*, events are His. Let us not be discouraged at the present aspect of things—frequently "behind a frowning providence, He hides a smiling face." And perhaps these times of trial and gloom portend a blissful era, when our souls, having abided the test and passed the fiery ordeal, shall be brought into closer communion, privileged with more endeared acquaintance with Him, whom not having seen we love.

It is hoped the above has not too much encroached upon these valuable pages. May what has been advanced in weakness, be applied with power by the blessed Spirit, and to the Father and our adorable Saviour, we will ever and now ascribe all the glory.

DEATH is but the coming of the Saviour to take to himself those who shall be with him for ever.—*Pike.*

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PRAISE.

"THE people which shall be created shall praise the Lord." Psalm cii. To whom does the psalmist here allude? Were there none in his day likeminded with himself, animated with the same spirit of praise, that a future generation is seen in prophetic vision, rising up to speak of the glory of God's kingdom, and to talk of his power? Yes, for we find it written, "One generation shall praise thy name to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts." Psalm cxlv. God has had a people in every age: vessels in whom his truth has been deposited to influence for good the circle where they were stationed, and feeling in themselves through the Holy Ghost, the inestimable privilege of their position as having a knowledge of themselves, and of God and of Jesus whom he hath sent, which is life eternal. And so, however black the surrounding darkness, we may look and we shall espy the glimmer of many a taper, the light of which, however feeble, should shame us when we consider the advantages we possess, the more favoured days in which we live. In seasons when the heavy clouds of superstition and ignorance hovered over the land, there were yet some exceptions to the universal darkness; and so when we think of the absence of spiritual light by which certain periods have been marked, there have still been hearts warmed with love to God, and mouths which have shown forth his praise, and which shall hereafter join in the song of the re-

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deemed before the throne. "The Lord knoweth them that are his;" they may indeed be hid from the sight of man, but we should remember to our comfort when we look upon the few who, to us, seem on the Lord's side, and are jealous for his cause, "what the scripture saith of Elias, and what saith the answer of God unto him," (Rom. xi.); the prophet's idea was that he was left alone, how surprised must he have been when the Lord said, "I have reserved to myself seven thousand men, who have not bowed the knee to Baal." We may indeed often look in vain for the exterior appendages of a generally-received religion: the praises of God go up indeed from the great congregation; it is as some one has said,—a delightful sound when from thousands of lips goes forth the acknowledgment of the Majesty of Jesus, "Thou art the King of glory, O Christ," and the well-tuned organ may swell the sound. But we must not forget the melody of the heart which has been sent forth from the solitary outcast, and the strains of adoration and thanks for salvation which have entered the ears of Him that inhabiteth eternity, from the wanderer amidst deserts and mountains, whose shelter was in dens and caves of the earth. Thousands of years have rolled away since the prediction of the Psalmist was delivered, and in that space how many thousands have been created, appearing for a little time, and then vanishing away. Our fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever? The earth and sea enclose a noble host, although dust has mingled with dust, and destruction of form has to us been apparently followed by annihilation of substance; yet a day is coming when all that are in the graves shall come forth, and the sea shall cast out her dead: that day will be a revelation of the Lord's hidden ones,—it will

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be a manifestation of the riches of God's mercy, extending to ourselves, and to others infinitely above our narrow views and expectations, demonstrating the fallacy of our calculation of his pity and love, in saving thousands, when we had looked but for a solitary one! then shall tongues which, while on earth, confessed Jesus and condemned sin, 'in realms above, sing Messiah's reign of love.' A short space, and the present inhabitants of the world will be in the position of those who have just been considered: a little time and every eye now beaming with health and life will be closed, and the hum of every voice will be hushed in the silence of the tomb! How awful is this thought? and if it be so, how important the enquiry to every individual as connected with the eternal interests of the soul, to ask,—Am I among those of whom the Psalmist spoke when he said, "The people that shall be created, shall praise the Lord?"

What can be more reasonable than to acknowledge with gratitude the mercies which are showered upon us, to trace up beyond second causes the source from whence they flow? It should be a constant cause for sorrow and humility that we are so insensible to our blessings, and that we are so feeble in our praises for those which we are conscious of possessing. Our blessings are as free as the air we breathe; and there is another resemblance in the comparison: the air incloses us; there is no part on which it does not rest with an equal pressure; were it otherwise, we should be fatally inconvenienced. And so too we live in an element of mercies; their universality (which should rather furnish us with a fresh note of praise) causes us to be unmindful of their existence. Such is the folly and weakness of our human nature, that we convert

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God's gifts into a veil which screens from our view the hand which pours them upon us. At every turn we may detect the weakness of our fallen nature: is it not here lamentably exhibited in receiving as we do each hour countless mercies, without a moment's consideration, either of our own deserts, or of the never-failing goodness of our gracious Benefactor? May the Holy Spirit quicken us, that we may awake; may he open our lips, and our mouths shall then shew forth the Lord's praise. But the thought of what we owe, will at once overwhelm us; and with the Psalmist we must ask, "Who can utter the mighty acts of the Lord? who can shew forth all his praise? For his wonderful works are many which he has done, and his thoughts which are to usward, cannot be reckoned up in order; if we would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered." Psalm xl. Let us thank God for the Book of Psalms; it gives us together the portrait of one who was going on to perfection. We may from psalm to psalm gather the beautiful and ripening fruits of the Spirit: as much as an earthly tongue can celebrate, we shall constantly hear the praises of the Most High. And its practical bearing upon ourselves is this, that by looking constantly, intently, and prayerfully into the model set before us, we shall, through the help of God, be changed into the same image, we shall receive of Christ's fulness, and grace unto grace. And we may suggest the question, as to the resemblance which at present exists between ourselves and the portrait drawn for us. Is there any sort of correspondence between what we are, and what we should be? Do we show such love to God; or have we a like warmth in exhorting ourselves and others to recount the mercies of God, to speak of his praise? What an expanse opens

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before us when we think of the character of the Almighty and of his dealings towards us! the simple and beautiful truth that "God is love," is not only set before us, but we see this attribute embodied wherever we look, and the same of his faithfulness, notwithstanding our manifold provocations, and all his attributes are brought into action; they are not mere fanciful abstract ideas, with which our imaginations would clothe the Deity, but they stand out in the book of God, the book of eternal truth which shall never pass away.

Is not the fact that God is addressed as he who "heareth prayer," a subject, as for our comfort, so for our praise? What a wonderful carrying out of this attribute do we witness in the history of Israel. Subject as this people was to the special guardianship of one who had led them safely to their journey's end; experiencing as they did his never-failing care and tenderness, we find them doubting his purpose, limiting his power, unmindful of his goodness, disbelieving God and not trusting in his salvation. We naturally look for punishment to follow so much provocation, it would not be matter of surprise if the wrath of God had consumed them (Ex. xxxii.) because they rebelled against him, and contemned the counsel of the Most High. And so we find that their heart was brought down with labour, they fell, and there was none to help.

But naturally we are not prepared for such touching tenderness and pity as was exercised towards them; the record of Israel's sin and of the Lord's unbounded goodness, is not confined to one single example—how humbling the one thought, and how overwhelming the other! If we read of sin and punishment, how closely do mercy and forgiveness keep pace! They forgot God their Saviour, they hearkened not unto his voice,

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therefore was the wrath of the Lord kindled against them; they were given into the hand of the heathen, who oppressed them. *Many times* did he deliver them; but they *provoked him* with their counsel, and were brought low for their iniquity. *Nevertheless* he regarded their affliction, when he heard their cry: he remembered for them his covenant, and repented according to the multitude of his mercies. Psalm cvi. It was after a review of these things that the Psalmist exclaims, "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men." Here we may indeed ponder; and here blest by the Holy Spirit we shall understand something of the loving-kindness of the Lord. This is a rich and full stream of comfort, when we consider our own ways, and perceive how closely they correspond with the conduct recorded of others. Our fallen nature, and the devices of Satan, often hinder us from embracing God's precious gifts. We may possibly put the consolation to be thus derived, away from us, thinking that Israel is described *nationally*, and that therefore the Lord's dealings towards them must be regarded in that light only. But what shall be said when we behold precisely the same graciousness manifested towards individuals? Of Ahab we read this, he exceeded in wickedness all his predecessors, that he did more to provoke the Lord to anger than all the Kings of Israel that were before him. In consequence of these abominations, the just threatenings of judgment were denounced upon him. Ahab stood convicted—he rent his clothes, and put on sackcloth, and fasted, and lay in sackcloth, and went softly. But could we expect God (who had been so long provoked) to look upon such an one, to have respect to his abasement? Oh, surely we may ask, where is the limit to the Lord's

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longsuffering? there is indeed forgiveness with him—his mercy is infinite. The word of the Lord came to Elijah, saying, Seest thou how Ahab humbleth himself?

The same mercy was shown to Nebuchadnezzar, and we have a most wonderful and beautiful instance of it, in the case of Manasseh, (2 Chro. xxiii.) his life was a most awful one—he made Judah and Jerusalem to err, and to do worse than the heathen; judgment in mercy did not immediately descend, the exhortation came. Time was given for repentance. The Lord spoke to the king and to the people, but they would not hearken. Then came the punishment—Manasseh was bound with fetters and carried to Babylon. And there he might most justly have been left a captive; the day of grace, which once beamed upon him, might, being despised, have closed upon him in the blackness of darkness for ever! How then should our mouths be filled with God's praises, finding him so exceedingly pitiful! When Manasseh was in affliction, he besought the Lord, and humbled himself, and prayed. How passing our expectations was the result. God was intreated of him, and heard his supplication, and brought him again to Jerusalem into his kingdom. What a glorious illustration of those beautiful words, and of the beautiful promise with which they are followed! "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Isa. lv.

Our praise too, must be called forth when we consider how mercifully the Lord condescends to the weakness of our nature. Were we to announce intelligence for which we had good authority to believe it would come to pass; of course we should expect immediate credence to be

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given to our relation. How much rather then, when the God of truth speaks or commands, should we, without hesitation believe and obey. But what is the course taken by human nature under circumstances such as these? Alas, how do we doubt and shrink from embracing the word placed before us! Will not our folly and weakness thus evidenced before the *faithful* God, be sufficient to excite his anger to destroy, to exhaust his patience? Oh, no, this is the sound that greets our ear when in proposing the question, we turn to the tenth and thirty-third chapters of Exodus: weakness of faith, a thought of inability to perform God's will, mark the words of Moses; while in the Lord's merciful patience and condescension, we read the truth elsewhere stated, "he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust, (flesh) a wind that passeth away and cometh not again." And then there is the case of Gideon—he had been told by the Lord that he should save Israel, that the Lord was with him; and that therefore every difficulty would be overcome, every obstacle removed. But Gideon asked for a sign—might we not here suppose God's wrath to be kindled, and that if his anger were not otherwise shown, it would be, in giving the honour of delivering Israel to another instrument. But God's thoughts are not as ours, and our imaginings of his ways, are far different to the record of them, found in the scriptures. The twice repeated sign of the fleece tells us much of this.

What an inexhaustible mine is the Bible! we may dig deep and gather much treasure, but when we come again and again, it is to gain the same experience. We know not what treasures still remain for us, when we renew our search. May the Holy Spirit be with us to enable us to see these wondrous things. "God moves

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in a mysterious way :" the veil which hangs over the future cannot be penetrated by human sagacity. It must therefore suffice us to acknowledge, that the event, however dark, was ordered by a God whose name is love; who sendeth chastisement to make us righteous, to bring us into the bonds of the covenant that we may be partakers of his holiness. Time rolls on, and shows us the need-be for many a dark providence; then we shall see that praise would have been more becoming than the sorrow, it may be the murmur, which escaped us; the issue has been revealed—we perceive the mercy of the affliction, the benefit from the bitter draught. Much grace indeed is needed to lie passive in God's hands, and still more to be able to rejoice in affliction; but to this high eminence St. Paul attained, his thoughts centred in the advance of the Lord's glory, and the welfare of his own soul. Such an one could glory in tribulations, knowing how they work together for good, producing patience and experience and hope. (Rom. i.) The poet says,

> The bud may have a bitter taste;
> But sweet will be the flower.

How plainly do we see this truth realized in the case of Joseph: we cannot see the end from the beginning; it is to us mysterious that an innocent lad should be the victim of his brother's envy and malice. We follow him on his way, the cloud looks still blacker; where is now his God, that we see him committed to prison on an unfounded accusation; again, the victim of infamy and cruelty? But this was but a step to the further advancement of the Lord's wise and merciful purpose; and how glorious was the issue, how bright the termination of what was once so dark, so inexplicable. Our trust in God's watchfulness and love may be

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strengthened by contemplating the record given us of his dealings. In the prophet Balaam's case, we see a circumstance, which in a kind of type sets before us what frequently happens to ourselves. It was to him a most grievous thing that his foot should be crushed against the wall: he could see no reason why he should be the subject of so severe an accident. But we read on and we find the mercy that was in the catastrophe. "The angel of the Lord said, The ass saw me, and turned from me; unless she had turned from me, surely now also I had slain thee."

God knows what is in us; he mercifully provides for our wants, and averts by his providence the evils which he foresees are before us. This is strikingly shewn in Exodus xiii. 17. What a beautiful unfolding of the Lord's care for his people, what consideration for their natural feelings. "God led the people, not through the way of the land of the Philistines, although that was near; for God said, Lest peradventure the people repent when they see war, and they return to Egypt."

The Psalmist had learnt deeply of the glorious character of his God; he had studied his dealings towards himself, and towards others. He had a keen sense of the benefits with which he was loaded. Oh that we had more of his spirit, more warmth of love, that with him we might exclaim, "Sing unto the Lord, bless his name, shew forth his salvation from day to day; for the Lord is great and greatly to be praised."

In the Old and New Testaments, by precept and example, the duty of praise is enjoined. Strange indeed that we should need incitement to praise, if we are at all sensible of the benefits which should call it forth; "Speaking to yourselves," says the Apostle, "in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; singing and making

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melody in your heart, to the Lord." And the Psalmist, "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever: let the redeemed of the Lord say so." Faith gives us an assurance that we shall realize the promises freely given to us of God in Christ; and so we may begin the song of the redeemed now, for we know that we are delivered out of the hand of our enemy, and that it is the purpose of our heavenly Father to guide us in safety to Canaan's shore.

"The people that shall be created shall praise the Lord." Is such the case now? Are the praises of the Lord shewn forth by all? Does the universal creation conspire to swell the note, which, however imperfectly, does ascend? A negative is put to this when we cast our eyes around us and see the perversion of God's gifts,—the abuse of his blessings,—his creatures actually his, in body, mind and soul, given up to their own way, to the gratification of their own desires, caring nothing for the Lord that they should obey him. Man against man filled with envy and strife, and every evil work: the animal creation groaning and travailing together in pain, writhing under the infliction of wanton and premeditated cruelties. And the many idols which we behold, with their various devotees. Still amid this sad dark scene there is a people whom the Lord hath made for himself who shew forth his praise; they are a peculiar people, zealous of good works; and while witnessing the awful effects of sin around them, they are cheered by the reflection that so it shall not always be. God's promise standeth sure: the word that hath gone out of his mouth shall surely come to pass: "the people that shall be created shall praise the Lord." Bright indeed is the scene in the future, contrasted with the blackness of the present. How animating to read the Bible de-

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scription of the last days. Violence shall be no more heard: sorrow shall cease: wasting and destruction shall not be heard of within the borders of Israel, but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise. What peaceful days! the sword to be turned into plowshares, and the spear into pruning-hooks: the wolf and the lamb to feed together,—nothing to hurt nor to destroy in God's holy mountain,—the trees of the wood to rejoice: the earth to be glad: the field to be joyful: the floods to clap their hands,—universal peace!—universal praise! for "the Lord reigneth."

S. S.

He who when assaulted by the enemy, holds out the shield of faith, is like Perseus holding the Gorgon's head. Whoever looked upon it, died. Thus ought we to present the Son of God to the snares of the devil.—*Luther.*

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THE DAYS OF LAUD.

CHAPTER IX.

Lucy Camden's bridal morning was not ushered in by those sounds of merriment and gratulation which are usual upon such occasions. The little company that were gathered together knew that danger was at hand. Threats had reached their ears that Mark Wentworth would be cited to appear before the Court of High Commission, and there answer to still graver charges than those which had been made the pretext for his suspension.

But though mirth was absent, and the breast of the bride was not wholly free from solicitude, a guest had been invited, the light of whose countenance contented even her whose heart was ready to cry, "Who will shew us any good?" The wondrous guest of Cana in Galilee blessed this marriage feast; and the holy, calm, and grave happiness that, in spite of every alloy, sat upon the face of each, gave token of his presence.

Cuthbert Camden forgot for one short hour his restless pantings after liberty,—earth's poor liberty. The religion of his sister and Mark Wentworth was quiet, deep, and satisfying. His own piety was not yet strong enough to guide and regulate whatever passion was dominant in his mind. His ambition,—his patriotism,—could it bring peace like this?

Mrs. Catharine Redford forgot for one short hour the bitterness of her enmity to the Church, while she heard

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one of its lowliest ministers speak of the eternal and changeless love of Christ for his ransomed Bride in words of deep feeling, equalling, even in her estimation, any eloquence that had issued from the lips of Master Rippon. They conversed together for some time on themes such as this; but Mark Wentwork observed that Lucy spoke not. Her countenance was placid, nay even happy; but she was communing with her own thoughts, and as Wentworth drew nearer to her side she looked earnestly up in his face and said, 'We must lay the foundation of our happiness deep, very deep, Mark, in the everlasting Rock, for this fair superstructure will not, cannot last.'

'Why dost thou so sadly forbode sorrow that may never come, my Lucy?' said Wentworth. 'As our daily bread, so let us thankfully receive our daily peace,—our daily happiness. This day unites us in the Lord.'

'*That* must not be our happiness,' said Lucy, with an eagerness that surprised Wentworth. 'Jehovah must Himself be our happiness. Our trysting-place before His throne.'

'You are right, my beloved,' answered Wentworth; 'yet wherefore do sorrow and anxiety mingle with thy high resolve. There are precepts of Scripture which, while they bind the fetters of impossibility about the struggling efforts of our forethought and carefulness, would nevertheless pluck out many a thorn which the Christian thrusts into his own breast. The Saviour asks, "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?" King David says, "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." Such texts give a holy carelessness that doubles the joy of to-day, and shuts out to-morrow's evil.'

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Lucy pondered these texts as she walked towards St. ——'s church, and when she entered the ancient porch every mournful thought would have been forgotten, had not Mrs. Catharine Redford, after looking with returning bitterness at the lofty roof and beautiful carved work of the house of prayer, whispered in her ear, 'It is rank papistry all. She sits as a queen and saith, I am no widow; but in her skirts is the blood of the poor innocents,—the blood of the martyrs of St. Edmond's-bury.'

They moved up the aisle. They knelt at the communion rail. The officiating minister was a strict churchman; but not one who entered into Laud's innovating schemes. The ceremony commenced and proceeded quietly until Mark Wentworth was about to place the ring on Lucy's finger, when the old lady unable any longer to control the feelings that agitated her frame, stepped forward, and holding his hand forcibly back, said in a low voice, 'Do it not, my son! do it not! The popish abomination will bring a blight upon thy holiest blessings. My sin in wearing that accursed thing was punished on the bloody scaffold, and it will bring thee and thine too, low,—even to the dust!'

With some difficulty Wentworth and Camden contrived to pacify her, and the minister believing her conduct to be the effect of partial insanity, finished the service without taking farther notice of the interruption. 'Forgive me, Lucy,' she said, as Wentworth led his bride from the church; 'Forgive me, girl. I thought to keep thee from the guilt and the curse that will add peril to thy passage over the great sea, and sow such thorns in the wilderness as even there the rude dweller hath not seen.'

'It is but a symbol—a token,' said Mark Wentworth:

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'an ordinance of man indeed, but speaking of endless union. "They twain shall be one flesh," only for a little space, until "death us do part;" but when this "corruptible shall have put on incorruption,"—one spirit,—one at the marriage-supper of the Lamb, for ever and for ever.'

CHAPTER X.

EIGHT vessels were lying in the Thames, ready laden, and waiting for a favourable gale to carry them on their way to the distant shores of New England. On the deck of one of these vessels stood Mark and Lucy Wentworth, watching the numerous bands of emigrants who were conveyed in boats to the several ships in which most of them expected to leave their native land to return no more.

'Who is that aged man with white hair?' said Lucy, clinging to her husband's arm. 'The boat passed us so closely, that I could see the tears forcing their way down his cheeks. Why is he denied a peaceful grave in England?'

'I know that good old man,' said Cuthbert Camden. 'He has been for many years a godly and a painful preacher, but he misliketh the habits, and now that conformity is so warmly pressed, he would fain find room to worship God without them in the new world, whither he is carrying his widowed daughter, and her young children.'

'The families—the companions that are going,' said Mark Wentworth, 'I pity not. But the lonely—those who leave all that is dearer than self. "Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon them."'

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'James Carew goes alone,' said Camden. 'He cannot remain within reach of Canterbury, and he cannot take any with him, for he is poor; therefore he leaves mother and sister,—in fact all, behind.'

Mark Wentworth drew Lucy's arm more closely within his own, while his heart rose in grateful thanksgiving that he went not alone; and Cuthbert Camden continued to scan every pale face and tearful eye, that approached the side of the vessel.

Another boat pushed off from the shore, the rowers plied their oars sturdily, and in a few moments it was alongside the ship in which Camden and his companions were. One after the other, four men came up on the deck. Of these, one was an old man; the other three appeared to have attained middle age, and to be looking forward to the perils and adventures of their voyage with a sort of heroic firmness that distinguished them from most of those who sighed and wept around them. They stood in a group apart from the rest of the passengers, conversing in low tones, which were only varied when earnestness made them audible.

'I love to watch this glorious river,' said one of the four, the noble expression of whose countenance had attracted Cuthbert Camden towards their party. 'I love to watch her free waves flowing on—on, unshackled by any rule save one. The waves and the ships are free; all else in this miserable country is in bitter bondage. Liberty!' he added, with a deep sigh, 'this day we leave all to seek thee, and to serve our God, where tyranny has never blasted the soil.'

'I confess I never looked to have seen such a day as this,' answered one of his companions, a stout robust-looking man, whose face, while it gave indications of much sagacity, would have been best described as dis-

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agreeable. 'But providence does so dispose, and we are this day called—I know you will remember that scripture, "He makes his people willing in the day of his power," and now we own him by our willingness to go forth for him. We are going forth this day, I say, from the burning of bricks in Egypt, where they gave no stubble for straw, and we shall this day see the salvation of the Lord. We have been led in the dark through the providence and dispensation of God, and now shall the waters be a wall unto us upon our right hand and upon our left.'

Mark Wentworth turned and looked upon the speaker. The confusion of his speech, and the piety of his sentiments, jarred strangely together. There was much counterfeit religion in England, and there was much genuine piety. 'Could this man leave country and kindred for Christ's sake, if he were none of His?' reasoned the servant of God. 'But would not the wisdom and the order of godliness rest on his lips if he were taught by the Spirit of God?'

Lost in his own reflections, Mark Wentworth did not observe the confusion which was every moment increasing on board the vessel, until one of the crew, an old intelligent-looking seaman came up to him and said respectfully, "We are detained, Sir. An order has just arrived, according to the late Proclamation, and we are not suffered to weigh anchor.'

'It cannot be!' said Cuthbert, turning pale with indignation. 'Laud himself is not fool enough to do that.'

'King Charles will yet live to repent the rash deed of this day,' replied the sailor. 'You need not doubt my information; but thank God who turneth the hearts of kings as he listeth, that John Hampden was not permitted to leave his country.'

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'Ha!' said Cuthbert Camden, 'I thought I had seen that noble countenance before. He is fitted for a higher career than that of inglorious flight. Thank God, indeed, and those who hold him here. But who is that slovenly, stern-looking man by his side?'

'He is the son of a Huntingdon brewer,' replied the sailor. He passed a wild and dissipated youth, but when he was about three or four-and-twenty, he suddenly changed his course, took to preaching and praying, and is reckoned by many a bright and shining light; but there is that in his sermons and prayers that may yet mar the revels at Whitehall, and perplex the counsels of Lambeth. He will, if I mistake not, give more trouble than Mr. Hampden, or even John Pym, who is there on his left hand.'

The first news that the ship was detained, fell like a thunderbolt on Lucy's ear. It was but the prelude, she felt, to sounds more sad. Threats of punishment—of imprisonment, rushed through her mind, and, regardless of her brother's arguments and her husband's intreaties for a moment, she stood unconscious of all that was passing round her, and, as if determined to abide in the ship, which she had fondly believed was to carry her and her's beyond the reach of danger.

'It is the will of the Lord—the will of Jehovah,' said Mark Wentworth tenderly; 'Can'st thou, my Lucy, or would'st thou, resist His will?'

Lucy resisted no longer. 'Let Him do what seemeth Him good,' she said, and prepared to follow her husband into the boat, but the number of passengers still caused some delay. The tears that had been shed when the prospect of quitting their country was at hand, were dried. The sighs, whose sadness had been cheered by hope, were no longer heaved. Almost every one looked

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aghast :—full of wonder at this last stroke of stupid tyranny.

'Poor babes!' said Lucy, looking at some children, who were being carried down the side of the ship. 'They are scarcely conscious yet, how much suffering man can inflict on man.'

'They will be conscious in a few years,' said Cuthbert. 'It is such babes that will avenge their father's wrongs.'

'If babes and women only felt the wrong,' said the old seaman, again approaching Camden and his friends, 'our rulers might sleep unscathed for years to come. But it's mad work to make bearded men desperate.'

His words again made Cuthbert look towards Hampden and his three companions, who were waiting in silence their turn to disembark. The face of the former was lighted up by a strangely-scornful smile. He pressed his hand upon his temples. The future, with its lofty cares, and daring deeds, passed before him. The smile on his face saddened, though it left it not. One would have thought it mournfully omened the liberties of England, purchased by the blood of Chalgrave Field.

'This crowning wrong alone was wanting,' he said. 'What a wondrous hereafter may yet hang on this untoward event!'

'Event!' said Oliver Cromwell, drawing closer to him; 'You have not surely so learned Christ as to hang the equity of the great cause upon events. Did we not solemnly appeal and pray? And ought we not to think with fear and trembling of the hand of the great God, in this strange appearance of his which you can slightly call 'an event'?'

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THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD,

OR THE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

No. IX.—ANCIENT ASIA.

If the irreligion, the consequent depravity, and the resulting punishments of all kingdoms were as clearly connected together in history, as those of some among the early nations are in Scripture, there would be little need for such an undertaking as the present. If deviation from the true religion were recorded to have been the cause of general wickedness, and of national downfal in every empire, as expressly as it is declared to have been the ruin of the old world, of Canaan, of Tyre, of Judea, of Babylon, there had been little scope left for any writer, who should attempt to trace out their connexion. Every eye would be at once arrested by the startling fact, and every heart would acknowledge that in wandering from that only true light, the knowledge of God, nations have, like individuals, strayed into those murky mazes of sin and misery, which end in the depths of destruction.

But in uninspired history we cannot find a *rationale* of the subject. In the Bible alone we find the root and progress of the revolutions which have occurred in the early world. The sins and the punishments come side by side, or we see the captivity, and the desolation, following close upon the idolatry.

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In whatever direction we turn our eyes, the same moral progress meets our view. The Antediluvian world we have seen swept away "by the waters of the flood;" and Egypt is become indeed "the basest of kingdoms."

Shall we look at Tyre, the mistress of the seas,—"the renowned city,"—"the joyous city, whose antiquity is of ancient days?" Or to her conqueror, "Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency?" Or to the barbarians of Palestine, the Hittite and the Amorite? Still we see the same course of events; the lapse into idolatry, the corruption that ensued, and the destruction that swallowed up the whole.

In Tyre, "the crowning city," was established a system of idolatry, whose chief deities were Bel, Venus, and Adonis, or Thammuz. These were doubtless corruptions of the creative Deity, the Divine Wisdom,* and the slain Son of God; and at first they were doubtless recognised as such, by the more enlightened of the priesthood. In the magnificent denunciations of Ezekiel against Tyre, (xxviii. 15) we read—"Thou wast *perfect* in thy ways, from the day thou wast created, *till* iniquity was found in thee." We may doubtless understand this to imply that, in its earliest days, Tyre worshipped the true God. But such a state did not long continue, for in the second verse of the same chapter, we read this reproach—"Thine heart is lifted up, and thou hast said, I am a god, I sit in the seat of God, in the midst of the seas—yet thou art man, and not God, though thou hast set thine heart as the heart of God."

* Some may perhaps object to this derivation of Venus from the Divine Wisdom; but the ancient Tyrian Venus was only another name of Isis, who was distinctly known as the goddess of wisdom. The Grecian goddess of beauty was a very different being.

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And again, verse 5,—"Thine heart is lifted up because of thy riches." Then, probably, the idolatry gradually crept in; the true God was forsaken, and corrupted notions of His various attributes occupied His place. National pride seems to have been the first step in this grand declension; that lifting up of the heart ascribed by the prophet to the abundance of wealth and prosperity. "Thine heart was lifted up because of thy riches." And again, "Thine heart was lifted up because of thy beauty." (ver. 17. National corruptions ensued, for in the eighteenth verse we read—"Thou hast defiled thy sanctuaries by the multitude of thine iniquities, by the iniquity of thy traffic."

The sanctuaries were indeed defiled; many of the Egyptian abominations were practised in the rites of Tyre; and the follies of self-flagellation, frantic wailings, and riotous orgies prevailed not only there, but throughout Phœnicia and Syria.

The prophet goes on—"By the multitude of thy merchandise they have filled the midst of thee with violence, and thou hast sinned; *therefore* I will cast thee as profane out of the mountain of God, and I will destroy thee, O covering cherub, from the midst of the stones of fire."—"Thou hast defiled thy sanctuaries by the multitude of thine iniquities, by the iniquity of thy traffic; *therefore* will I bring forth a fire from the midst of thee, and it shall devour thee; and I will bring thee to ashes upon the earth, in the sight of all them that know thee."—"I will bring upon thee Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, a king of kings." Ezek. xxvi. 7.

Such were the prophecies; their fulfilment is history. The predicted "King of Babylon" came "with horses and with chariots, and with horsemen, and companies and much people." He made "a fort," and "cast a

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mount," and "set engines of war" against the walls. After thirteen years of desperate resistance, the city was deserted and left to the conqueror. Alexander finished what the Babylonian had begun; and the mighty Tyre has long been "a place to spread nets upon," the barren "top of a rock, desolate, annihilated."

The history of Babylon is but another version of the same tale. The names are changed, the facts are the same. Perhaps the only difference is the broadly profane and idolatrous commencement of the empire at Babel.* From idolatry sprang vice, national as well as personal, and all the vile superstitions of the Babylonian worship; while the high prosperity of the victorious kingdom induced a state of luxury and profligacy, which found its fullest exhibition in the persons of a Sardanapalus and a Belshazzar.

The judgment upon Nebuchadnezzar did not reform the nation: it was to be visited in another manner. The predicted Mede and Persian were to Babylon what Babylon had been to Tyre; they swept over the doomed city of Belus, and left it, a heap of desolate and dreaded ruins, to the wondering gaze of posterity. Isaiah xiii. 17—22.

The Mede and Persian worshippers of the sun, of Mythras and Mythra, degenerated from the hardy and virtuous followers of a Cyrus to the profligate sycophants and adorers of a Xerxes, fell in their turn, beneath the wide-spreading dominion of Alexander;

* The idea of the tower of Babel being built to invade heaven, is too absurd to be tolerated. The Hebrew Scripture says only "a tower whose top may be (or for) the heavens;" and the most obvious purpose is that of dedication for worship. The Jewish Targum says, that an image of the heavenly host was to have been placed on the top of the building; with a sword in his hand, to fight against the Divine armies, and prevent the dispersion of his worshippers.

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and the great empires of Asia retained only the name of the glory that had passed away.

If we turn to those Asiatic nations of whom we find mention only in classic authors, the state of things is no better. The Pagan historians, as before observed, give us no moral clue to the fall of kingdoms; but though we have not here the *rationale* of history, we have its prominent features well marked out. Among the barbarous Nomades of the desert, we find the idolatry, the degradation and the subsequent catastrophe distinctly recorded. Our chief authority concerning these tribes is Herodotus; and his report exhibits indeed less of luxury than we see amid the palaces of Babylon, but quite as little of true religion or morality. They seem to have been but one remove above the beasts of the field; cruel, rapacious, and totally uncivilized. Should the gold-bedecked armour and brazen lances of the Massagetæ be held forth as an exception to this generally savage state,—we can only reply that however warlike this tribe might be, and however skilful in the arts connected with their favourite pursuit, they had as little pretension to the name of civilized beings as their neighbours; for the chief peculiarities recorded of them are the sacrifice of their horses to the sun, a community of wives, and the fearful custom of murdering their aged parents and feasting upon their flesh.

All these tribes are now lost nationally. The Persian and Greek arms swept them away, either by conquest or extermination. Their successors, or perhaps descendants, bow to the authority of Mahomet, and people the wilds of Georgia and the Caucasus; but the Massagatæ and their fellow-Nomades are now nationally extinct.

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* * * * *

[I AM sorry to add that the manuscript ends here; various difficulties connected with the subject, and the writer's health, having prevented its completion.]

A. F.

THE scriptural expression, the seal of the Spirit, seems plainly to signify that the soul of the Christian upon whom it is impressed, bears as evident marks of conformity with the will of God, as the wax does of similarity to the seal by which it has been stamped.—*Faber.*

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THE GOOD ADVISER.

AN IRISH SKETCH.

"Quivi licto ride il bel smeraldo."—TASSO.

A pleasant spot is this green island of ours, with its heathery mountains, shining lakes, and fertile valleys. It is not classic ground, like the hills and dales of our thistle-crowned sister; yet I love to tread its shamrock-covered fields, to climb its rugged rocks, and even to scramble through its bogs; for, be it observed, there is more of the picturesque in real Irish bog-trotting, than people in general dream of. Oh! the delight of a free mountain ramble! the fresh bounding feel of renewed life, the spring of love that flows forth to every thing and being within our ken, and also, I trust, of praise and gratitude to Him who "formeth the mountains," and whose is "the strength of the hills."

A stranger coming to Ireland admires its scenery, and laments that the moral and religious attainments of its peasantry are nearly in an inverse ratio to the beauty of their land—he seizes some of the more salient characteristics of the persons both high and low with whom he comes in contact, and he then goes home and fancies he knows what Irishmen and Irishwomen really are. Now, with humility be it spoken, we Hibernians are not so easily learned by rote, as all this comes to. As soon may you get the ripples on a mountain stream, or

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the moonbeams dallying with an aspen tree, or a spoiled child of three years old, to stand still while you paint their likeness, as induce our restless Irish character to let itself be daguerrotyped by any plodding John Bull of them all. But, although we will not let others find out much about us, we may know something of ourselves, and we, to whom 'reading and writing came by nature,' not by Phonography and Stenography, or any other ography that ever was devised, we, I say, of the 'educated class,' may recount some true anecdotes of our countrymen, for the delectation and enlightenment of our English friends, always provided they care to listen to us.

Passing some time lately in a wild district of Munster, I was walking one day with a friend, when we were overtaken by a man with whom we had both some acquaintance. He belonged to the better class of farmers, was a shrewd intelligent man, and one who bore an excellent character. After the customary cordial salutations, he slackened his horse's pace, and walked along with us. 'Jack,' said my companion, 'what was the name of that "good adviser" you were telling me of?' This was said in order to draw out a story which he had previously heard, and which had excited my curiosity. Jack eyed us rather suspiciously, evidently fearing our ridicule, but at length we induced him to recount a tale which he devoutly believed, and which I will repeat as nearly verbatim as possible. 'There's a man called Paddy Leary, living between this and the town of D., and he's the best adviser ever you came across: all the counthry do be goin' to him, and he advises 'em about their sowls, and about sin, and all about the other world, for he seen it.' How do you mean,' I asked, 'that he saw the other world?' 'I'll

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tell you, Ma'am. Some years ago he was taken with a pining sickness, no one knew what ailded him, but he wasted and wasted away till the half of him wasn't in it, and you'd think a gooseberry skin would make him an umbrella, and at last he grew so wake that he kept the bed entirely. Well! one day he was lying this way and all his people were in the house, and they began saying it wasn't himself at all at all that was there, but something unlucky (the saints between us and harm!) in his form. One said it, and another said it, till at last his brothers agreed to hate a shovel red hot and put him on it, the way they'd frighten off the thing that was in the bed, and get their own back agin. The very minnit Paddy, or whatsomever was in his shape, heard that, up out of bed with him, and through the door, and over the mountains like a shot. There was one of his brothers, the fastest runner in the whole counthry, he could keep up with the hounds at full cry, and off he set afther him, but the never a bit of him could catch him, or keep up to him, and he had to stop. Well! Paddy's friends kept going still, and towards evening what would they see, but himself formest 'em on a rock; and whin they came up—"Oh!" says he, "here I am safe and sound. I was in the other world, and I could never come back till you frightened away that thing in my shape."

'Of course they were all in great joy, and took him home; and thin he tould them the most wondherful things about the other world, and how he seen God and heaven and hell. 'Jack,' said my friend, 'did he see Purgatory at all?'—'Indeed, Sir, I did'nt hear that, but any way he's no imposer, for he doesn't take any money, and he gives the best of good advice about sin. See now, if he was walking this road, and to hear a man

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cursing and swearing, he'd jump into the river and swim to the other side, sooner nor listen to him.'

'He need not go to the other world to learn that,' said my friend; 'the word of God tells us the sin of swearing.'

'That's thrue, Sir; but still Paddy Leary is a good adviser.'—'We have a better adviser, Jack, than Paddy Leary, and we need not go to him to hear of the other world, when God himself has told us in His Book all we can learn about it. Would not you like, Jack, to know what is in the Bible?'—'I can't read, your honour.'—'But your children can; and if you will come to me, I will give you the Testament both in English and Irish; and do you make them read it for you in the evening.' Jack promised to do so, but it was in a doubtful and reluctant manner, and I greatly fear he had not much intention of keeping his word. He wished us good evening, and passed on. 'That man,' said my friend, 'believes that wild tale, as firmly as I do the Bible, and he would have told us more particulars, but he evidently feared we were laughing at him.'

None but those who have witnessed it, can believe how strong and deep-rooted are the superstitions of even the better orders of the peasantry: legends, debasing to man, and dishonouring to God, are received by the people, and confirmed by priestly authority. As an instance. In the locality to which I have alluded, St. Fin Barr resided about twelve hundred years since. He was the first bishop of Cork, and founded the Cathedral in that city. Tradition states him to have been a holy and devout man, and he retired to the wilds, leading a life of quiet seclusion. There is now overhanging the side of one of the mountains, a singular flat rock, having two cavities in the upper surface: these are said to

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have been formed by the knees of St. Fin Barr, who, when he was tired of the valley, used to ascend here to pray, and never failed to obtain everything he asked for, in this favoured spot. The woman who related this to a clergyman in the neighbourhood, said she was quite certain of its truth, for the priest had assured her it was written in the Bible! Mr. —— asked her to repeat what she had said, thinking he must have misunderstood her, and she again said—"Yes, indeed, Father J. has it written in his big Bible at home!"

This is but a trifling example of the falsehoods which our poor imaginative countrymen are taught to receive as truth; and thus shamelessly do the Romish priests "make the word of God of none effect through their tradition." Popery loves and makes a lie—it debases and enchains both reason and affection, mind and soul; yet is it by our rulers, so to speak, *stereotyped* in the land. They commenced their educational plans by a negative suppression of truth, they now proceed to a positive diffusion of error. In bitterness of soul we would ask—Must our green valleys, where no venomous reptile may lurk, be overspread with moral poison—and while our mountain breezes blow fresh and health-giving, must the immortal spirit inhale a vapour worse than the Maremma's tainted air?

M. A. H.

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THE GOLDEN CANDLESTICKS.

Our Lord said to his disciples, "Ye are the light of the world." How very appropriate, therefore, is a lamp-stand, or candlestick, to denote a church, as we find the symbol used in the Revelations. A candle is not to be hid under a bushel, but to be placed in a candlestick that it may diffuse light around; thus are churches the instruments of God, for imparting to the world, wisdom unto salvation.

Missionary effort is one sign of a rising or falling church, and will always be extended in proportion as the divine blessing rests upon that church. So likewise is it with individuals, whose spiritual state is indicated by an interest for the souls of others. It is a blessed thing for us in the present age, that we have such multiplied means for causing our light to shine, even to the ends of the earth; and it is happy for us that we belong to the Church of England, which has been an honoured instrument in the Lord's hand, to spread the knowledge of His name, having so widely diffused her light in the last fifty years, and to the shining of whose candle other churches have come for example and instruction. As her members, we are called upon in our respective spheres, to increase her light, and take a part in diffusing it. God is glorified by our church according to the brightness of her shining, and for this we are each responsible. Let us deeply consider this responsibility, that we may per-

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ceive the duty of unity ; not every one seeking his own glory, but the glory of the whole. An isolated Christian is no where supposed in Scripture ; if we are one with Christ, we are one with his people, and united especially by peculiar ties to those of his people with whom his providence has cast our lot.

An external church is of great value, because, as a lamp is a means of concentrating and retaining light, so do the ordinances of a church. These are highly useful so far as they perform this office,—but no further. Woe unto those who glory only in the means, and overlook the end ; who rest in forms and deny the spirit of godliness ! A church has no light except what she derives from Christ ; even as a candle has no light in itself. Every spark comes from Him, and all besides and around, is midnight darkness. What then, is the folly of those who take an unlighted candle to guide their trackless way, loving darkness rather than light !

We read in the passage of Scripture to which we have referred, that the candlesticks are of gold. This shows us the preciousness of that holy Church which Christ purchased with his blood ; and also, that none but the redeemed belong to it. For there can be nothing precious that has not been sanctified by the Holy Ghost ; and those who have not received this baptism of the Spirit, are " reprobate silver," rejected of the Lord. The true church is also enduring. As gold that is put into a furnace is not consumed but purified, so is it with the Church of Christ, " against which the gates of hell cannot prevail ;" of her members only is it written, that no man is able to pluck them out of the Father's hand. Professors, therefore, should take good heed that they are the redeemed of the Lord. Let the

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thy first works. That which ye have already, hold fast till I come. Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain, which are ready to die. I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich, and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see."

I know thy works! Does He know all your shortcomings? the things you have left undone; opportunities of usefulness neglected; and light hid under a bushel? then be admonished! Consider your ways on which the Saviour ponders, and be stimulated to watchfulness and diligence.

But the Lord also knows thy works for commendation. Such as are performed by the Spirit, glorify and please him, and not one of them is overlooked. He says to thee, "*I know thy labour and patience, thy hatred of them that are evil, thy tribulation and poverty, thy faith, thy charity, thy service, that thy garments are undefiled, that thou hast kept my word, and hast a little strength; and hast not denied my name.*" Here is his gracious approval; for the Lord is not unmindful of your good works, nor will he forget them. This is great encouragement to a soul which is perhaps ready to faint, following hard after God. And, moreover, there are promises to encourage, for He who is in the midst of his Church, says to every member; "*To him that overcometh, will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God. He shall not be hurt of the second death; I will give him to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, with a new name written thereon; and I will give him power to rule the nations; and I will give him the morning star. He shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels; I will keep him from the*

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hour of temptation, and will make him a pillar in the temple of my God; and will grant him to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."

Oh, who would not realize such glorious promises! Who would not be diligent to be found of Him in peace, without spot and blameless! Who would be weary in well doing! All things shall be ours if we "overcome by the blood of the Lamb."

Again, does Jesus, in very truth, walk amidst the golden candlesticks? Then, how near is he for communion! We need not raise our eyes to Heaven, for he is here on earth! We need not seek to waft a prayer through space, but may whisper it in his ear. That ear is ever open to prayer, and he is ever ready to answer. We should watch for answers. Much of the power and sweetness of communion is lost, by not expecting and watching for, answers. We lose the sensible impression of the tender mercy of Jesus by not attending to his replies. Thus, there is no fellowship experienced, and no sympathy perceived: we make him a God far off, and, as it were, too much occupied with others to attend to us. We go to Him as a Prince, and do not prove Him as a Friend.

But see how this dishonours our gracious Saviour! He walks among us that we may have continual intercourse with him; but when he draws nigh, we turn away and entertain ourselves with the creatures, or with our own thoughts, disregarding his presence. We care not to hold converse with him; he is despised and rejected even by his people. He comes to his own, and his own receive him not. Is it not so, if he stands at the door and knocks, and no one answers? if he offer to come in and sup with us, and we make excuses?

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The believer should be very careful to abstain from all circumstances and situations which prevent the soul from having intercourse with Christ. It is obvious that any degree of worldliness will have this effect, because there will be a distaste for it, in proportion as the carnal mind preponderates. Too great activity, is another hindrance; for hurry and agitation of spirits, or the being cumbered by many things, unfits us for communion. If our minds are not tranquillized, the still small voice within will not be heard.

Retirement is absolutely needful, if we would advance in acquaintanceship with Jesus. The Christian who has tasted the enjoyment of intercourse with him, will not be too much engaged with company, but desire frequent periods of seclusion, that he may find himself alone with God. It is a great art to blend the active and contemplative habits; remembering, that at one time our Lord commended Mary for sitting at his feet, and, at another, said to Joshua, "Up, wherefore liest thou thus upon thy face?"

Should any ask, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' we reply, Jesus walketh up and down amidst the churches, and is ready to help in every time of need and necessity. He is ever present and near at hand, able and willing to impart "strength and power to his people." "Blessed be God."

See then, what it is that in any degree impairs your work, or hinders a closer communion with Jesus. Cut off the right hand, and resolve to cleave unto Him with your whole heart. Be determined to follow him FULLY, and do so without delay. For, is not the horizon black; and can we not hear the howling of the coming storm? How know we that we shall be permitted much longer to serve the Lord with quietness, or when the door may

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be shut to our usefulness? Let then our last works be more than the first, and let us "hold fast, that no man take our crown."

Soon will that blessed hour arrive, for which the Church has been looking ever since the bodily presence of Christ has been withdrawn. Soon will he walk no longer unseen in the midst of his golden candlesticks, but gladden them with his glorious presence. Then shall we see him "eye to eye," whom not having seen, we love: then shall we behold our King in his beauty, aad then shall our perfected communion with Him be uninterrupted and eternal! Even so, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Amen.

S.

(THE) assurance (of being at peace with God,) *all* the heirs of glory have not ordinarily within them, and scarcely any at all times equally clear. Some travel on in a covert, cloudy day, and get home by it; having so much light as to know their way, and yet do not at all clearly see the bright and full sunshine of assurance. Some have it breaking forth at some time, and anon under a cloud; and some more constantly. But as all meet in the end, so all agree in this in the beginning, that is, in the reality of the thing.—*Abp. Leighton.*

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"QUEENS OF ENGLAND."

SOME REMARKS ON MISS AGNES STRICKLAND'S LIFE OF MARY IN THE ABOVE.

Miss S. has chosen a popular subject and title in the beginning of the reign of a beloved young Queen, and doubtless her work is in the hands of hundreds of readers, (especially the young females of the upper classes) readily taking whatever bias the author would give them, who are little in the habit of forming correct opinions of their own, or discerning with clearness between what is true or false in the opinions of others; above all of weighing every thing in the balance of the sanctuary, which enables those who do, to see that many things which are highly esteemed amongst men are abominations in the sight of God. It was reserved for the present times,—when the enemy of God and man is craftily working to re-introduce in this country that system of Papal darkness which has been said with truth, to be his *master-piece*,—for a lady, professedly a Protestant, to present herself to the public, as the vindicator, nay, eulogist, of that hapless Queen commonly designated '*Bloody Queen Mary*.' We doubt if the papists themselves have ever done so, and we know of none but Miss S. who has had the hardihood to present us with a portrait of her cruel Majesty bearing a benign aspect. But it is in vain, so long as our moral faculties are not become extinct and

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dead to the perceptions of right and wrong, good and evil. We must turn away in horror and disgust, for with all the effort of her art she cannot conceal the *crimson spot*, the garment stained with blood. Aware of this, she seeks to throw the guilt of it on her counsellors, Ministers, Parliaments. Doubtless they were guilty as participators, but instigators she wanted not. We cannot allow of this plea so long as she enjoyed the royal prerogative of choosing and dismissing her ministers. She chose those of a like spirit with herself, who were but the too willing instruments of her ruthless persecutions.* As to the Parliaments, they as well as ministers, were in general most subservient to the will of the Sovereign in those periods of our history; and we learn from it of this Princess, that she frequently dissolved her parliament when they were *not* subservient to her wishes. But were it, as her partial biographer would lead us to believe, that she was *overawed* by them, she would, were she the benign, merciful person she alleges, lay her own head on the block ere she would consign to tortures and death hundreds of her unoffending subjects whom she was bound by every law, human and divine, to cherish and protect; and for what were they slaughtered?

The Apostle says, "Let none of you suffer as a murderer or as an evil doer; but if any man suffer as a Christian let him not be ashamed, but let him glorify God on this behalf." They suffered then as Christians, they refused to bow down to the idol superstition had set up; they loved not their lives unto death, and shall receive a crown of life. But their blood still cries for vengeance, and will cry till that wicked hierachy fills

* We must except Cardinal Pole, who, in *spite* of his creed, was an amiable man, and averse to those cruelties.

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up the measure of her guilt, and immolates the last of the martyrs of Jesus. See Rev. vi. 9—11; xvii. And of this system of darkness, this unhappy Queen was not merely a *passive* subject, but an active agent and instrument, so that of *her individually*, it may truly be said, "She was drunken with the blood of the saints, and the blood of martyrs of Jesus;" giving her an awful eminence in guilt not only amongst the sovereigns of these realms, but of *any* other, Pagan or Christian so called.

We shall on this subject quote a passage from the historian Hume, who cannot be suspected of partiality to them as *Christians* or Protestants, he himself unhappily denying the truth of that blessed gospel for which they suffered—'The persons condemned to these punishments, were not convicted of teaching or dogmatizing contrary to the established religion. They were seized merely upon suspicion, and articles were offered them to sign; on refusing, they were immediately consigned to the flames. These barbarities, so *unusual* to the nation, excited horror. The constancy of the martyrs was the object of admiration; and as men have a principle of equity engraven in their minds, which even a false religion is not able totally to obliterate, they were shocked to see persons of probity, of honour, of pious dispositions exposed to punishments more severe than were inflicted on the greatest ruffians for crimes subversive of civil society.'

The same author gives Mary's character in the following words—'It is not necessary to employ many words in giving the character of this Princess. She possessed few qualities either estimable or amiable, and her person was as little engaging as her behaviour and address. Obstinacy, bigotry, violence, cruelty, malig-

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nity, revenge, tyranny, every circumstance of her character took a tinge from her bad temper and narrow understanding, and amidst that *complication* of vices which entered into her composition, we shall scarcely find any virtue but sincerity, a quality she seems to have maintained throughout her life, except in the beginning of her reign, when the necessity of her affairs obliged her to make promises to the Protestants which she certainly never meant to perform.* But in these cases a weak bigotted woman under the government of priests easily finds causistry sufficient to justify to herself the violation of a promise.'

Such is the character that the authoress of 'The Queens of England,' holds up to the British public as an amiable, pious, gracious Princess, but much misrepresented and calumniated of course, when crimes have been '*alleged against her*,' '*stormy passions attributed to her*.' We might ask her to produce the authorities which should induce us to alter our opinions, and discredit those which, from her reign to the present time, have given so different a character of her highness from that of Miss S. and have never been doubted ; or does she without such authority expect us to bow to her assertions of the benignity of her Pet Queen ? Clearly we cannot do so. But supposing we do admit that she was *naturally* of an amiable disposition and gentle spirit, what would this say for that *false* Christianity, obedience to whose dictates or the priests thereof, could

* Miss S. asserts with wonderful audacity, that she most *rigorously* kept her promise to the Protestants, not to make any change in religion without the universal consent of her subjects, while the fires of Smithfield are an imperishable record of her breach of promise. But perhaps Miss S. does not know that neither the promises nor *oaths* of papists to heretics, i. e. *Protestants*, are binding! She should have pleaded that in excuse for her, instead of asserting so palpable a falsehood.

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thus turn the gentle lamb into a ravening wolf? Indeed we cannot help suspecting that her too partial biographer is herself somewhat under the influence of that moral pestilence the *Roman malaria*, which is spreading its subtle and baneful poison throughout the land, which we know from the Scriptures of truth will in the end seize all as its victims (amongst those who do not cast off even the *name* of Christian) all those who receive not the love of the truth that they might be saved. She leads us to suspect that she is in *heart*, if not professedly, an admirer and adherent of that religion which her favourite sought to establish in the nation by *fire*, as Mahomet did his by the *sword*. The thought of her being an *ultra-liberal* is excluded by her manner of treating those who were favourable to Protestantism, and promoted it;—as studiously seeking to depreciate Edward and Elizabeth as to exalt the character of Mary. Far be it from us to justify that which cannot and should not be justified, and none can more reprobate than we do, that action of Elizabeth which dims the glory of her reign, her treatment of Mary Queen of Scots; it is indeed a black spot on its brightness, nor are we by any means an admirer of her character on the *whole*, and are disposed to think either that she owes much of her popularity, both in her own and succeeding times, to the happy contrast her reign and character offer to that of her sister and predecessor; and we can well imagine with what unbounded feelings of joy and delight, those suffering or likely to suffer, the loss of liberty and life must have hailed her accession to the throne, when we ourselves have experienced such relief to our aching hearts and tearful eyes, when turning the pages of history from the one reign to that of the other. But when we look at that most interesting young

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Prince their brother, the gentleness, amiableness, and piety of his character, whom we might name the Hezekiah of England, and say of the one, as the sacred penman did of the other, "He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord;" (See 2 Kings xviii.) we have to lament though not to wonder, that the same hand that laboured to array in the garb of virtue a persecuting devotee, should throw the mantle of *bigotry* over the armour of Righteousness and Truth, wherewith the Lord himself had clothed His youthful servant: so using an opportunity which a right-minded person would gladly have seized to pay a just tribute to the mild lustre of his gracious character, and which constrains us to conclude these remarks with those most emphatic scripture declarations, "He that justifieth the wicked and he that condemneth the just, even they both are an abomination to the Lord." Prov. xvii. 15. "Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil, that put darkness for light, and light for darkness, that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter." Isa. v. 20. The Lord grant to this writer, and those pursuing a like course, to see, ere it be too late, whose cause they are promoting, and whose cause they are opposing, and rightly to discern the evil from the good, the darkness from the light, the bitter from the sweet.

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THE SEVEN CHURCHES.

Sweet Glendalough! choice gem of Erin's Isle,
How full of teaching is each lovely scene;
The gloomy rock, the lake's resplendent smile;
The shady wood, the mountain's cheerful green.

But rock, nor lake, nor wood, nor mountain's side,
Though fraught with beauty, and replete with lore;
Can speak so loudly in the ear of pride,
As yon grey tower, yon rude and grass-grown floor.

Oh 'tis a spot for calm and pensive thought;
Be still, and ponder all that meets thine eye;
How frail is all that feeble man has wrought,
How vain *his* schemes to reach yon azure sky.

Emblem of Erin, is this ruined spot;
An empty watch-tower, and a mouldering fane,
An olden church, where life, where God is not,
Where stands the cross, but where it stands in vain.

Seven were the churches which in ancient days,
Jehovah planted, watered from above,
Poured freely on them showers of heavenly grace,
Where rested, brooded, dwelt the sacred Dove.

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Among them Jesus walked—Thrice happy they !
Where are they now ?—In ruined heaps they lie—
HIM they forsook—despised their gospel day,
The Lord is gone, nor doth again draw nigh.

Thy churches, Erin, unlike those of old,
Were reared by man, by human skill alone,
Vain builder ! Look around, thy work behold !
Muse on the roofless walls, the mouldering stone.

If on the fair, the green, the living tree,
Jehovah's fire descends when fruitless found,
Say shall a gentler doom alight on *thee*,
Dry, withered stock, thou cumberer of the ground.

Erin, awake, or view thy coming doom
Inscribed upon the churches' moss-green stone ;
Fly to the Rock, oh haste, there yet is room ;
One arm can save thee, and one arm alone.

Trust not in man, nor man's deceitful aid ;
Nor saint, nor angel, can relief afford ;
On Jesus *only* let thy hope be stayed,
Thy trusty Saviour, Heaven's almighty Lord.

Rest in his blood and righteousness *alone*,
On Him depend, commit to Him thine all,
Through HIM come boldly to the Father's throne,
Invoke His name—He waits to hear thy call.

Nor Saint, nor Priest, nor holy Virgin's power,
Can shield thee from the storm of coming woe ;
Can stay the advent of that dreadful hour
Which hastes, thy soulless fabric to o'erthrow.

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'Tis built on sand ; the coming storm will prove
If such foundation may sustain the shock,
One Church alone no tempest-storm can move ;
The Church, which stands on Christ, *The living Rock*.

"THE CHURCH OF GOD," the shrine of gospel-creed,
The Church of every age, of every land ;
Where all may meet, in heart, in soul agreed,
A faithful, truthful, loving, chosen band.

O blest communion ! may *my* lot be cast
Amongst the saints on earth, the pilgrims here,
And when at trumpet-call, the Archangel's blast,
The LIVING CHURCH her glorious fane shall rear,—

May I the anthem swell, the strain prolong,
"To Him who loved, who washed us in his blood,
Who tuned our voice to chant the angelic song,
The just, the wise, the holy, and the good,
The PRIESTLY KING, the God whom we adore,
Be glory, majesty, and might, and praise for evermore."

C. S.

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THE FAMILY OF GLENCARRA.—No. IV.

By Sidney O'More.

" What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile :
Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?"—Heber.

Brightly the summer sun arose upon Lough Gill, flinging a shower of bright rays over its transparent waters, until they resembled a burnished sheet of living gold; and robing their guardian circlet of hills in the most beautiful variety of light and shade. Twenty-three fairy islands gemmed the surface of the little lake; in many of these, arbutus and hazels hung over the liquid glass, which mirrored back their foliage, as it trembled in the gentle breeze.

It was the sabbath morn. We sprang from our couches while innumerable thrushes and red-breasts raised their first glad matin song. The freshness of the early day, and beauty of the scenery, imparted to our minds a delightful exhilaration. We wandered into the open air, and there, surrounded by the music of nature, lifted our hearts in worship to the beneficent Creator, and perused the sacred records of his love. Every object around seemed to possess a spiritual meaning.

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The dewdrops sparkling like diamonds, in the glorious sunbeam, appeared emblematic of the Christian, worthless and plain in himself, yet bright in the reflected rays of the Sun of Righteousness.

Trees bending unwillingly beneath the breeze to bathe in the pure waters beneath, seemed to typify the numerous band of nominal Christians, who stand for years beside the untasted waters of life, until the blasts of affliction bow down their chastened heads, and compel them to drink of the refreshing and renovating stream.

Aileen and I reclined upon a grassy bank. The melodious concert of the woodland vocalists and softly plashing waves died away at intervals, when we heard the low hum of bees hovering over the wild thyme around. We closed our books to turn to the volume of nature. 'How clearly,' I observed, 'was the exceeding love of God displayed, when forming a habitation for so sinful a human race,

> "He made all nature beauty to the eye
> And music to the ear."

If the Creator has so richly endowed with surpassing beauty a world prepared for sinners, oh, how must imagination fail in its feeble attempts to realize the transcendent lustre of the glory which is prepared for the regenerate children of God.'

Aileen did not appear to understand my observation, but she replied, ''Tis indeed, Miss, a beautiful world, and I think the thoughts of a better world still sets it off, and makes it look purtier; for I was as happy as a bird before ever I thought where my soul would go, but since I know it's safe, I'm far happier, just as that lake was purty enough afore, but since the bright sun riz on it, shure its fairly beaming out with beauty. Now

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the blessed Saviour shines in on my heart for all the world like that glorious sun."

'Indeed, Aileen, there is nothing which adds so much to happiness as the certainty that it will endure for ever, and that Death can only increase its intensity. But, while *we* rejoice in hope, must we not think with regret upon the multitudes around us who are plunged in total darkness, studiously debarred from the tidings of joy; who hear not of a merciful Saviour, but of an inexorable judge; who hope not for the blessedness of heaven until they have endured centuries of Purgatorial torment.

'Oh, Miss, you'd have said that, if you'd seen my own darlin' sister Biddy. Her eyes were as blue as the flax flower, and as bright as Lough Conn when the sun is looking full on it, but when she was just sixteen, she left me and the world lonely afther her. She went off in a decline; and had no one to tell her of the true way to heaven; and oh, if you were to hear the screeches she used to give in the long dark winthry nights as she thought of death.'

'Did she suffer much pain?' I enquired.

'It is'nt so much the pain of her body I spake of, Miss, but the throuble of her heart. Her body gave her but little pain, thanks be to God; even at the last minute she stole away like a mist up Mount Nephin, and we niver knew she was gone till the ice-could feel tould us. But while she was wearing away, night afther night, id she waken with the coughing, and then cry by the hour at the thought of the death that was fast stealing on her young days. I used to try and comfort her, but she'd say, "Aileen avourneen, why wouldn't I cry when I'm leaving the bright world, and not a know I know where I'm going to. And then if I

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of our mother, who had early instructed us in this delightful art. My hope of rejoining her was destined to be long deferred; for several days afterwards, when Cormac Dhu and Owen Rua made their appearance, my anxious inquiries were met by the disappointing rejoinder: 'No news of the master or misthress any way.'

We observed that the blue uniforms which our friends had received from the French invaders, were not only soiled and dusty, but in several places spotted with blood; and that Owen wore his arm in a sling. 'Have you been engaged in battle since you left us?' I enquired.

'Shure enough,' replied black Cormac, 'and we bate the red coats hollow at Barnageera, (the gap of winds); they ran as if they niver intended to stop or draw bridle again till they'd get to the wall of the world.'

'Tell us all about it,' said Mabel.

'Well, this was just the way it was,' replied Owen, 'the Frinch gineral was very cute, and marched us from Ballina, just as if we were going straight to Castlebar; but when we had gone three miles out of town he turned up a boreen, and made for the pass of Barnageerah. Now the soldiers all expected us by the other road, and we'd have walked right into their quarters afore they knew where we wor, and they, like omadhauns lining the other road;—only as ill luck would have it, a rascally yeoman went out to look afther his cattle in the grey light of morning. He seen us coming, and ran back to Castlebar, and called on the red coats; so when we came to the Gap, shure enough there were they and their cannon right forenent us. The Frinch gineral thought he'd take care of his own, to be shure, and why not, 'twas our country and not his we wor

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fightin' for; so what did he do, but sent every one of the united boys that had Frinch coats on, first to resave the shots, and afther us came the raal Frinch. We thried to force the narrow pass, but their big cannon-balls mowed us down by the hundred, and every mother's son of us that wasn't kilt had to fall back.'

'So it was you that ran, and not the red coats?' said Mabel.

'Is it *we* run and ould Ireland looking up to us for help? we didn't run a fut, we only stepped back nately to see how many of us wor left alive, and to stand together as many as wor; and then on we marched again as bould as any thing.'

'Did you succeed then the second time?'

'Deed, Miss, if you ever thried you'd know it wasn't so asy to force a long narrow pass in the face of cannon. No, we had to step back again; but the third time, faix, we put all the bastes of cattle we could find in the front, and druv them on between us and the inimy. Again the red coats thundered away at the cannon, but bedad this time 'twas only fourfooted bastes that fell kicking, and before the royals had time to load again we wor on them. Hurroo, boys, but it was the fun; we fought like tarriers or Kilkenny cats, the red coats could'nt keep their ground at all at all; they turned short round and ran for the life. As for the carbineer men and dragoons, you'd have thought they had a fox afore them, and a pack of hounds alongside, they took the ditches in such style, and we afther them hullalooing and pepperin' them with shot. A dale of the Longford and Cork militia-men only belonged to King George from the teeth out, and they turned in the red of their uniforms, and joined us with coats turned wrongside out.'

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'If they had held firm, it is'nt our boys that id have won the battle of Castlebar; with such a man-trap as the Gap to the fore,' observed Cormac.

'Men that fought for their own dear counthrey wor shore to bate hired boys any day,' replied Owen, 'even without a fair field and no favour; its ten long hours since we broke our fast, and this wound is making me entirely wake.'

We immediately returned to the cottage, where the two rebels partook of some refreshment, while I took Lily and Gore out of doors, that the reunited family might enjoy uninterrupted conversation. We were glad to perceive that our faithful followers had not been unmindful of our wants; our stock of provisions had been well nigh exhausted, and the contents of their little boat promised to contribute much towards our future comfort.

Before they left the island, Owen narrated to us a signal instance of heroism which occurred when the rebel army triumphatly entered Castlebar. A large detachment immediately went to the gaol, in order to liberate as many of their companions as might have been therein incarcerated. A solitary Highland sentinel named Fraser, who was on guard before the prison door, thought it his duty to oppose the progress of the insurgents. Six different times his single bayonet charged from his elevated position; each time a rebel bit the dust. On his seventh charge he fell, pierced with innumerable wounds; his corpse was flung down from his post, and his sentry-box hurled after it. His name remains engraven on the historic page.

After the departure of Owen and Cormac, the even tenour of our lives flowed by without an event to mar its course. Aileen and I daily rowed out in our little

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skiff, and contributed to our maintenance by means of the fisher's nets, which we daily arranged in the manner in which Aileen had often seen her father ply his trade. Some of our happiest hours were spent gliding over the bright clear waters at dawn of day, or floating listlessly beneath the shady hills at noon. The summer of this year was remarkably fine, and both rebels and military were wont to say, that Providence had ordained such weather for the benefit of their cause ; there is no doubt that the lives of many houseless wanderers and families were preserved by the mild temperature of the autumnal nights. We almost lived in the open air, frequently visiting the ruins on Church Island ; the holy well, and occasionally landing on the mainland to walk among the magnificent bays and laurels which grow so luxuriantly around Lough Gill.

On one occasion, Aileen and I were employed in raising the fisherman's nets, when we perceived upon the shore a woman surrounded by several children. They seemed to regard us with such interest that we glided over to obtain a nearer view. With much surprise I recognized a lady who was one of our nearest neighbours. Her husband having been suddenly summoned to command his corps of yeomanry, had left her without any pecuniary resources, except three guineas which she happened to have in her private purse. She deemed her home no longer a safe residence, and set off on foot, her children riding alternately upon a donkey which she had been fortunate enough to procure. The French had possessed themselves of all the horses in the district. This lady informed us that during her long wanderings she had found herself in a peculiarly unenviable situation near the town of Castlebar, on Monday the day of battle. The road before her was strewn with havresacs,

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belts, and other military accoutrements, which had been cast away by the royal army, and behind her the rebels and French troops advanced to take possession of the town with short-lived triumph. We invited Mrs. A. and her children to remain with us on the island, but she preferred to continue her route with the hope of rejoining her husband.

She passed and the monotony of our island-home was not again broken until we received tidings of our beloved parent's safety, and of the suppression of the rebellion. But did we weary of this calm unchecquered life? Oh no! the feet of time cannot wear leaden fetters, while elastic youth is free amid the beautiful panorama of nature. Life glided by in that delightful manner which maturer age will tremblingly enjoy; fearful, as in a pleasing dream, lest some trivial incident should dissolve the blessed charm.

To one so romantic as I was in early youth, the society of Mabel and Aileen was most acceptable. They were both highly imaginative, although in Mabel ignorance had blended imagination with superstition. Aileen's mind on the other hand was elevated by pure religion; her vivid imagination illumined by light from above, enabled her to attach a spiritual resemblance to every natural object, and to trace the links which bind the loveliness of nature to its great Creator, although expressions often failed to convey her ideas.

The denizens of towns have little idea of the poetic feeling which is inherent in the remote inhabitants of our lonely mountains and lake shores. Continually abroad amidst the most romantic scenery, they imbibe the elements of true poetry. I have sometimes remained mute with astonishment at the poetical language and ideas of people, who strove with difficulty to ex-

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press themselves in English, to them a foreign tongue. Among those who are utterly unacquainted with any language but their own; eyes will flash and cheeks flush while some peasant repeats some soul-stirring verses composed by himself or his ancestors; and proud indeed is the father who can boast a son well versed in the art of poesy. This have I not witnessed, but I have witnessed the delight and enthusiasm with which the uncultivated minds of peasants have appreciated the sublime beauty and figurative language of Scripture, when offered in the *teanga vin milish na h'Eirion*, (sweet honied language of Erin.)

THE unsanctified wish to be freed from the punishment of sin; the believer from its bondage and pollution.—*Robert Hall.*

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THE HOUSEHOLD CHAIN BROKEN.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

Beside a flowing river,
  Where waving beeches stand,
And silver aspens quiver,
  We dwelt,—a happy band.
Twelve buds and blossoms growing
  Around one happy hearth ;
Youth, health, and love bestowing
  Each blessing of the earth.
We wandered through each upland scene,
  And roamed the forest glade ;
Or floated down the silent stream,
  Beneath the trembling shade.

And thus the happy years flew by,
Without a care, without a sigh.

Save his, who crossed the distant seas,
  No vacant place was seen,
No voice's music had been hushed,—
  Life glided like a dream.
But three or four of all the band
  Sought an eternal home ;
The rest forgot the better land,
  Nor thought that death might come.

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Till He who doeth all things well
The bandage struck from sight,
And breaking up the household chain,
Let in eternal light.
The white-robed minister of death
Received the rending word ;
And by the loveliest and the best,
His warning voice was heard,
"Maiden, thy form of clay,
Shall melt like the mists away,
Till on thee burst the ray,
Beaming from endless day."
The shaft had sped, her roses fled,
Her buoyant step grew slow,
But living faith can smile on death,
She cried, "I go, I go !
My flesh and heart are failing fast,
Soon shall their links dissever ;
But God my strength and portion is,
He shall be mine for ever." *
O happy maiden, thou hast given
Thy summer-time of glee,
"Thy heart's first fragrance unto heaven,"
Death had no sting for thee !

Thus day by day, with a slow decay,
Melted her bonds like mists away,
Till her glad spirit rejoicing stood
In the bright home of her "Saviour God :"
Eyes long in mental night,
Followed her upward flight,
And as she entered light,
On them fell radiance bright.

* Psalm lxxiii. 26.

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Then years flew by, as the lightnings fly,
Again the summons of death came nigh.

'Twas heard by a child with sunny hair,
And eyes of violet blue ;
She ceased her brother's sports to share,
And pale and pensive grew.
At midnight rose her wailing cry,
With showers of tears of agony,
" Oh, what if I to-night should die,
" I have not heaven in view ! "
She wept for sin ; at length she found
The sinner's ransom paid,
And with a strong though child-like faith,
Her sins on Jesus laid.
And ere the messenger came nigh,
To her such faith was given ;
" I fear not now," she said, " to die,
For Jesus is in heaven."
Then came the bright one down,
Bore her to her starry crown ;
Oh, what glad seraph-chants were strewn
Round the bright pathway to her Saviour's throne.

A year flew by, like a breeze's sigh,
Again the summons of death came nigh.

It came to one in manhood's prime,
In youth and health abounding ;
Intellect beaming on his brow,
Kindness his steps surrounding ;
The stronger rushed upon the strong ;
The seventh morning came,

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His feet had entered Jordan's stream,
Its chill was on his frame ;
But till it froze his rich deep voice,
For mercy still he prayed ;
" O Christ, have mercy upon me,"
Were the last words he said.
Swiftly thy wing swept on, O Death,
To burst our links of love ;
But we trust it bore our wrested one
To a better home above.

And month by month, and year by year
The Patriarch of the band
His white hairs bent o'er the Holy Book
To read of that better land.
" I feel the gathering snows of age
And they tell me of the grave ;
In myself but sin, I trust in Christ,
And He alone can save."

Thus years went by, with a warning cry
Suddenly death again came nigh.

The Patriarch bowed on the Sabbath-day
In the holy house of prayer ;
At night he sank to his usual rest,
At dawn came the summons there.
His children stood by his painless couch,
He knew them but could not speak ;
He pressed their hands, and he looked farewell,
Then turned the Book to seek,
He placed it in their willing hands
They read him that Word of God ;

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And he calmly entered the vale of death,
  Supported by His rod.
Oh, loudly rung each Angel's harp,
  As another entered heaven :
Oh freshly gushed the mourner's tears,
  As another link was riven.
But on, on, the years rush on
  They *must* bring Death again :
For one by one, till his task be done,
  He must part the links of the chain.
Then oh, may those who have gone before
Welcome each to the happy shore,
Till the band unite,—an unbroken chain,
Never, oh *never* to part again.

S. O. M.

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Review of Books.

THE LORD OUR SHEPHERD: *An Exposition of the Twenty Third Psalm. By the Rev. John Stevenson, Perpetual Curate of Cury and Gunwalloe, Cornwall.*—Jackson.

Mr. Stevenson has entered with deep spiritual zest and feeling into the full meaning of this most lovely psalm. His exposition is, what a commentary on such a portion of God's word ought to be—cheering, animating, full of hope and joy. We wish, however, that he had been less declamatory: the multitude of notes of admiration weary the eye; and if properly done justice to in reading the work aloud, must render it, in some places, a continuous series of exclamations. This, we admit, is a mere matter of taste; but there are many devout Christians to whom a glance down some pages most profusely scattered with these notes would prove a stumbling-block: they like sobriety of style, and may not readily believe that it can consist, as here it does,

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with the semblance of what they deem affectation. For the sake of such, and for the wider spread of a most refreshingly delightful volume, breathing the purest spirit of Christian faith, hope, and love, we notice this slight blemish.

Mr. Stevenson has contributed more than one valuable work to the highest order of religious literature—the most universally valuable, because it embraces the wants and the sorrows of all classes of God's people. There is no portion of the sacred volume more richly abounding in all the treasures of divine wisdom and knowledge than the book of Psalms: and no Psalm that presents an epitome more complete of all that man can need in life, death, and eternity than the one so aptly selected by this devoted expositor. The Lord has greatly aided him in the work: may His gracious blessing accompany its diffusion!

FIVE LETTERS ON CHRISTIAN UNION. *By the Rev. E. Bickersteth, Rector of Watton, Herts.*—Seeleys.

ORIGINALLY appearing in the valuable columns of the "Record" Newspaper, these letters are now stitched into a neat little pamphlet; and we trust they are doing an important work in the Church of Christ. It is one of the few tokens for good, in our day, that many among us are openly striving for that union, the absence of which has, we think very unscripturally, been pleaded as a favorable badge of liberty enjoyed by the Church. Of course, we would not bend our necks to such an

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iron yoke of despotic uniformity as that of Rome, or of any other Church that may dare to set up a claim to exclusiveness of privileges. A measure of freedom in choice must ever be conceded; but *disunion* is no other than a biting and devouring of each other, to be abhorred of all who desire to see the fulfilment of our Lord's almost dying prayer. John xvii. In fact, this evil spirit of liberalism carried to licentiousness, is the very thing that most menaces our existence as a community of openly professing Protestants. In cases where membership cannot be decently denied, nor, perhaps, is it wished to deny it, though the hand will not say to the foot in plain words "I have no need of thee," yet such grievous fault is found with the fashion of the shoe; while the foot in like manner, overlooking the divine membership of the hand, is so bitterly severe on the make of the glove, that in the end it very nearly amounts, sometimes it does quite amount, to the same mutual excommunication. And now, when the enemy comes in upon us, lifting up their idolatrous banners for tokens, those who should be found with one mind and one heart striving together for the faith of the gospel, are alas! too generally found striving each for the exaltation of what he conceives to be the scriptural model of church government, warring against establishments, or against non-episcopal ordination, or almost against any thing that Satan may contrive to invest with an ugly mask, and to place between himself and them as a fitting object of attack. Multitudes there are, in every Church holding Christ as the head, who lament this state of things as truly as our beloved and honoured brother Bickersteth does, and who would struggle which should be foremost in linking and strengthening the band of pure, holy, perfect union, irrespective of all

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external distinctions, not affecting the great foundation of their faith. If but this multitude would speak out, and declare each his and her own solemn convictions on a subject more momentous than language can express, or thought conceive, we should soon see a wonderful and a blessed change commenced in the aspect of our Protestantism, in other words, our Christianity.

Meanwhile, as conducive to such an end, we would have the diminutive pamphlet before us rained thick as the falling leaves of autumn over the land; and we press it on each individual who desires the prosperity of Christ's body, the Church, to use every effort in the work. It is written in the usual calm, sweet, loving spirit of its revered author: it can give no offence to any; but many a sore offence may it be the means of removing from among us. The Lord in His mercy grant it!

LORD ABERDEEN AND THE AMEER OF BOKHARA: *in reply to the Edinburgh Review. By Captain Grover, F.R.S. Fourth Edition.*—Chapman.

Since our last number was published, this brief but most conclusive answer to the ungenerous, uncandid, and untrue animadversions of the 'Edinburgh Review' on Captain Grover, has not only appeared, but reached a fourth impression. Rarely have we been more disgusted and ashamed than when reading that flippant mis-statement of one who evidently had documents placed in his hands inaccessible but to a person in the enjoyment both of official and of family confidence, in

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reference to the lamented victims of our un-British government; but the able, though unstudied hand of Captain Grover has paid the scribe in a coin that will pass current through the world. Truly it is gratifying to see how the public-press is taking the matter up; and, as is usually the case where plain truth and justice stand openly confronted with falsehood and wrong, is, in the main, passing a very fair verdict. New facts are brought out in this pamphlet with great effect; and facts already laid before the country by its author, are again drawn out from under the mass of rubbish, vituperation, and bold denial with which his opponents had overlaid them. Captain Grover will not allow his good to be evil spoken of; and he is right; nor has the diplomatic reviewer gained much by his attempts to browbeat and defame a generous soldier, whose only fault is, that he has too much of the old chivalric character about him to be understood by the too commonly selfish generation among whom his lot is cast.

Our readers will be compelled to smile at some of the well-merited castigations given, in perfect good-humour, by the assailed to his assailants. Dr. Wolff's work has been a sad discomfiture to the latter; and we are very much mistaken if this disgraceful matter is allowed to go to sleep until a lesson has been scourged into heartless officials that will prove highly beneficial to the country at large. Captain Grover has the respect, sympathy, and we will add, the gratitude of the great bulk of all whose opinions are worth looking to, throughout the almost unlimited space where this tale of blood has been heard.

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THE EGYPTIAN. *By the Author of "The Jew."*— Religious Tract Society.

VERY interesting; full of information, and duly illustrated. Egypt has a very conspicuous part to perform ere long: God hath spoken good concerning her, in connexion with Israel; and some of us will live to see it.

A very pungent and effective "Reply to the Charge of Archdeacon Hare" has reached us, but we have not yet been able to procure a copy of the "Charge" itself.

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THE PROTESTANT.

'The cliffs, the snowy cliffs of Albion! it is long since I looked upon them,' said my uncle, as, pacing the firm, smooth sands below, he measured with his eye the height of that majestic wall of dazzling white, levelled as though with a plummet-line, and only broken in its beautiful surface by the playful jutting out of here and there a hardy wild flower, or a tuft of rugged grass. It stretched far before us, on our left,—the tide that had erewhile dashed its billows against the rampart, having now ebbed to its lowest point; and we sauntered on, with the exquisite enjoyment of people whose nature and early habits are almost amphibious; but who have long been fettered to their respective posts of duty, unable to gratify the strong propensity for marine scenery and its concomitants, which amounts to a passion rather than a mere taste.

'Well, I have, in my inland home, contemplated the ruinous career of this untoward generation, and numbered up our daring acts of rebellion against the Lord, until I have been brought to a feeling of stern acquiescence in the pouring forth of His most righteous indignation, content that he should vindicate the majesty and the might that we have set at nought: but, I don't know how it is, while walking here at the foot of these cliffs, these beauteous and magnificent walls, built by His own Almighty hand, and for so many centuries rendered utterly impregnable to all assailants, my heart

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melts, yea, bleeds for my country ; and from its inmost depths the prayer ascends, " O Lord, spare thy people, —let not thy heritage be brought to confusion,—spare thy people, whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood ! " '

' Such is also my feeling, uncle ; and while I utter the prayer a buoyant hope seems to awaken within me, promising that it shall be answered, and all shall yet be well.'

' That buoyancy may be, in great measure, the effect of this exhilarating breeze, and soul-expanding scenery, chasing the languor of disease, and stringing the weary nerves anew. Yet I would not discourage the most sanguine hope that you can form when its foundation is fixed in believing prayer ; for the word is ever unchangeably sure, " According to thy faith be it unto thee ;" and who knows how oft, how long the impending stroke of divine vengeance has been withheld at the lowly supplication of even such humble ones as you and I are ? O the glory, and the majesty, and the goodness of God, who has so spread before us his mighty works, for an everlasting memorial of what He can and will do for those who trust in Him ! Look at this smooth level, for here it scarcely slopes, and not a ridge, not the slightest vestige of any thing that could possibly present a barrier to the weakest ripple of a stream is anywhere perceptible ; now mark that swell, ridge behind ridge of light but powerful waves, an immense body of water, not to be resisted by the hand of man, rolling towards us. What shall stay its course ? who shall prevent its dashing past us, and striking the foot of the cliff ? Magnificent lesson ! " Fear ye not me ? saith the Lord,—will ye not tremble at my presence, which have placed the sand for the bound of the sea by a per-

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petual decree that it cannot pass it? and though the waves thereof toss themselves, yet can they not prevail; though they roar, yet can they not pass over it." Like you, I must hope; for though all things be against us, and our iniquities outnumber the sands beneath our feet, still He who is mightier than all, has not yet openly forsaken us.'

'In token whereof, after all our fears and well-grounded apprehension, of national famine, He has again reserved to us the appointed weeks of harvest.'

My uncle lifted his eyes to the edge of the perpendicular cliff, now sweeping very high above us, and exclaimed, "O England, return unto the Lord thy God! Thou hast rebelled against thy glorious King, and virtually thrust him from thee: but he is loth to give thee up: more willing to pardon than thou to repent: more ready to bless than thou art to ask the blessing."'

We wandered on and on, in silence for a while; it was a fresh, gusty day, with threatening clouds above; and none cared to stray so far as we had done. Never weary of gazing on the endless variety of outline that marked the bold white cliff, I kept my eye upon it, and presently descried a strange spectacle. A somewhat rude, but well-defined archway opened into the solid chalk, the entrance ascending over scattered masses of the same material, terminating in a rough old wooden gate, or door, seemingly well secured. Beyond this, for a considerable distance, standing up towards the top of the cliff, I saw successive archways, open, but too high to reveal any thing that might be within them; all evidently penetrating into the substance of the cliff. They looked like the rude entrances to a regular gradation of storied dwellings, the last being not far below the edge of the cliff.

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'What have we here? Has Edom come to make his nest in our English rocks?'

'Edom!' exclaimed my uncle, in a voice that echoed through the caves; 'No, no; God be thanked! not Edom, but Israel has a dwelling there. Yes, this magnificent scenery in which we have been luxuriating, forms the splendid exile of a noble Jew, who has again and again quitted his lordly halls to brave the perils of that changeable ocean, that he might bear succour to his afflicted brethren, rescue to those who were apparently beyond its reach; hope to those who had almost forgotten the word; and, by the extraordinary success of his generous enterprise, awaken all the world, I may say, to the present condition and the future prospects of Israel. Shame on the Christian who can pass this spot, and not pause to invoke a blessing on the head of Montefiore!'

'And does he dwell here? truly I pray that beyond the bounds of the everlasting hills the full blessing of Jacob's God may rest upon him.'

'His house,' observed my uncle, after a short silence, 'is beyond our sight, but nearly in a line I should think, with this spot. The passage that excites your wonder is a subterranean descent, by which, if disposed, the family may reach these lovely sands without quitting their own demesne. Those arched openings are continued to the main passage, affording light from without. I never saw the place before, but I know it from description; and yonder you may read a notice, warning mischievous stragglers from damaging the gate, and signed with the name of Montefiore.'

'This is quite an adventure, uncle.'

'And a token for good too. "Let mine outcasts dwell with thee," said the Lord, compassionate in judg-

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ment, when Israel sought a temporary shelter with Moab. The proud Moab refused; and therefore was his doom sealed, to be trodden down, as straw is trodden down for the dunghill. "Let mine outcasts dwell with thee," saith the Lord, in his providence to many nations: and surely there are few, very few, where the dispersed of Judah dwell more safely, more honourably than in this our England—"The ships of Tarshish, first!" he suddenly exclaimed, turning to the ocean; 'Oh, not like Moab's will be my dear country's doom! She has a mighty work to do, and for that work she will be spared.'

'It is very fanciful, perhaps,' said I, 'but really the sea and the sands just here present a curious appearance, as if combining to lay out a marine garden where man could never form the resemblance of such a thing. See, how far these thick masses of scattered chalk extend, from the cliff to the low-water-mark; every one of them richly mantled in sea-weed of the brightest emerald green; while right through the centre runs a path of gravel, as though a way were made for the departure of Judah in our ships, direct from the abode of one who well deserves to be counted a leader among them. Oh, when shall it be! when shall that blessed sign appear, of the Lord beginning to gather his dispersed, and to build up Zion, that He may appear in His glory! Mine eyes fail with looking for the day; my heart is ever asking, "Lord, how long?" When shall the children of Israel behold their King, once despised, rejected, and slain; there to be welcomed, and owned, with weeping and supplication, and to be enthroned in glory, Sovereign Lord of a renovated world.'

We left that spot never to forget it, or the feelings it had excited in our minds.

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'I do most heartily wish,' suddenly resumed my uncle, 'that these billows formed a more unpassable barrier than they do, between us and other lands. Had I my will, they should be rarely made a highway for princes and potentates, whether our own or foreigners. The Lord has insulated us, geographically, in as marked a manner as of old He insulated his chosen people amid the world by laws and ordinances; and every year's experience tells me that with us, as with them, it is better to dwell alone.'

'But our national prosperity would be seriously impaired by the interruption of our commerce, surely.'

'National, like individual prosperity, is of two kinds: there are those who prosper in the world, who have riches in possession; who add house to house and field to field; call the lands after their own names, and die rejoicing in the abundant substance that they leave to their babes. There are those again, who, receiving at the Lord's hand whatsoever he is pleased to bestow upon them, make it their daily prayer that he will lift up the light of His countenance on them; and, in all their ways acknowledging Him, finding that he still directs their paths, have a continual joy and gladness in their hearts, rarely known to such as, seeking for worldly good, make their count of the increase of corn, wine and oil. How often does prosperity destroy the man! how full is history of the tale of nations, lifted up by pride and beauty, like Tyre of old, only to be the more conspicuously ruined!'

'And you think we are in danger from the same cause, uncle? Not long ago, you were speaking more complacently of royal visitings.'

'It is the privilege of an old man to grow wiser apace, as his span of days shortens, my dear. I deprecate from

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my inmost soul what is now evidently to be the rule of the English court: I tremble at the inevitable consequences of this rapidly-increasing familiarity with what must tend to harden the heart, cloud the perceptions, and sear the conscience of a young and lively female. A series of what among us would be counted gross and vulgar dissipations; habitual Sabbath-breaking looked on as a matter of course; and such savage barbarity as no tender-hearted woman can bear even in thought to contemplate, barbarity no less cowardly than wantonly cruel—these are not the lessons to acquire which, a young mother should annually leave her infant progeny, or a British Queen her throne!'

My uncle spoke with indignant emphasis; and after looking up with some emotion at the towering cliff, he again turned to the sea, and proceeded.

'So long as the world stands, the Lord will not allow the praise of His great Name to be silenced. Man may forget all his benefits, and grasp in thankless cupidity the good profusely scattered in his path; yea, and may prevail to silence by force what now he would fain put down by scoffs and taunts,—the faithful confession still heard even in high places of the God whose servants delight to serve Him; but if it be so, we can seek the sounding shore, and listen to a song that will ascend despite all mortal opposition: the deep, the mighty deep shall still utter his voice, and lift up his hands on high, in an irrepressible testimony of reverence and fear for Him whom the nations despise, and the people dare to vengeance with their manifold iniquities.'

'And the voice of those waves, whether rolling, as now, in gentle murmurs among the chalky fragments that vary these bright sands, or pealing forth a storm-note that drowns all other sounds, and sends man trem-

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bling from the sphere of their terrible strength, those waves evermore utter the same language: "Thou art the King of glory, O Christ!"'

'And never will He want a people to echo that song from the depth of hearts filled with the preciousness of redeeming love. But oh, of what are they dreaming, who see tokens of the gradual approach of His kingdom, the peaceful overflow of Gospel truth throughout the world, in such times as these! An universal overturn is all that I can look for; a fierce struggle of the Evil One, in all his permitted power, to subjugate for a time to his own infernal sway what he well knows must yet become the kingdom of our God and of His Christ. For this we are expressly prepared; but I fear that very many, even among the most spiritual, look on present events with little, if any, reference to this fact. It would add a thrilling interest to some things that we are lamenting rather in private than on public grounds.'

'Are you alluding now to the sanguinary scenes to which the most youthful among the monarchs of so-called Christendom are now again being conducted, as to feasts and pastimes?'

'Yes, truly, I am. The young Queen of Spain is already so trained in this Satanic school, that it would be the most natural thing possible to behold her the delighted superintendent of an *auto-da-fé*, of the ancient fashion, revelling in the death-pangs of persecuted Christians, and no less savagely-persecuted Jews. The young princes of France, and, shame to womanhood! the bride of one of them, have been the wretched child's companions in the horrible sport. Europe may look to it, when France and Spain whet their fangs after this fashion, though it be but in the blood of helpless,

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goaded, mangled brutes; for there is higher prey in prospect.'

'And, alas! uncle—must we number England, generous England in the list?'

'No: England would rise as one man against the introduction here of what England's rulers may go abroad to enjoy—No: the husbands, and the fathers, and the brothers, who are yonder conducting the females of their household over these pleasant sands, albeit too many of them thoughtlessly lend themselves to the introduction of foreign follies, and worse, where their fathers strove to preserve an exclusiveness at which they laugh;—those men would stand shoulder to shoulder in a phalanx not to be despised, ere they would permit their gentle companions to become the hardened spectators of a public shamble. The horrors of that doubly-doomed land of Spain, are not even to be thought of here: but the courtly butchery of a Saxon court, howsoever recommended, howsoever patronized, is, as yet, out of the question too. There is no knowing how far the god of this world may lead his votaries; but it would take time, I should think, to bring us to such a pass.'

'Observe, dear uncle, how soothing is the word of promise: how exactly applicable to what we shudderingly deprecate for our poor country. It declares, "None shall *hurt* or *destroy* in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord." No tortured animals shall then be compelled to trample on their own entrails, to make royal sport for queens and princes; no wholesale butchery shall heap the entrance-path with piles of mangled, though not so dreadfully agonized, victims, that passing female royalty may gaze and admire the termination of a scene enacted before her eyes. Oh that we may all

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be roused to fervent prayer on behalf of those whom we are bound deeply to reverence and to love, and from whom the crafty enemy is now alienating the hearts of those who cannot be disloyal.'

'This painful subject has quite marred the pleasure of our walk; but better so than that we should be selfishly acquiescent in what is so grievously wrong, and menaces the safety of the land. If public feeling be not sufficiently plain in expressing itself, the next excursion may be to Spain; the next spectacle a bull-fight. There was a small beginning last year, to which I need not allude; and I did hope that an effectual check was then interposed. We must not weary in praying; neither must we cease openly to protest, when English feeling, based as it is on sound religious principle, is so outraged. But come, let us now dismiss the sad subject, and look with thankful hearts upon the great and glorious works of God. For six thousand years this tide has ebbed and flowed, as now it does at our feet. It speaks the language addressed to Israel of old, and to Israel now, and to us, whom the Lord hath also brought into covenant with Himself, which covenant we have been continually breaking. It tells of His faithfulness, which is our only stay; it repeats the story of His everlasting love. "I am the LORD; I change not: therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." Therefore ye children of Albion, are not consumed.'

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THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1845.

WAR WITH THE SAINTS.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE unsparing cruelty of the crusaders, their barbarous massacre, by the most painful and ignominious deaths, of such as were compelled to surrender to them; and the tortures that sometimes, as in the case of the inbitants of Brom, the victims were left to linger under, all combined, with the consciousness of a just and holy cause, to nerve the hands of those who held the strong castle of Termes, a powerful frontier fortress on the borders of Roussillon. This was the next point of attack in the order of march laid down for the great locust army, whose glory it was to turn the comparative Eden of a most lovely and smiling country into a waste howling wilderness, defiled by blood, and deformed by every species of savage outrage.

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captured alive, with some others, whom they wished de Montfort to have the glory and the high merit of burning, and otherwise torturing to death. They had their desire with regard to the inferior class ; but Raymond's sin had been too grievous to be so speedily expiated. The merciless Simon refused him the death that he would have hailed as a boon, and remembering a deep dark dungeon under a tower in Carcassonne, he conveyed him thither, to endure years of hopeless captivity in its most cruel form. Of him we know no more than that he suffered for defending those who knew and loved the truth ; and if that truth had also made him spiritually free, his dungeon was a place of liberty and light ; for Christ was there. At this distance of time, and with nought to guide us save such books as their murderous enemies have written, we cannot form a correct judgment of individual cases like this: but there is ground for many a cheering hope concerning thousands of victims who were not called to a voluntary martyrdom like those of Minerve ; a hope which the great day of revelation may abundantly confirm. Then, face to face, they must meet, the slayers and the slain ; and He who was present marking all, discerning every thought of every heart, and tracing every action to its most secret spring, will award a judgment, the tremendous issues of which the heart of man may well tremble to contemplate.

War in its most dreadful form had now raged against the Albigenses for more than a year and a half. It was in the Spring of 1209 that the first army marched upon the territories of Raymond Roger ; and Termes fell in November 1210. Farther resistance seemed to be abandoned by the wretched inhabitants of neighbouring towns and castles: no sign of opposition was seen ; but

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on every side helpless fugitives were vainly seeking to escape the hands of the triumphant enemy, to whom it was mere sport to pursue them, singly or in groupes, and to put them to death on the spot, or else to drag them to the camp, to refresh their spirits, and reanimate the zeal of the assembled host, by the spectacle of a slow burning. All seemed to augur immediate and utter destruction to the provinces; even the king of Arragon, attached as he had long been to the cause, and nearly allied both to the Count of Toulouse and to Raymond Roger, was beguiled by the plausibility of de Montfort, and to a great extent, placed himself in his hands. Simon, however, was too much inflated by pride, and too conscious of the immense power that he wielded in the daily augmenting host of fierce crusaders who poured in on every side, to use his advantage prudently. He treated the king of Arragon and the Count of Toulouse with the same overbearing insolence; proclaimed them alike rebels against the supreme power of Rome, and even attempted to place them under arrest in the city of Arles, whither they had been invited to negotiate with the lordly legate and the usurping chief. This of course, renewed the spirit of indignant opposition in the bosoms of the insulted parties; but de Montfort cared little for any shew of future resistance: the preaching firebrands of Citeaux sent him in new levies; and in all the pride of assured success he marched, in the following spring, on Cabaret, where a stout defence was anticipated; instead of which the citadel, hitherto impregnable by hostile power, was thrown open to him, and formed the first of a series of unresisted triumphs, along the line of mountainous fortresses that frowned upon the rugged passes connecting the province of Carcassonne with that of Toulouse. Here, the wily com-

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mander, feeling the value of such rapid advances upon a more important scene of action, restrained the barbarity of his followers, and exhibited a shew of leniency to those who submitted, well calculated to encourage the practice of unconditional surrender. It would be easy, when the mighty strong-holds of truth were subdued, and no refuge left for the scattered few, to return and execute vengeance on all who should retain even a semblance of religious liberty.

Thus, without hindrance and without loss, the dark unbroken masses of armed destroyers approached the mighty city of Toulouse, the favoured refuge of God's people; the garden where no hand, human or infernal, had yet succeeded in eradicating the growth of plants watered from above, and yielding the increase that God alone could give. It was still some leagues distant, and braving their advance stood the solitary but massive castle of Lavaur. This was known to be in the possession of a woman, a widow, whose timidity no doubt the crusaders expected speedily to overawe; but the lady Guiraude was an openly professing follower of the truth as it is in Jesus; a bold separatist from the authority and from the errors of Rome; and she had made her stout castle a place of refuge and security to as many of her fellow-believers as it would contain. She had also with her a brother, both in the flesh and in the faith, a brave knight named Aimery de Montreal, whose possessions had been seized by de Montfort, while he, with eighty other faithful knights, happily escaped, and now assisted to man the walls of Lavaur. In all the province, excepting its capital city, there was not a place more confided in by the persecuted flock than this castle. Immensely strong, perfectly fortified on all sides, stored with abundance of provisions, am-

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munition, and whatsoever could contribute to its defence, while a people who openly worshipped God in spirit and in truth kept watch and ward within, it was a point of most thrilling interest to the flock around: of most sanguinary eagerness on the part of the wolves that invaded them. The very fact of its being the heritage of a widow who served God, inspired confidence in the bosoms of those who trusted in Him. But His way is sometimes in the sea, and his path in the deep waters, and his footsteps are not known.

Toulouse being so near, and Count Raymond again in open excommunication, and therefore naturally looked to as preparing to defend himself and his subjects from the aggressor, application was made to him for further supplies by the garrison of Lavaur; but the wretched man ventured not to afford them. At the same time the infamous bishop of the place, Fouquet, assembled the members of his own communion, and in a fiery harangue represented to them the vengeance they were bringing down on themselves by continuing so far undistinguished from the heretics of the place. He ceased not until he had enrolled a company of five thousand citizens of Toulouse, and marched them off as a re-inforcement to swell the enormous army already engaged in besieging Lavaur. This is one of the most fearful instances of that positive thirst for human blood, for the blood of compatriots, of neighbours and kinsmen, which forms the most glaring feature of Popery during what was its age of triumphant, uncontrouled dominion, and unrestrained development of its actual character. That five thousand men should be found within the walls of a city to volunteer their needless aid in slaughtering their very brethren around whom a host countless for multitude, and terrible in destructive

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might were swarming, and all for the meritorious piety of the deed, and the heavenly reward to be reaped for it, invests this mystery of iniquity with a hideousness that humanity can scarcely bear to look on. And this was done in the name of Jesus! This was done, with loud invocations of the Holy Spirit! Truly she who could bring such things to pass, enlisting in the work men of every country, had made all nations drunk with the wine of the wrath of her fornication; truly was she, and is she, the Mother of abominations: and woe to those who are partakers of her sins, and shall receive of her plagues.

The siege of Lavaur proved a more arduous work than the assailants had anticipated; and its progress was also rendered remarkable by events that then occurred. Raymond VI., the miserable slave of cowardly superstition, was not ashamed again to appear as a supplicant for favour at the hands of the two tyrants, Simon and Arnold; but all his concessions proved vain. Contempt, insult, and the avowal of a determination to take possession of his wide and valuable dominions, so soon as their present enterprize should have terminated, were all that he met in return for his advances: until the mere instinct of self-preservation wrought on him to do what he ought long before to have decided on upon far nobler grounds. He ceased to wear the semblance of that abject submission which had rendered him so wretchedly contemptible alike to friend and foe; and applying as chief of Toulouse to the independent lords of the surrounding provinces, of Comminges, Foix, Bearn, Aquitaine, with others who were involved in the charge of sheltering the Albigensic believers, he formed a strong alliance with them. The first overt act of rebellion upon which he ventured consisted in an open

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prohibition, addressed to his own subjects, against furnishing supplies to the besiegers' camp : and, thus committed, he shewed signs of returning resolution that cheered many a drooping heart among the people whom he had been heretofore so ready to sell to destruction at the price of a little personal favour from the Court of Rome.

It may be doubted whether de Montfort felt any concern at this proceeding, which furnished him with an additional pretext for shedding man's blood : and the knowledge that six thousand fresh troops were even then on the march from Germany to aid his arms, and expected shortly to arrive before Lavaur, increased his confidence. These troops, however, arrived not : between the Tarn and the Garonne their steps were arrested by an ambuscade of chosen men, commanded by the gallant Count of Foix ; and they fell in one wide mass of slaughter beneath the arms of those whom they came to invade, to despoil, and to massacre. This event, combined with serious distress for provisions, arising from Count Raymond's prohibition, exasperated de Montfort and led him to renewed efforts for the accomplishment of what he had in hand. Machines, long in use among Eastern nations, but as yet unknown to the peaceful dwellers of those European vallies, were brought to aid his operations. Simon had no difficulty in directing their formation, well practised as he was in the work of destruction as a veteran crusader in the Holy Land, and surrounded by knights and soldiers who had served there. Indeed the original crusades were now nearly abandoned for the lighter service of a slaughtering expedition of forty days to so comparatively short a distance from home : the same recompence being guaranteed as for the distant, hazardous exploit of a cam-

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paign in Palestine; that is to say, pardon of sin, peace of conscience, justification before God, and eternal life!

The machine with which these modern Romans made the most fatal impression on the walls of Lavaur was not much dissimilar from those used by their pagan predecessors against the ancient city of our God. A great wooden tower having been constructed in the camp, and cased in raw hides to protect it from the action of fire, it was advanced to the foot of the fortress; and on opening it perpendicularly a huge iron beam was projected by the united strength of many men, the extremity of which was furnished with great iron claws, resembling those of a tiger or a cat, (from the latter animal it took its name,) and these being applied with all possible force to the wall, the stones were seized, separated, torn out, and in most cases a breach soon effected. In the present instance, however, when de Montfort had completed his "cat," and brought it, under a formidable escort of armed men, to the walls of the Protestant fortress, the width of the ancient ditches was found so great as to baffle all his skill, defying the approach of those tremendous iron claws. To obviate this, he employed all his army in labouring to fill up the moat: they cast in daily prodigious masses of earth, stones, and whatever might raise the level of the excavation: but every night the defenders quietly issued from their subterranean passages, clearing before daybreak the accumulated rubbish. This siege greatly resembled in some points that of Jerusalem in the days of Titus; and de Montfort seemed to take a lesson from the records of that war; for he had recourse to the expedient of filling these communications with smoke and flame, during the intervals of the work; thus driving back the besieged, and leaving his own unhallowed

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labours unimpaired. By such means he filled the ditches, formed a secure footing for his infernal machine, and tore away enough of the bulwarks to effect practicable breach.

The prey was now within their gasp; the pious widow, and her injured brother, and all to whom her castle had been a refuge were at their mercy. Such mercy! Arnold Amalric, it appears, was absent; for the bishop of Courdien officiated as his representative: and assuredly the legate would not willingly have been away from such a feast of death. This man, with all his fellow bishops, priests, and every ecclesiastic in the host, arrayed in the gorgeous finery of their pontifical habits, formed a grand procession, shouting forth, as the knights mounted the breach, the famous hymn that, despite its high intrinsic piety and poetry their horrible prostitution has almost rendered hateful to Christian ears: *Veni Creator Spiritus.* Simon de Montfort meanwhile earnestly entreated the furious assailants to restrain their present vengeance and to take all alive, *that the priests of the living God might not be deprived of their promised joys.* He was obeyed: Aimery was first dragged forth, with his faithful companions in arms; and de Montfort directed them to be forthwith hanged upon a gallows already erected for that purpose, but which, not being well fixed, gave way with the weight of Count Aimery; and to avoid the delay of repairing it he commanded the other eighty to be butchered at once on the spot, an order received and obeyed with no little avidity by the soldiers of the Church. The lady Guirade was then brought, and received her sentence, to be cast into a pit, of course alive, and to be buried under a mass of stones. The inhabitants of the Castle were then collected; and, says Peter

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de Vaux-Cernay, "the pilgrims burned them alive with inexpressible joy."

Now, as it is so much the practice in our day, among learned scribes and reverend divines of a particular school, not only to 'speak gently of our sister's fall,' meaning Babylon the Great, but in an especial manner, and for very special ends, to gloss over and to eulogize the doings of the Romish power, at the period of which we treat, blackening without mercy the characters of God's persecuted flock, and accusing all who present a fair and ungarbled statement of facts, of falsification and misquotation, we shall just place before our readers the expressions used by the monk Peter, already so often cited, and which we copy, *verbatim et literatim*, from a copy of his famous book in our own possession, bearing title, 'Historia Albigensium, et sacri belli in eos, Anno M.C.C.IX. duce et principe Simone á Monteforti, dein Tolosano comite, rebus strenue gestis clarissimo. Auctore PETRO, cœnobij Vallis Sarnensis ord. Cisterciencis in Parisiensi diœcesi monacho, cruceatæ huius militiæ teste oculato.' It bears date, 'Trecis,' 1615.

In the 52nd chapter, the monkish eye-witness, who went as the especial scribe and eulogist of Guy the abbot of his order, thus writes. 'Mox eductus est de castro Aimericus de quo supra tetigimus que fuerat dominus montis regalis & alii milites usque ad octoginta nobilis autê Comes proposuit, quod omnes pattibulo suspẽderẽtur, sed cum Aimericus qui erat maior inter illos suspensus fuisset, cadentibus furcis, quæ præ nimia festim bene non fuerant terræ affixæ, natione videns comes quod mora magna fieret, alios occidi præcipit, quos peregrini auidissime suscipientes occiderunt citius in eodem loco. Dominam etiam castri quæ erat

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. . . . . Aimerici & hæretica pessima, in puteum proiectam, comes lapidibus obtui fecit innumerabiles etiam hæreticos, peregrini nostri cum ingenti gaudio combusserunt.'

C. E.

CHRIST keeps faith in the soul, and faith keeps the soul in Christ. . . . There is no profit leaving this or that sin unless all are forsaken.—*Meade.*

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PILGRIM OF ZION.

PILGRIM to brighter worlds, haste on before thee—
Jesus's smiles, Jesus's prayers, all gather o'er thee ;
Soon shall thy weary foot tread Zion's mountains,
Soon shall thy pale, parched lip quaff heaven's fountains !
Watch and pray—watch and pray ; foes cluster round thee,
Let not their threats of war chill or confound thee,
Strong is the pilgrim's hope—can it deceive thee ?
True is the pilgrim's friend—will He e'er leave thee ?

This—*this* is not thy rest, this world of sorrow
Where the poor aching heart longs for the morrow ;
This—*this* is not thy home ; frail, dim, and fleeting,
Where death's remorseless grasp stifles love's greeting.

Here wails the orphan group, weary—faint-hearted ;
Blithe friends by dire disease too soon are parted ;
Hark to yon widow's sigh ; soul-deep *her* mourning—
Soon shall *she* thither hie, whence no returning !
More or less every heart feels sorrow's anguish,
Thousands in discontent droopingly languish—
Each sigh for others' woe, each tear of pity
Minds us that here we have no constant city.

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Haste thee on, traveller!—look not around thee,
Lest meteors of the marsh vex and confound thee;
This—*this* is not thy home, this world so fleeting—
Even now ruin's gales o'er it are beating.
Fight the good fight of FAITH! CHRIST is beside thee!*
Hold fast eternal life whate'er betide thee;
Strike a leal-hearted blow, vanquishing sorrow;
Thou shalt in breakless peace rest thee to-morrow!

F. J.

* "We shall not walk in an even course, but still reeling and staggering, till faith be wholly set upon its own basis, the true foundation of it; not set betwixt two, upon one strong prop, and another that is rotten, partly on God and partly on creature helps and encouragements, or our own strength. Our only safe and happy way is, to put the rudder of our life into his hand, to steer the course of it as seemeth him good, resting quietly on his word of promise for our safety. Lord, whither thou wilt, and which way thou wilt, be thou my guide, and it sufficeth."—*Archbishop Leighton.*

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CHRISTIAN UNION.

At the Conference recently held at Liverpool, the following, among other resolutions, were unanimously adopted:

"III. That this Meeting desires to express its humiliation before God and his Church, for all the divisions of the Christian Church, and especially for everything which we ourselves may have aforetime spoken, in theological and ecclesiastical discussions, contrary to speaking the truth in love; and would earnestly and affectionately recommend to each other, in our own conduct, and particularly in our own use of the press, carefully to abstain from, and to put away, all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, with all malice; and in things in which we may yet differ from each other, still to seek to be kind, tender-hearted, forbearing one another in love, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven us; in everything seeking to be followers of God as dear children, and to walk in love, as Christ also loved us.

"VI. That the Conference, postponing the preparation of a full and formal document on the subject, deem it sufficient for the present to intimate that the parties who shall be invited to the future Meeting, shall be such persons as hold and maintain what are usually understood to be Evangelical views in regard to such important matters of doctrine as the following: viz.—

1. The Divine inspiration, authority, and sufficiency of Holy Scripture.
2. The unity of the Godhead, and the Trinity of persons therein.
3. The utter depravity of human nature, in consequence of the fall.
4. The incarnation of the Son of God, and his work of atonement for sinners of mankind.
5. The justification of the sinner by faith alone.
6. The work of the Holy Spirit in the conversion and sanctification of the sinner.
7. The right and the duty of private judgment in the interpretation of holy Scripture.
8. The Divine institution of the Christian ministry, and the authority and perpetuity of the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper."

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A JEWISH SERMON.

To those, and we hope they are very many, who regard with watchful interest the multiplying signs of a general turning of the Jewish mind to the land which God has given to Abraham and his seed for ever, it must be a matter of thankfulness to observe, how strong is the disposition of the newly-elected Chief Rabbi to foster that feeling. It is true that in all the synagogue-services this hope forms the burden of their general supplications, but the Jews themselves are ready to acknowledge that with the greater number of them it had become rather a mechanical repetition than the expression of a deep and lively expectation. Hope long deferred had so sickened the heart of Judah, that he could not raise his anticipations to the height of those promises which, nevertheless, his lips were daily taught to repeat; and we may clearly trace even in the few past years a national awakening to those great and glorious things, which the word of Him who cannot lie has guaranteed as the future possession of His long-scattered people.

The appointment of a Chief Rabbi to so very important a section of the Abrahamic family as the British Jews, has all along been viewed by many sincere Christians as a matter of most prayerful interest, and we cannot but discern in Dr. Adler considerable promise of a worthy fulfilment of those duties which devolve on him. Although an eminently learned Talmudist, he

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has hitherto exhibited a depth of attachment to the inspired word, and a desire to render it the chief study of his hearers, truly encouraging to those who bear in mind that the first signal of a general restoration will be the return of the Jews, with all their heart and with all their soul, to the commandments given by Moses (Deut. xxx.) It is besides interesting to know that he, who is now by election the spiritual head of the Jews in this country, is also by lineal descent, not only a Levite, but an Aaronite, of the priestly family, and, as such, enjoying by right the pre-eminence accorded to that house. We are afraid that the very fact of the tribe of Levi being to this day distinctly and universally known, and the Cohanim, or sons of Aaron, exercising even in the midst of us, all their ancient privileges compatible with their dispersed state, is a point on which many Christians are ignorant: yet it is one of the most thrilling and heart-stirring interest, more particularly as connected with the latter part of the book of Ezekiel.

Our readers are all well acquainted with that most beautiful portion of Scripture, the fortieth chapter of Isaiah; to us it eloquently sets forth the glorious Gospel of the grace of God, no less in the first than in the Second Advent of the Messiah; to the Jew all is, of course, still future; and therefore we must feel that something is lacking, and that something how momentously important! when he has said his uttermost upon the subject: but in Dr. Adler's recent sermon on the former half of that chapter, there is so much to encourage hope, that the Lord will make him instrumental in very much extending the national awakening of which we have spoken, and so much to quicken our prayers, that God may show to the preacher greater and more wonderful things out of His law, that we give

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it complete, without note or comment, just as it appeared in the 'Voice of Jacob.'

And here we must needs tender a tribute of most unfeigned respect to the proprietor and editor of that Journal, Mr. Franklin, who has more than once appeared in these pages as our "elder brother Jacob," and who, to the sincere regret of many who love Israel, is now retiring from the editorship, though not from the proprietorship of the 'Voice.' Four years ago he commenced a work which few men would have had the enterprise to start on their own responsibility, and under circumstances peculiarly embarrassing to a devoted Jew. To other national difficulties were added the death of the then Chief Rabbi, just when the most desirable thing appeared the most unattainable; that is to say, the appointment of a successor, who might enjoy a fair measure of the confidence of all parties. With quiet earnestness and untiring perseverance did Mr. Franklin pursue this great object, and no one whose eye has been fixed on the progress of events among the Jews of England, can deny to him the chief merit, under God, in bringing about, what we do not hesitate to say, is a token for good to the children of Israel. Like all other men engaged in a really national work, he has met with abundant opposition, and not a little personal abuse: to the former he has presented a steady front of quiet perseverance; to the latter a dignified and gentlemanly silence. It cannot be denied that he has occasionally taken a harsh and an erroneous view of the motives and actions of some among us who heartily desire the salvation of Israel, and has spoken hard things under that impression, but this is not much to be wondered at under all the circumstances of a very difficult case. He came forward as a Jew, and no man in latter

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times has so essentially promoted the interests of his nation as he has done. The immense mass of valuable information collected from all quarters of the world concerning them, the links of communication that by his means have actually surrounded the globe, and the universal spirit of watchful expectation thereby excited among the scattered tribes, would alone entitle him to this commendation: but more, he has very materially lessened the great mountain of prejudices that stood between the two communities. He has done ready justice to those who seek the national welfare of his people, and he has convinced of their error many among us who still believed the absurd tale, that a Jew knows as little of the Bible as a Papist; while bringing before us the appointed ordinances of Israel, in their season, in a manner calculated to arouse and keep alive in Christian hearts the deepest and tenderest interest, aye and the most respectful towards those who, for so many ages, walked among us at best unnoticed, too often scorned, and, alas! sometimes persecuted unto the death.

We render to our elder brother Jacob our thanks, and those of many others among Christians who love Zion; we earnestly hope that the general spirit of the 'Voice' will undergo no material change, that it will neither become frivolous and worldly, nor harsh and acrimonious; above all that the grand object of Israel's restoration, even if but on a partial scale, may never, for a moment, be lost sight of; and we wish him not only all the temporal, but all the spiritual blessings included in the everlasting covenant which God made with his father Abraham.

We now present our readers with the Chief Rabbi's sermon, simply as a specimen of the teaching under

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which our Jewish brethren in their synagogues are now brought. The substance was as follows :—

'The three weeks of mourning, set apart for lamenting the sufferings inflicted on Israel,—at once so grievous and so important to our nation, that after the lapse of two thousand years, they are still vividly present before our minds,—have now expired: and, as every affliction is followed by consolation, so have our sages fixed upon the consolatory predictions of the prophet Isaiah, for the Haphtorahs of the Sabbaths immediately following this period. That of the day furnished the text on this occasion, beginning with the words, (Isaiah xl. 1.) נחמו נחמו עמי

'Some of our sages, as the Talmud relates, went to the sacred spot on which the Temple and the Holy of Holies had stood. They saw wild beasts lurking there. Some wept and lamented the desecration of the hallowed site, but Rabbi Akibah was cheerful. "Why do you weep?" asked R. Akibah. "Should we not weep," answered they, "that the spot devoted to God, the spot from which the light of the world emanated, has become a hiding-place to the jackal; and now why dost thou rejoice thereat?" He replied, "It is said, (Isaiah viii. 2.) 'And I will take true witnesses, the priest Uriah, and Zechariah the son of Jeberechiah." The names of these two were placed in juxta-position, notwithstanding that they lived at different periods, in order to show that so soon as the mission of Uriah, the messenger of affliction, shall have been fulfilled, then the accomplishment of the prophecy of Zechariah, the messenger of the restoration, must begin. Therefore may we look with gladness on the time to come; for the sufferings having been inflicted, the restoration must follow, and Israel will again live for happier days.

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The very literal fulfilment of the affliction foretold, must justify our hope for that time when we shall certainly be redeemed.

'Sufferings, indeed, have been inflicted on us in full measure:—"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people *is* grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever." Though the grass be laid low by the tempest, and though the flowers hang their heads, yet will they rise again in the sunshine. Great as were the afflictions which have been heaped upon us, our bodies only have suffered, not our minds. The word of our God still endures, the Holy Law is still ours; let us cling to and abide by it; thus shall we be saved; thus shall we also rise again. And this is our comfort. Sceptics may ridicule the idea of such a restoration; but we have the book of history open before us, the truth of which they cannot deny; and that tells us, that throughout centuries, when our nation was subjected to oppression of every kind from without, it maintained itself in and through the Holy Law. Therefore let us not be misled, but hold fast by the belief that the time of our redemption is approaching. The prophet says:—"Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God! Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him: behold, his reward *is* with him, and his work before him. He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom: he shall lead gently the sucklings."

'He, the Eternal, knoweth the right time; and when it comes, He hath the means and the power to redeem us. Like a shepherd who protects his flock, not for the sake of the profit, but for their own sake, even so shall

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we be tended by God on that day ; the strong, will be like the sheep which the shepherd sends in advance ; the weak, like those which he protects with his arm ; and the helpless, like the young lambs which he takes on his lap. And of that time, it is said :—" Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low : and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places shall be made plain." Then will the difficulties disappear, and the path will be made plain before us to our restoration.

'But not if we remain inactive will the Almighty level the path before us ; for we are to make ourselves worthy by our conduct. פנו דרו ישרו מסלה, is the injunction ; we are to contribute towards our restoration by walking in the path prescribed, and obeying the commandments of the Holy Law ; then only will the Almighty level hills and fill up depths ; then only will He do that for us, the strength for which was not given to ourselves. But there unhappily exist two opposite tendencies in Israel. The one, is to cling to everything old, merely because it is old ; to be attached to days, and hours, and periods, superstitiously—forgetting that such is contrary to the behests of our Holy Law ; to be but too often unmindful of the commandments that enjoin the most scrupulous honesty in dealings with our neighbour, regardless of that pure morality on which our Law lays so great a stress. The other tendency, on the contrary, is to treat our Laws with contempt ; to be indifferent to religion ; to believe it sufficient to be a "Jew at heart," forgetful that thoughts have no value, if the actions do not correspond. Of these two tendencies the prophet says : (Hosea vii.

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8.) "Ephraim is like a cake, which has not been turned,"—i. e. which is burned on one side, and therefore not palatable; and on the other not touched by the fire, and therefore also unfit for food. These two parties must both yield from their extreme tendencies, in order to bring about restoration; they have to join hands; the hills will have to lower themselves, and the valleys to become raised. When they have united into one true party, then will the first step towards restoration have been taken.

'We have to look to the study of the Holy Law as the means of our restoration. After the destruction of the Holy Temple, as our sages relate, the priests assembled on a mountain, and prayed to God to take the holy keys again from them, for of what use were the keys, if there were no more treasures to watch! But, in fact, we have still holy keys in our keeping; they are the traditions, the keys to the Sacred Scriptures. They are open to us all; from them we are to learn and to teach. We are to live in obedience to their commandments; fathers and mothers are to bring up their children in them. So may we prepare ourselves for the restoration prayed for.

'But, above all, every member of our nation—individually and collectively—is to employ his best exertions, so that our religion be acknowledged and glorified by other nations. Concord must reign among us—a dispersed and dismembered people—lest by disunion our strength be still more reduced. Such concord, and the observance of the Holy Law, will elevate us in the eyes of other nations, they will induce them to believe in our God, and to exclaim: "Behold it is your God, whom you have acquired for yourselves." Then indeed will the day of our restoration be nigh.'

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THE DAYS OF LAUD.

CHAPTER XI.

MANY of the Puritans who were denied permission to settle in the English colonies, sought refuge in Holland, where they founded churches and formed congregations in accordance with the principles which they believe to be scriptural. Some of these solicited Mark Wentworth to cast in his lot with theirs; but he believed the disappointment of his plans for reaching New England to be an indication of God's providence; and being moreover a conscientious member of the Church of England, he determined to think no more of flight, but to remain and meet the lot appointed for him in his native land.

With this determination he returned at once to Mrs. Redford's dwelling, bringing Lucy with him. Rumour had already told the old lady the tale of their detention, and in about an hour after these sad tidings met her ear, a strict search was made in every part of her house for the contumacious minister said to be there concealed. Mark Wentworth, it was stated, had been summoned to appear before the Court of High Commission, had neglected to obey the citation, and had prepared to leave the kingdom in order to escape the arm of justice. He was accused of uttering slanderous and treasonable words against the king and queen, and of exciting in the minds of his flock a general spirit of disaffection towards the church and government.

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'They have prepared a net for thy steps, Mark,' said Catharine Redford. 'They have digged a pit for thee, but they shall fall into the midst of it themselves.'

At first Mark Wentworth felt all the indignation which such double wrongs would naturally excite in the human breast. Traduced and impoverished in his own country, he had sought to obey his Lord's counsel, and "flee into another." This last door of hope his enemies had closed against him, and now required him to answer to a charge, of whose falsehood all who knew the young minister's life and character must be fully aware; and yet he feared it would be so contrived by the enemies who accused him, that it might be out of his power to disprove it.

Cuthbert Camden walked up and down the room, his teeth firmly clenched, as if to restrain by violent effort the impotent wrath that shook his whole frame. But Lucy—whose suffering and terror were becoming more intense every moment—Lucy prayed. She had no other resource—she sought no other. Beneath her feet danger and despondency seemed to be opening a deep gulf; around her, and on every side, were enemies, whose power was only equalled by their malice; but above her she saw a shining light, and a voice from heaven said to her soul, "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

'Lucy,' said her husband, as he overcame the momentary feeling of anger that had troubled his meek spirit, 'the stroke is coming. We must part for a time. The Lord has said it. Are we satisfied with his will?'

'We will say of the Lord, "He is my refuge and my fortress,"' said Lucy; '"our God, in him will we trust."'

Lucy could say no more. Anguished nature gave

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way, and she threw herself into her husband's arms, and wept bitterly. That night she prayed, that "if it were possible this cup might pass from" her. She grew calm with the hope that her prayer might be answered according to her own will, and the bitter cup removed altogether; but in the morning it was held to her lips again, and she drank it meekly, saying, with many tears, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good." In the morning Mark Wentworth was carried to Lambeth, and after a hasty examination before the council there assembled, he was committed to the Fleet, to remain a prisoner till he should stand his trial for slander and sedition. Who can tell the desolation of Lucy's heart, when she *felt* he was really gone whither she could not follow him? When his sorrows and his wants were all summed up in her imagination, and she could not share the one or supply the other. She did not even know what his sufferings were. This terrible uncertainty—this heart-sickening impotence of misery, she endured for two days and two nights, yet holding with a trembling grasp the promise, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee." On the morning of the third day Cuthbert Camden returned. He had been to Laytonfield, had sought and obtained an interview with Sir Humphrey Clive, and had solicited his interference in behalf of Mark Wentworth—in vain.

'That traitor has his ear, Cuthbert,' said Lucy, when her brother told the ill success of his errand. 'My uncle was not wont to be unfeeling. But in his parish—among his poor, surely Mark Wentworth has some to say for him that he feared God and honoured the king?'

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'There are many who would give willing witness to his piety, and his painfulness in caring for their souls,' said Cuthbert; 'but they are all ignorant, and little capable of giving collective evidence, with two exceptions, and these I have secured. Robinson, and Clarke the churchwarden, will bear witness in his favour.'

'Now, then,' said Lucy, 'we will go to his prison-house. Surely we shall no longer be denied admittance?'

'I tried to see him before I set out for Laytonfield,' replied her brother. 'He was then before the council, and my purpose was too important to admit of delay. On my return I went again, but was not suffered an interview.'

'And must I still endure this fearful suspense?' said Lucy, pressing her hand on her aching brow. 'Is there no key that will draw those bolts—no bribe that will turn the jailor's hardened heart?'

'I have gained a friend, dear Lucy,' said Cuthbert, 'whose interest will avail us much in this matter. Mr. Travers, who came up with me to London, has some interest with the jailor, and has promised to use it in our favour. He will be here with us in one hour, and will go with us, Lucy.'

Lucy's joy at the thought of once more seeing her husband, of knowing what he endured, of ministering comfort to his woe, made her for a time forget the long after-separation that must ensue. And while she glorified her God, who sent her this mercy, she invoked blessings on the head of him who had offered to conduct her to the dungeon that contained Mark Wentworth.

Cuthbert did not pause to consider what influence Travers, a Puritan, wearing openly the habits of that

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party, could possibly have over their harsh jailor. He took Lucy to the Fleet. Their first application met with an abrupt and insolent refusal; and they were turning hopelessly away, when Travers stepped forward, and whispering something in the jailor's ear, gained immediate admittance for himself and his friends. They followed through one dark passage after another, without uttering a word; and as each heavy bolt, when it had yielded to the key, was returned to its former position, Lucy's heart again sank within her. The power of kings and rulers seemed almost omnipotent.

At length the jailor unlocked the door of an apartment, whose gloomy light scarcely served to show the scene of hopeless misery upon which it fell. This apartment contained several prisoners, all brought thither upon some charge of disaffection to the government or the established church. As the door was cautiously opened, one of the prisoners, who appeared hardly able to walk, crawled towards it, and bent his eyes upon the strangers, with that look of close inspection with which a person whose sight is well nigh gone, endeavours to scrutinize any object that excites his interest. He was a man of low stature, and slightly made. His countenance had in it something strange and even fearful. Dark lines, or rather deep scars, appeared on each side of his nose, and both his cheeks were furrowed in the same manner.

'We bring you news from the outer world, Dr. Leighton,' said the jailor with a coarse laugh. 'The "daughter of Heth" holdeth a masque to-night, and four hundred of the prophets of Baal will eat their meat at Jezebel's table, while the godly are still fast bound in fetters and iron.'

'Nay!' said Travers, 'sit not thou in the seat of the

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scorner, neither mock at the calamities of the just upright man, for the day of vengeance is at hand, and the righteous shall yet wash his footsteps in the blood of the ungodly.'

Lucy looked earnestly at the speaker. Her eyes had glanced from face to face, in a vain search for her husband. When she found he was not in the cell, she concluded the jailor was wantonly trifling with her feelings, and she determined not to excite his cruelty by any appearance of impatience. She heard his jests with sorrow and disgust; but the words of the bold Puritan with wonder. She looked earnestly at him, for she had, in her eagerness and anxiety, scarcely noticed him before; now she could just discern a curl on his lip—a kind of smile which formed strange contrast with his words.

The jailor did not notice the rebuke that Travers so fearlessly administered; but Dr. Leighton, whose too fiery spirit had been subdued by Divine grace, sanctifying bitter affliction, replied, 'Let him alone, and let him mock, for the Lord hath bidden him. It may be that the Lord will look upon mine affliction, and that the Lord will requite me good for his mocking this day.'

While the jailor still lingered to answer Leighton's meek reply with some profane jest, Cuthbert and Lucy found painful leisure to observe the other prisoners who occupied this gloomy room. One man was pacing up and down his narrow bounds with short and irregular steps, according as his mind was agitated by the conflicting passions of impatience and despair. Sometimes he murmured a few words of prayer which seemed to give him passing relief. "Have mercy on me, O Lord!" he said, "for I am poor and needy, and my heart is wounded within me." He stopped again, but presently

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said in a low tone, "Let there be none to extend mercy unto him. Let his days be few, and let another take his office. Because that he remembered not to show mercy, but persecuted the poor and needy man that he might even slay the broken in heart."

Cuthbert stepped towards him, and tried to speak of comfort and of hope.

'Ay,' replied the poor man, 'but "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and yet I know the day of vengeance will come, for their judgment now of a long time lingereth not, and their damnation slumbereth not.'

'I can read the words of better cheer,' said another man, who was standing in an erect posture, so as to allow the few rays of light that entered through the small high window, or rather aperture in the wall, to fall on the volume which he held in his hand, 'I was even now reading of the "city that hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof; and the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it, and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it."'

'A blessed promise indeed,' said the other, 'and the time of its fulfilling is nigh at hand. Yet a little while and the saints shall possess the kingdom. They shall set their feet on the necks of kings and rule the nations with a rod of iron. They shall break them in pieces like a potter's vessel.'

'Thou art wrong, James Foster,' said the man who held the Bible in his hand; 'thou art very wrong thus to turn the sincere milk of the word into bitter gall, and to nourish thine own revenge with that which should fill thee with thoughts of peace and charity.

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Our Lord says, "Love your enemies: pray for them which persecute you." For eight long years my prayer hath been, "May our God turn the heart of Archbishop Laud!" '

'Eight years!' said Cuthbert Camden. 'Have you been in this miserable place for eight years?'

'I was brought hither,' replied the man, 'a few days before the dreadful sentence was executed upon Dr. Leighton. 'My cross,' he continued, with a shudder, 'has been light indeed, compared with that which was laid upon his shoulder. When the first day's torture was over, and the foreboding of a second striking terror into his heart, he was led in sick and bleeding, his back torn with the whips, and'—

'Think of Calvary, Gordon,' interrupted Dr. Leighton, 'and dwell not upon my far lighter sufferings.'

'Such thoughts,' replied Gordon, 'will give strength in the darkest hour. But,' he added, addressing Camden, 'when he was thus led in, torn and lacerated, those who should have dressed his wounds and tended his sick bed could find no admittance here. He had none to soothe.'

Lucy grasped her brother's arm with a convulsive grasp, but Dr. Leighton answered calmly, 'Say not so, Gordon. Had I not thee, my brother, to sit beside my pallet the livelong night, denying thyself for my sake, the poor portion of rest which a prison can afford? And wert thou not by me when *they* came for me again, to whisper, "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God?"'

The jailor, who had been engaged in a side conversation with Travers, suddenly acknowledged his mistake in bringing Camden and his sister to this part of the prison. 'I had forgotten,' he said, 'that Master Went-

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worth's crimes are not yet proven against him, though he too is arraigned as a sower of sedition.'

The last words were spoken with a glance towards the S. S. which was now visible on Dr. Leighton's cheek as he turned towards the lighter part of the room, and Cuthbert Camden, whose feelings were more alive to the wrongs inflicted by this man's cruelty, than to a prudent sense of his own danger, said as he pressed the old man's hand, 'The time may yet come when those letters will no longer tell of errors or of crimes, but will be read as the memorials of unrelenting severity, and sufferings meekly endured.'

'Such prophecies, my master,' said the jailor, 'too generally contain a threat of their fulfilling. You have chosen a strange place to hold seditious discourse in.'

Cuthbert made no reply, but darting an angry glance at the jailor, prepared, with the trembling Lucy to follow him to that apartment in which Mark Wentworth was confined.

CHAPTER XII.

Of all the sufferings inflicted for righteousness' sake, perhaps that of long and hopeless bondage, is the most likely to effect its purpose in compassing the apostacy of its victim. It drinks up the spirits, and makes the body such an encumbrance to the soul, that the faith must be strong indeed which can raise it above its poor companion.

This suffering Mark Wentworth began to endure when he had passed only two days and two nights in captivity. Prayer and praise had shortened the sleep-

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less hours of the night, and the presence of his God had cheered him through its silence; but early on the morning of the third day a single sunbeam found its way through the high and grated window. The prisoner looked long and eagerly at the sunbeam, till a deep sigh burst from his troubled bosom. It was the bitterest sigh he had heaved since he was called to endure bonds and imprisonment for Christ's sake. The one shining sunbeam spoke to his heart of sunny fields and green trees: of liberty, life, and Lucy.

Mark Wentworth was a Christian, therefore his soul fed on angel's food; but Mark Wentworth was a man, and the sorrows of manhood pressed heavily upon him. A cloud passed over the sun and the single beam withdrew. 'I am glad it is gone,' he said, 'but it has kindled longings that will unman me.' Still he continued looking wistfully towards the window with the inconsistency of our nature, and painful thoughts were gathering in his soul till the beam of a promise dispersed them, and he exclaimed with fervour, "He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust." These were only the beginning of Mark Wentworth's sorrows, 'the iron had not yet entered his soul.'

He determined, however, to awake from the reverie into which he was falling, to shake off unprofitable musing, and to give his mind such active employment as his present condition afforded. For this purpose he had opened his bible and arranged his simple writing implements, when he heard the rusty bolt of his cell slowly withdrawn. He turned eagerly round, hoping to meet the friendly face of Cuthbert Camden, if not the tender looks of his wife, but he was disappointed. His jailor was accompanied by two persons in clerical attire, one of whom advanced towards the table at which

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Wentworth was sitting, and bowing with much courteousness of manner, said he came with the friendly design of counselling Wentworth to submit to the censures of the reverend prelates appointed by God to watch over his Church within these realms, and to conform in those things wherein he had formerly disobeyed.

'I have obeyed,' said Mark Wentworth calmly, 'whereinsoever obedience to an earthly ruler would not be disobedience to the Most High God. In the matter of the sabbath-day and the paintings, the Lord says "Conform not," and I cannot go beyond the word of the Lord to do less or more.'

'Thou doest well,' said the stranger, 'to quote the sayings of the false prophet, when thou makest the word of God a cloak for thy blind contumacy. I came to tell thee that his Grace of Canterbury hath a tender regard for thee, and would fain save thee from public shame. If thou wilt submit'——

'If you are indeed my friend as you say,' replied Wentworth interrupting him, 'cease to persuade me. I am accused of nothing *justly* that deserves punishment. If I suffer for keeping the law of my God, He will not fail me in my need.'

'You are a bold man,' said the stranger, 'to charge those who shall judge you with lightly regarding the word of God. Those things of which you have spoken will prove but a small part of the crimes to be laid to your charge.'

'Of what then am I accused?' said Wentworth. 'And for what am I expected to make submission?'

'I am not now at liberty,' replied the stranger, 'to lay before you all the particulars of the accusation which will be brought against you. Let it suffice that much will be overlooked and forgotten, if you are content to

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read the Proclamation, and to express your sincere sorrow for desecrating your church by the removal of the chancel-window.'

'For these things,' said Wentworth, 'I am content to suffer both suspension and imprisonment.'

'The graver matters whereof you are accused,' said the other, 'might involve sharper penalties than imprisonment or suspension. But these may be passed over upon promise of good behaviour, and conformity in all things.'

'My innocence will be made clear before my judges,' said Mark Wentworth. 'If not, the will of the Lord be done.'

'We are wasting our time, Atterbury,' said the second stranger in a slightly foreign accent. 'You have offered the favour you were commissioned with—let us go'——

The name of Sir Humphrey Clive's chaplain made Wentworth start, and look up in the stranger's face, and clear recollections followed, by instant conviction of their truth caused him to forget the counsels of prudence, and addressing Atterbury, he said, 'I thank you, sir, for the advice whereby you now seek to serve me, but I give you warmer thanks for the sympathy which once strengthened me to admonish the poor Sabbath-breakers at Laytonfield.'

The rebuke with which Wentworth intended to unmask Atterbury's hypocrisy, seemed to lose its edge as it fell on the callous ear of the latter. 'My counsel and my sympathy,' he said, 'are always enlisted on the side of God's church, and are withdrawn exactly in proportion as the latter is lightly esteemed.'

With these words he followed his companion out of the cell, and Wentworth was beginning to consider the

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character of the man, who seemed to exert a cruel control over his own mournful destiny, when his eye was attracted by a roll of paper that had been dropped by one of his late visitants. 'A copy of my accusation perhaps,' he said, 'the providence of God has put it in my power. To read it in circumstances like mine can do no wrong to honour's strictest law.' He opened the paper. It was a letter addressed to the Reverend Father Franciscus à Sancta Clara. He began to read, and as he continued to do so, his interest and wonder at the craft displayed in its contents continued to increase. 'Every thing begins (so the letter read) to wear a favorable aspect. The Archbishop has introduced so many of our ceremonies as will smooth the way for a national return. We have planted that sovereign drug Arminianism, which we hope will purge Protestants from their heresy, and it flourishes and bears fruit in due season. The materials that build our bulwarks must be sought from all ranks and qualities. Our end is the universal Catholic monarchy. Our foundation must be mutation, and mutation will cause a relaxation. There is one matter of consequence which we must take much into our consideration and tender care; that is to guard against these Puritans. They are an impudent and subtle people. I have at this moment one of them in view who must be watched, entangled, silenced. We have those of our religion who stand continually about the court to see who goes in or out. We cannot be too circumspect or careful in this regard. The conduct of Madame —— and the other servants of the Queen, gave our cause a wound that must carefully be healed.

'You could not choose but laugh to see how some of us have accoutred ourselves; it is admirable how in

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speech and gesture we act the Puritans.* You must no longer delay your return. I want your counsel and direction in some weighty matters, especially Puritan trials that are pending. I told you I had secured the Chaplainship. The only daughter will be an easy convert. She is her father's sole heiress. This, however, is but a little by-play to prepare for greater deeds. Come without delay.

'Yours in the bonds of our holy Church and sacred order,

'IGNATIUS ATTERBURY.'

'This at least,' said Mark Wentworth, carefully folding up the letter, 'will prove that I am a victim to the malice of the general enemy. Laud himself will not suffer me to be sacrificed to the schemes of papists, and should Atterbury appear against me at my trial, as I believe he will, his own letter shall confront him and put him to silence; and when my adversary is known to be a Jesuit, when his enmity to me is discovered to be but the fruit of hatred to the Protestant cause, his evidence must be completely invalidated.' These feelings of security and triumph gave way in their turn to thoughts of despondency and uncertainty. 'The paper will be accounted a forgery, and my assertions laughed to scorn.'

In meditations such as these, several hours passed away, till they were interrupted by the door of his cell again opening. Two persons only were admitted, and it was instantly closed and secured behind them. But no Jesuit now stood in his cell; no chilling and ungodly counsel met his ear, the meek prisoner held his wife in

* This and other parts of this letter are copied from the Jesuit's letter in Neale's History of the Puritans, Vol. ii. p. 158.

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his arms, and forgot alike his bonds, his privations, and his hopes of deliverance. But Lucy did not forget. Her quick eye glanced round the cell, and she thought of the long fight of afflictions that must be endured alone, in that cheerless abode, by him whose happy and sorrowful lot she equally claimed a right to share, and she wept in uncontrolled anguish, till Cuthbert, fearing the effect of this interview on the minds of both, said to her, 'Remember, Lucy, we have but one hour. Will you spend it in undermining the courage, in weakening the faith of a prisoner for Christ?'

Lucy, gently disengaged herself from Wentworth's embrace, and drying her tears by a violent effort, sat down by his side, and listened eagerly while he discussed with her brother every probable means of saving him at his approaching trial. When he put the letter into Cuthbert's hand she became almost breathless from intense interest. The scene in the chapel,—the words before the altar, all returned to her mind with vivid power.

Cuthbert read the letter aloud, and as he deliberately and musingly uttered the words—'it is admirable how in speech and words we act the puritans,' Lucy exclaimed, 'I see it all. I thought I knew that eye! no disguise can change its keen expression. And he left us at this door. I thanked him in my heart for that kindness, but it was the fear of detection,—detection before his schemes were rife; before you, Cuthbert, were made the tool of his craft. This John Travers, whose sanctimonious words to Dr. Leighton methought savoured much of mockery, and Mr. Atterbury, are one. He has cast one victim into prison. He would fain urge on the chafing spirit of another till he makes my brother a rebel.'

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'I will unmask him,' said Cuthbert, in an indignant voice. 'I will carry this letter to my uncle. I will show him the character of the Jesuit whom he honours as a true minister of England's Church. Sir Humphrey shall yet stand before the assembled bishops on the side of an injured Puritan.'

'But what if Sir Humphrey refuse?' said Mark Wentworth. 'If he reject the letter as a forgery and leave me to my doom, canst thou endure to the end, my Lucy?'

Wentworth spoke earnestly, for he heard the jailor's voice, and supposed he was coming to put an end to their meeting. Lucy did not answer at once. How could she reply to such a question? Her limbs trembled as if they could no longer support her, but at length she said, 'Think not of thy weak and trembling Lucy. Omnipotence can "hold up her goings." Bear thy cross manfully after thy Master. "Fight the good fight of faith: lay hold on eternal life."'

Lucy returned to Mrs. Catharine Redford, and for three years she continued a sorrowing inmate of her aunt's house. Occasionally and with difficulty she gained leave to visit her captive husband, but every day she found a sad pleasure in passing, and repassing the dark forbidding walls in which he was immured, and she prayed with a breaking heart that the Lord would watch over that dismal abode, and keep Mark Wentworth from the evils which surrounded him.

When Cuthbert Camden had left his sister in the care of her aged relative, he set out at once for Laytonfield, carrying with him the Jesuit's letter, which he believed could not fail to show Sir Humphrey the deceit which had been practised upon him. He was sanguine of success, and pursued his journey with a heart beat-

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ing high with anticipated triumph. At last he reached the grounds which surrounded Brindsley Hall, and passing hastily on through flowering shrubs, and taller trees, he came to a spot where the path widened, and the bushes had been cleared away so as to leave a space neatly laid out, and affording convenient room for a social walk. On this path, and but a few yards before him Cuthbert observed two people walking, whom, at a second glance, he knew to be Mr. Atterbury and Marion Clive.

Perhaps at that moment there were scarcely two others whom he would more carefully have avoided, and in order to do so, he again turned aside from the path he had chosen, and continued his way, concealed from the view of Marion and her companion by the branches that hung thickly between them, but still so near that, without playing the part of a listener, he overheard Marion say, 'My Father is too kind—too indulgent to enforce his wishes.'

'And yet,' said Atterbury, in a low half-mournful tone, 'Mr. Dalzell has all those qualities which are calculated to attract—but I was wrong in supposing you had so completely conquered your early affection for Mr. Camden. I had hoped his schism and disloyalty'—

'And do you believe,' said Marion, her voice strengthened by an expression of scorn—'Do you really believe that love for a base puritan like Cuthbert Camden influences me to disobey my father, and thwart even my dear mother's wishes? A mere child's fancy, talked into me by my nurse, cannot be the choice of my mature years. It was thrown aside, Sir, with the rest of my toys.'

'It is well that my heart is not in thy hands, proud girl,' thought Cuthbert, as he passed hastily on, that he

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might not hear more of a conversation not certainly intended for his ears. 'It was, as thou sayest, a child's fancy. And it is time I also had done with such baubles. The world is before me. I will put away all childish things, and play a man's part on its vast theatre.'

The manly part that Camden thought to play, had in it too much of wrath, strife, sedition, to justify the designation that he gave it. One earnest gasp after that "glory, honour, and immortality," which those who seek find to be eternal life, would have been more manly than the throb of mingled patriotism, pride, and ambition, that then elated his breast. Its beatings were, however, moderated, when he began to reflect on the different light in which he must now appear before Sir Humphrey Clive. No longer his favourite nephew —no longer his destined son-in-law, but discarded from the affection due to both relationships, for Puritanism and disloyalty. 'Yet I will do mine errand,' resolved Cuthbert; 'and if I fail, we will note down this wrong among others, that must yet be righted.'

"Vengeance is mine! I will repay, saith the Lord," but this text found no place in Camden's memory as he returned from his vain suit to his uncle. He had put Atterbury's letter into Sir Humphrey's hands. It was peremptorily retained by the indignant baronet, as a base forgery which should at once be laid before his calumniated chaplain, and Cuthbert's ears tingled as his uncle scornfully bestowed on himself and his captive friend the epithets of a hypocritical deceiver, and a pitiful dupe.

Chafing with impotent anger, and eager to fly the scene of so much mortification, he was hastily remounting his horse, when Robinson the boatman, whose heart

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trembled for the future lot of this warm-hearted youth, came up to him and, in a tone of respectful sympathy, demanded whither he was going.

'I am going, good Robinson,' replied Cuthbert, 'first to London to tell our captive there that no *church* keys will ever unlock his prison-doors, and then—after a mock trial has condemned him to protracted wrongs—then to Scotland, to dispute with my blood the canonization of St. Mungo and St. Serfe.'*

Cuthbert waited for no reply, and Robinson stood looking after him as he was fast disappearing from his sight. 'Why does he thus trust in man,' he said, 'and the force of man's passions? Why did he not tarry at Laytonfield until he heard how the widow and the orphan—how those whom Mark Wentworth brought to God, cry for their minister to Him, who "shutteth and no man openeth, and openeth and no man shutteth."'

* Two of the saints added to the Scottish Kalendar by Laud.

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"THE KING'S DAUGHTER."

THE Scripture teaches us, that "the righteousness of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ, is unto all and upon all them that believe." It also expressly asserts, that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." In these declarations are pointed out the righteousness of justification and the righteousness of sanctification; in other words, the imputed righteousness of Christ, and the work of the Spirit in the believer's heart. Thus, we find it written of the true Church, in the 45th Psalm, "The king's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold;" and since what characterizes the Church is equally appropriate to every individual member, it may not be unprofitable to consider the subject, dwelling on the last particular first. The preciousness of the robe which covers the king's daughter is expressed by gold, which is the most valuable of metals, and therefore a fit emblem of that perfect righteousness which the believer receives by faith, as soon as the Spirit has shown him that he has nothing of his own but filthy rags, and has brought him as a lost sinner to Christ, that he may be saved by grace.

This robe, morever, is of *wrought gold*, and it would be difficult to imagine a more appropriate metaphor. The righteousness of Christ as God, was ever perfect, not wrought out, but complete from eternity; but the righteousness of the God-man Jesus, was the work of a

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life of painful endurance, fiery temptation, and exact conformity to the will of God, in thought, word, and deed. It resulted from toil, discipline, privation, and submission; it was polished in a furnace of affliction, graven by daily triumphs over the world, the flesh, and the devil. The Captain of our salvation was made, or shown to be, perfect, through suffering. His innate holiness was gold; but when exercised in the functions of a man, it became wrought gold. His daily suffering temptation, yet without sin, and his fulfilling the law in every particular, formed a pattern of exquisite workmanship, commending the pure metal to the admiration of men and angels.

When the work was done, and the robe perfected, the Lord of glory yielded up his life as a sufficient satisfaction for the sins of the whole world, taking on himself the iniquity for which he atoned, and giving in exchange his perfect robe, to be "upon all them that believe."

Oh, believer! what happiness is thine! Thy sins may be sought for, but cannot be found, for they are hid under this glorious mantle. Thou hast the full merit of having kept the law, and who shall bring any thing to thy charge? "It is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth?"

Now, this robe is upon *all who believe*—there is no doubt on the subject; if you believe, you are perfect before God in the righteousness of Christ. Yet, how many are there apparently unconscious of this privilege! How many desponding souls, who dwell on their own sinfulness, and think God only looks at their corruption, and not at the imputed righteousness with which they are invested! This is false humility, and dishonouring to God, who requires to be believed and

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to be taken at his word. He says there is now no condemnation; and he takes away the conscience of sin, that he may be served by us without fear.

If, therefore, we do not feel that the burden is removed, and experience the liberty of children, we act like persons who doubt if the robe be seamless, and of wrought gold; or like one who is conscious of having intruded himself upon the feast without a wedding-garment. This should not be the case with any true believers, but they ought to rejoice in their security, from what the Lord has done for their souls; because, not for their works have they been justified, but by grace have they been saved, by faith which was the gift of God.

Moreover, the Lord's decree is passed, that "whom he justifies, them he also sanctifies;" and thus it is written, "The King's daughter is all glorious within." She has not only the justifying robe without, but the internal graces which the Spirit bestows. If such be her characteristics, what shall we say to some who boast of their clothing of wrought gold, and wrap it round them, entirely neglecting the truth, that the Church has an imparted as well as an imputed righteousness; and who are not careful that the gospel they have received, should make them "obedient in word and deed?" This is to claim the heirship, without submitting to the discipline and training of a child. But if, while we desire the one, we resist the other, it may well be doubted if the robe indeed be upon us, since the Scripture evidence of justification is the sanctification of heart and mind. Rom. viii. 16. 1 John iii. 14; iv. 13.

The well-instructed believer knows this, and earnestly seeks to possess the gifts that are promised to the

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Church, that he may have full assurance of his salvation, and glorify his Saviour. He would not continue in a low state, when such provision has been made to establish him in holiness; but "presses towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God," looking unto Jesus for strength. He is not alarmed because corruption hourly besets him, and his sins are of daily occurrence; but he brings them to the cross as they arise, and submits them to the gospel light that they may be pardoned and subdued. He gives himself mightily to prayer; he takes up the sword of the Spirit, and fights; he lays hold of the buckler of truth, and believes; he puts on the shoes of the gospel, and runs; he holds fast the shield of faith, and resists; he wears the helmet of salvation, and perseveres. Can he be disappointed? Surely not. He shall overcome—not, indeed, by his own might or power, but by the Spirit of his God.

Is such the endeavour of my readers? Are they seeking to walk before God in all holiness and obedience? Do they desire to be "*all glorious within?*" Let me remind them, that "this is the will of God, even their sanctification," and that what he has willed, he can also bring to pass. The old man may be strong, but there is a stronger than he. Temptations may be violent, but no one is tempted above what they are able to bear. Satan may assault, but power is given to resist—the world may fascinate, but Jesus has overcome the world.

We all acknowledge the indwelling of the Spirit, for without it we should be reprobates. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." The fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, bowels of

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mercies, humility, patience, &c. How then shall we account for the absence of these fruits, in so many whom we receive as truly justified persons? How is it that we see so little love among the people of God? So little of the subduedness of mind required in his people? So little real separation from the world? My fellow-sinners, these things ought not so to be. God is able to make *all grace* abound in us; yet we feel within us thoughts running wild, when every imagination should be brought into captivity to the will of God; our members full of life, that ought to be mortified; our tongues full of folly, that should be used only to edification; and our hearts cast down, instead of being filled with joy and peace. If we are epistles, read and seen of all men, they see something very different in us to those whom the Apostle addressed. The Romans were "filled with all goodness." The Corinthians came behind in no gift. The Ephesians were eminent for faith and love. The Philippians were praised for their obedience, and the Colossians for bringing forth fruit. Of the Thessalonians it is said, they were patient in hope; that their Christian love toward each other *abounded;* that their faith grew exceedingly, and that they were examples to other churches.

Why is it not thus among ourselves? Is the Lord's arm shortened? Is his grace less powerful than it was? No! These are not the causes, but we are straightened in ourselves, and too well satisfied to be saved, without desiring to glorify God in our lives.

There is a natural aversion in the heart of man to any process of purification, and excuses are readily found to retard the effects of the divine principle within. But the Spirit sown in every regenerate heart is in itself full of vigour, and must bring forth fruit if its opera-

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tions are not impeded; thus, it is not so much by struggling to attain that purity and holiness which is the inward adornment of the saint, as by avoiding hindrances to its attainment, that we advance most. We should succeed better did we depend less upon our exertions, and more on the power of God; being chiefly anxious not to quench the Spirit's influence, and remembering that His *fruits* are also *gifts*, to be obtained not so much by effort as by prayer.

As our consciousness that the robe of wrought gold is upon us, depends much on the evidence afforded by the graces of the inner man; so do many of these graces depend on this consciousness for their existence and growth. Without assurance neither love, peace, nor joy can take root and flourish; for it is utterly impossible to love God if we do not know that he has pardoned us: on the contrary there must be fear, and "fear hath torment;" consequently there can be no peace, and without peace there can be no joy. Yet love, peace, and joy are characteristics of the King's Daughter.

Thus, we hear the Church exclaiming, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his." She calls Him, Beloved, because she knows that he has first loved her with an everlasting love, and given himself for her: that he has paid the penalty due to her sins, and cast them into the sea. She must therefore needs love him. He is to her "the chief among ten thousand, the altogether lovely." She says to him, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee." She calls him, moreover, "My Beloved;" she says, "My Beloved *is mine*." She appropriates him to herself: she claims her part in his great work of justification, and has peace. For "he that hath the

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Son, hath life." She is graven on the palms of his hands, and she knows that nothing is able to separate her from his love. What security is this! none can make her afraid: she is safe from her enemies, and peace is extended to her like a river. How great then is her joy! She looks back to the hole whence she was dug, and has joy; and forward to sitting with her Beloved on his throne, and her heart rejoices. This is a joy the carnal heart knows nothing of, and which ever accompanies love and peace. But further, the church declares not only that her Beloved is hers, but that she is his; "My Beloved is mine, and *I am His.*" She asserts his absolute right to her, and her entire abandonment of herself to him. In this self-resignation is perfected the happiness of the Church; and unworthy would she be of her Lord, and unmeet to be the bride of Christ, whatever her adornments, without this complete submission. In the 45th Psalm she is exhorted to this unqualified surrender of herself. "Hearken, O Daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy Father's house." She has been taken out of the world, and is no longer to be conformed to the world. She has been lifted from the dunghill to sit among princes. She has been bought with a price, and redeemed with blood. She must not regret the flesh-pots of Egypt: old things are passed away, all things are become new. She is separated from sinners, and must not defile herself with them. She must forget her own people and her Father's house.

Every saint needs this exhortation. In our passage through the world there are many inducements to make it our home, and to remember its attractions rather than forget them. This is particularly a snare to such as

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are at ease in Sion. But if saints, we belong not to earth; and where our treasure is, our hearts must also be. We have put our hand to the plough, and must not look back. We have left the house of bondage and must not regret its fruits.

Is this the case, generally speaking, with the Church? We fear not. There is not sufficient determination to put away the gods of Egypt, and serve the Lord like Joshua.

The Lord has said, "Son, give me thine heart," and do not too many reply, 'Take half?' Who can declare with Caleb, that they have wholly followed the Lord their God? Which of us can say with David, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after." Do we desire to have our hearts "*united*" in the fear of God's name,—all its affections making one sweet melody to his praise? Alas! we feel not that panting after the water-brooks, that ought to be felt: that thirsting for God, and fainting for his courts, of which the Psalmist speaks. Our hearts are too much *divided* and entangled with the world. Christ is not our all. We are loath to forsake what we have, though we desire to be his disciples. We are not pressing, like St. Paul, towards the mark of our high calling; forgetting what is behind, and counting all things but loss for Christ's sake.

And hence it follows, that when the cry is sounded in the ears of the Church that her Bridegroom cometh, we see so little lifting-up of the head with eager anticipation; she is hankering after her Father's house, and is contented in the absence of her Lord. Were this not the case, her language would be, "Why tarry the wheels of his chariot? Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or to a young hart upon the moun-

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tains of spices. Come, that I may see thee! Come, that I may be like thee! Come, that I may be with thee! Even so, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

Oh, may the bride now "hearken and consider." Her watchmen tell her that the morning dawns. Her Lord has prepared the wedding-feast, and provided all things. He tells her he will not tarry; will not his wife make herself ready?

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'How become a godly man?' said Luther one day. 'A cordelier will reply: Wear a grey hood and gird yourself with a cord. A Roman will tell you, to hear mass and to fast. But a Christian will say, Faith in Christ is what alone justifies and saves. Previous to works we must have eternal life. Now, when we are born anew, and made children of God by the word of grace, then we do good works.'—*D'Aubigné's Reformation.*

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ALL THINGS ARE OF GOD.

It has been well said, that 'it needs Jehovah's power, the united force, the divided offices of the Triune Deity, to *raise* the soul; it needs no force to sink it.' A true description this, of the universal weakness of humanity —to this all experience gives witness, and we may test its verity by an appeal to the word of God. And yet, have we the thought of our weakness ever in mind? Oh if we could but remember the position we occupy —if we could realize our own frailty, and would under all circumstances listen to, and abide by, the voice of God, which comes to us from the Bible, what glorious results would inevitably follow: distrustful of ourselves, acquainted with our weakness, conscious of our ignorance, aware of our helplessness and of our dangers, to whom should we draw near and find it to be good, but to Him who "is strong in power," who is willing to undertake for us, and to supply all our need? Should we not cease to trust the arm of flesh, while our entire dependence would be cast upon Him, who would stand by us and save us? How, too, should we be relieved from doubts and fears, and wavering, in looking solely for the light and aid of the Holy Spirit, and finding the result of our prayer for teaching, brought out in the accomplishment of that precious promise, "I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way in which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye." Yes, the more we know of ourselves and of the Scriptures, the more we shall learn the provision which

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has been mercifully made for our safety and for our comfort—in *Truth* is safety, and in *Truth* is happiness, and in *Truth* is holiness.

"Look unto the well whence ye are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged." Look back to Eden, and behold the expulsion from its happy garden. Listen to the curse, bringing as sin's just recompence of reward, misery and death. There we see *ourselves*, for in Adam all have sinned. We look back and we see a noble vine planted, and then becoming a degenerate plant of a strange vine—who can alter this, "who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" But God has found a means, he has looked down and visited his vine, in his love and in his compassion he has pitied us. And we turn from the sight of man's natural corruptions to the work of God in the second creation—the renewal of the soul. The scriptures speak of a peculiar people, without blame, purified from all iniquity, spotless before the presence of God's glory. How can this be explained? Was it their own remorse and repentance, and good resolutions, and persevering efforts, that brought down mercy from on high? Was their iniquity taken away by their washings with nitre and much soap? No—it was the power of the Triune Deity that was needed to raise the soul. It was the Father's love who sent his Son to die, the just for the unjust. His blood alone can cleanse from sin, and is the only fountain in which sinners may wash their robes and make them white. But *dead* in trespasses and sins, insensible to danger, it needed the Holy Ghost to quicken, to convince of sin, to lead to Jesus. All is of grace, for where is man in all this? The Bible asks "what" he is, and furnishes likewise the reply—"a thing of nought," as clay in the hands of the potter; for do we

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see him awake, having light and life? Christ gave them to him. Is he brought to Christ? It was the Father who drew him.—Does he know the Father? It was the Son who restored him.—Does he confess Jesus to be the Lord? It is not of flesh and blood, but by the Holy Ghost. Has he gained access into the faith of the gospel? it is through Jesus. Is wisdom and understanding his? they came from the Lord. Has he faith? not of ourselves, but the gift of God. Is he furnished with the wedding-garment? It is written, "perfect through my comeliness, which I have put upon thee, saith the Lord God." Does he bring forth fruit? It is God who worketh in us, both to will and to do—"their righteousness is of *me*, saith the Lord God." "And it is written, if any man be in Christ he is a new creature. Old things are passed away, all things are become new." And all things are of God. (2 Cor. v.)

We are in the position of him, who with the withered arm, is told to use it. Jesus speaks, and "he that has the power to heal, gives also the power to obey." In proportion as trust is placed in God, and the mind be withdrawn from *self* and the things of sense, so will be the increase of our comfort. We shall have *every thing* we can possibly want or desire in God. This was the experience of God's people, as recorded for us in the scriptures. The Psalmist traces both his own success and that of others beyond second causes. (Psalm cxviii. 7.) The Lord's right hand and his holy arm hath gotten the victory. They got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them; but thy right hand and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance. (Psalm xliv.) "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory." The forgetfulness, the *annihilation* of self, is one of the

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prominent features in the portraiture of the children of God; for to God they owe everything in their present condition, or in their future prospects. It is the Lord alone who has made them to differ, and who provides and adapts for all the multiform changes which occur to them in life. Are they in conflict? God girds them with strength to the battle. (Psalm xviii.) Does the enemy oppress? God is the deliverer. It is the Lord who holds up our goings in his paths, else would our footsteps slip. If our hill be made ever so strong, God has but to turn away his face and we shall be troubled. (Psalm xxx.) Of God we must seek for light and truth, for teaching and guidance, and help in trouble—with God is the fountain of life, and in his light shall we see light. (Psalm xxxvi.) Amazing thought! that we have a throne of grace to which we may come with boldness, and obtain mercy, and find grace to help in every time of need! It pleased the Father that in Jesus should all *fulness* dwell. There is in Him unsearchable riches, and besides a fulness of mercy and compassion toward us, he waits to be gracious—He is ready and willing to relieve, to help, to bestow. The believer has every thing in his reconciled God—a buckler, a rock, a high tower, a strength; He is his guide, his defender, his Shepherd, his light, his salvation, his Father, his all in all. "Blessed is the man who trusteth in the Lord." May our trust in Him gain strength daily. May the Holy Spirit be continually taking of the things of Jesus, and showing them to us. May we in seeing our true state, our natural wretchedness and helplessness, be more and more filled with gratitude; and as we recognize the Lord's power in first raising our souls, so may our eyes be constantly fixed on him still to uphold us, believing that we shall receive a full answer to our

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prayer, "Perfect that which concerneth me—forsake not, O Lord, the work of thine own hands."

While clothed with the whole armour of God, Satan may attack in vain. While in our refuge, *prayer*, we shall be secure. While leaning upon God we shall be strong. While we look to Jesus, we shall have faith, and shall possess "joy and peace in believing." In seeking the Holy Spirit it shall be given us, and we shall bring forth the fruits of the Spirit, our souls shall be raised. But we are prone to forget wherein our safety and our happiness consist, consequently we fall from our high position, "it needs no force to sink the soul." The moment we cease to take God at his word, we let go the tie which connects us to every bright hope and prospect. We dissever the connection between our nothingness and the freeness of God's gifts, and all that is left us is uncertainty and fear, and lamentations over our deservings. But no one is left in this state of despondency. How cheering is the thought that the Bible is not merely filled with beauties suitable to those alone who are by God's grace ever with him, enjoying the light of his countenance. But it makes provision for every state of fallenness, for every phase of experience: it is "a sovereign balm for every wound." O how gracious is this provision of our Father's!

Faith is often feeble, and many there are, actually the objects of God's love, who are yet fearful: dark clouds hover about them, they are in heaviness through temptations; but, from the depths to which their souls have sank, God's power, by his word, would raise them. To such it might be proposed, that the *desire* to be God's, the *wish* to be holy, originated in the Holy Spirit, and the comfort therefrom to be deduced is, that God

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being "faithful," will not only *begin*, but finish the good work. Jesus is the author and the finisher of our faith. Should the soul, however, refuse to be thus comforted, the Bible is nevertheless not exhausted of its treasures, for it will meet us at the very place where we station ourselves. We shall find it on our part impossible to exaggerate the misery of the situation of the sinner as set forth in the book of Truth. Upon this no human fancy or language can enlarge—"gone out of the way—children of wrath—sitting in darkness, and in the shadow of death." Do we recognize ourselves in this description? Oh the happiness to think of the truth, that God's power is sent to raise us! We admit the fact that we are *lost;* then we are the very persons Christ came to seek and to find. Are we in darkness—bound in prison—deprived of liberty—looking for punishment—absorbed in wretchedness, are our eyes fixed upon the ground? O why are we found in this deplorable situation? Has not the sound reached us of one who is mighty to save, and who has actually proclaimed liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound?—this is the acceptable year of the Lord—this is the Gospel dispensation—these are the days in which God speaks unto us by his Son, proclaiming peace—announcing reconciliation, bestowing the supply of every need; and this, not for works of righteousness which we have done, but of his mercy he saveth us. We cannot imagine ourselves to have a *deficiency* which may not be supplied—a *besetting sin*, which by God's strength we may not lay aside—an *unsuitableness* which may not be removed. Prayer is the remedy, and in simply asking for the Holy Spirit. What good thing does not the gift comprehend!

God has set before us, as in a pattern, his manner of

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bestowing pardon. In one of Christ's parables, we find it said, "I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me:" the debt was acknowledged—inability to discharge it was felt—the compassion of the king was implored—forgiveness was granted. In this case each reader may see his own: for us it is written, "If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." There must be no *partial* reception and adoption of the truths of Scripture; we read of the fall of Adam, and of the Deluge—and of the destroying angel, and of the avenger of blood, and of the fiery serpents. But we do not stop with the relation of these facts; there is something attached to each, most important in its consequences. In wrath we see many remembered—a way of escape offered—redemption brought in. Who does not call to mind the "inestimable love of God in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ?" while the curse was being pronounced, we have these glorious words of promise. The Lord God said unto the serpent: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."

Then there was the long-suffering of God in the days of Noah, the preacher of righteousness, and there was blood which, sprinkled, was a token, and averted destruction: there was a brazen serpent, to which the wounded might look and be healed, and there were cities of refuge prepared to which to flee. And is there in our *parallel* case, no *parallel* comfort? No escape? no salvation? "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." "If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous, and

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his blood cleanseth from all sin." May the Holy Spirit bless these truths to us, even for Christ's sake! Then, are we sinking on account of little progress made? look again to the Scriptures: how beautifully they display the gracious character of the God with whom we have to do. Believers are there represented as *polished* stones: but they cannot *at once* attain that beauty and smoothness which is to the praise of God, for we are his workmanship (Eph. ii.) Again, they are as gold *refined*, but then the process must be *gradually* accomplished. We do not at once behold *the full corn* in the ear, but first the *blade*, then the ear. God will not look for fruits if he has not himself tended the vineyard, fenced it, and placed it on a fruitful hill, and gathered out the stones thereof, and planted it with the choicest vine. How tenderly, how infinitely above our thoughts of him does he deal with his creatures. The Lord raiseth them that are *bowed down* (Psa. cxlvi.): he will not break the *bruised* reed, nor quench the *smoking* (or dimly burning) flax—and to whom does he give power and strength, but to the faint, and to them that have no might? (Isa. xl.).

It is only by trusting in God, that we can have comfort under the trials and difficulties of life: his grace will, under all circumstances, be found sufficient for us; we may cast our care upon him, believing that he careth for us. Trust in God at all times, ye people, pour out your hearts before him; he is a refuge for us. May the experience of the Psalmist be ours, so that with him we may exclaim, "The Lord is my strength and my shield: my heart trusted in him, and I am helped; therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise him (Psa. xxviii. 7.).

S. S.

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THE PURPOSES OF PROVIDENCE.

"Neither swear by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King; neither swear by thy head, for thou canst not make one hair white or black."

No two allusions would seem, at first sight, more alien and remote from each other; but, when unfolded by the light of these visions, the harmony between them will evidently appear. In the kingdom of the Son of Man "Jerusalem shall be called the throne of the Lord." Repaired from its long desolation, it will then be the metropolis of a ransomed world, the centre and seat of a pure and holy dominion. "It shall not be plucked up nor thrown down from henceforth even for ever." "The name of the city shall be from that day, The Lord is there." "The sun shall be ashamed, and the moon confounded, when the Lord of hosts shall reign in Mount Zion and in Jerusalem, and before his ancients gloriously." How will this title, given by our Lord himself amid his most spiritual messages, "the city of the great King," then shine forth as with supernatural brightness! An oath, by that sacred name, will then appear evidently to involve a direct appeal to God himself, all whose attributes will be wondrously displayed in the destinies of Zion, when he shall have made the place of his feet glorious.

But while the name of God will be signally manifest in "the city of the great King," when, according to his promise, he shall extend peace to her like a river, and the glory of the Gentiles like a flowing stream," it is as truly, though less conspicuously, revealed in all the

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steps of Providence which have led the way to that final triumph. The minutest events of this present time are secretly linked in his all-wise counsels with the glory that shall then be revealed. "Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, for thou canst not make one hair white or black." Why should an object so trivial be joined here with that august and magnificent hope implied in the words, "The city of the great King?" To remind us that all Providence, in every jot and tittle, however minute, is a prophecy of that full redemption to come. The one verse supplies a telescope, the other a microscope, to the hand of faith; but the mysteries which each of them reveals are only various parts of the same plan. God, in his infinite wisdom, is directing all things, even the least, towards that joyful consummation. The falling sparrow, the leaves of the forest, the secret thoughts and projects of the millions of mankind, and the minutest changes of their personal history in body or in soul—all are so many links in the execution of his unfathomable counsels. And as the architect or artist keeps ever in view the great ideal at which he aims, and the place of every stone in the building, every stroke of the chisel or pencil, however fine, is guided by this secret reference: so also the divine Saviour, while he counts the steps of his people, or numbers the hairs of their head, keeps his eye ever fixed on that glorious kingdom which is to be the final issue of all the changes of time. What an element of mystery and of life is thus infused into all things around us! What a gleam of bright and heavenly sunshine, does the hope of this kingdom, thus revealed to us, shed on all the trials and experience of the Christian here below! *

* Rev. T. R. Birks's "Two First Visions of Daniel," pp. 379—381.

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THE FAMILY OF GLENCARRA.—No. V.

By Sidney O'More.

> There is a liberty which persecution, fraud,
> Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind,
> Which whoso tastes, can be enslaved no more;
> 'Tis liberty of heart derived from Heaven,
> Bought with His blood who gave it to mankind,
> And sealed with the same token.—*Cowper's Task.*

How delightful is the realization of hope long deferred! It descends upon the weary watch-worn heart, like a reviving shower upon parched and withering verdure, recalling its bloom, and restoring it to fresh-springing life. Such revivifying impulse did we experience, when, at length, anxious fears for our beloved parents' safety, were exchanged for glad certainty of their welfare. Several of their letters had, long before, reached Glencarra, but Mabel's grandchildren knew not where to forward them, until the youngest, Norah, chanced to meet Owen Rua, and, from him, learned the secret of our island-residence. The kind-hearted girl immediately set off to Sligo, and with some difficulty discovered our retreat. From the welcome packet which she conveyed to us, I shall make some extracts; as my mother's adventures will be better related in her own words, than they could be in any prolix narrative of mine.

'*Wexford, July 3rd*, 1798.

* * * * 'We left London in a small vessel, upon the first of last month, and had hoped, my

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beloved children, to have rejoined you ere this. I had also hoped that your father's health, shaken as it was by his tedious illness, would have been restored by the salutary mountain-air of his native Glencarra. However, our little vessel was captured by some rebel sloops, who were cruising near Wexford harbour, in search of some government provision-ships. We returned to our native country as prisoners: and we were landed in the midst of an infuriated mob of half-intoxicated pikemen, who were loud in their exclamations—'To the bridge, to the bridge, with the heretics!'

'By the intervention of a gracious Providence, some humane leaders arrived before the living torrent had swept us to the bridge; and these gentlemen succeeded in rescuing us from our enemies, and conveying us in safety to a prison-ship, which lay in the harbour. The court-house and gaol had been, already, so crowded with occupants, that fever was rife among them, and prisoners daily fell a sacrifice to its pestilential fury.

'Sixteen miserable days, we passed in the odious confinement in the prison-ship, rendered doubly miserable by uncertainty of your fate, my dearest children; (we have since learned with gratitude that the scourge of civil war has not extended so far west as dear Glencarra.) We were barred down into the hold of the vessel by an iron grating; our only food, two days in each week, consisted of potatoes and rancid butter, which was lowered down to us in the dirty bucket of the ship; at other times our diet was composed of black barley bread, with half a pint of milk each for breakfast, and coarse boiled beef and potatoes for dinner, all let down in the same dirty bucket, and consumed without the luxury of knives and forks. Our only bedding consisted of a little straw, scattered upon the large

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stones which formed the ship's ballast. To complete the measure of our discomfort, we were crowded, almost beyond endurance, ladies as well as gentlemen confined in the same small space, which was rendered almost suffocating by the intense heat of the weather. One lady was so distracted by her sufferings, together with the constant apprehension of being murdered by the wretches whose shouts we continually heard from shore, that she determined on suicide, and we had some difficulty in restraining her attempts to cast herself into the water. Your father and I found some alleviation of trial, in meditation and conversation upon eternity; then only did present misery shrink in its dimensions and appear light and transient, while compared with an abounding and undying weight of glory. Often wrestling in prayer, we were at length enabled to cast ourselves, and you, still dearer objects of our love, upon the will of Providence, knowing that all things must work together for good to them who love God.

'* * * Our prayers have been heard, but how shall we return thanks to the Lord for his infinite mercies, for preserving us among the few who survive the massacre!

'On the 20th of June, a low-born townsman, named Dixon, who had raised himself to the rank of rebel captain, went to the gaol, and swore that by sunset all its inmates should be no more. This man was in the habit of riding continually about the streets, exciting the populace to violence and mischief; and, for the honour of the sex, I am ashamed to say that his wife usually accompanied him, and was equally energetic in promoting sedition. Civil war lets loose the evil passions in all countries: Dixon did not find it difficult to assemble a number of men as cruel as himself. At the

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head of the murderous band, he visited the court-house, gaol, and prison-ship in succession, and led the prisoners by tens to the bridge, where they were each lifted up on the points of pikes, and flung over the parapet into the river beneath. Your dear father and I knelt in a corner of the hold, preparing for death, and entreating the Divine protection for you, whom we believed should soon be reduced to a state of orphanage. The hold had been half emptied, and we heard the huzzas of the mob as each victim disappeared beneath the waters of the Slaney, where suddenly the hateful sounds ceased. We afterwards heard that General Edward Roche and another rebel chief had galloped up to the scene of slaughter, announcing that the camp on Vinegar Hill had been surrounded by the royal troops, and ordered every rebel to hasten to the expected battle. Our prison-ship was not again visited by the executioners, though we remained a long time in expectation of their return. But we had cried to the Lord in our trouble, and he had delivered us from our distress. Oh that we may praise him for his wonderful works!

'The sacred emblem of our Saviour's suffering was much desecrated upon that memorable day. At the head of each procession from the gaol and court-house to the bridge, was borne a large black flag, on one side of which was depicted a bloody cross, and on the other the letters, M. W. S., Murder without Sin. The murder of heretics being considered a meritorious rather than a sinful action, by this misguided people.*

* It is not surprising that a deluded populace should believe, like the persecutors of the Waldenses, that the destruction of heretics is meretorious; when, among the studies of the incipient priesthood of Maynooth, we find a sentence to the following effect: 'If it be just and right to put a noted robber to death, if it be lawful and just to condemn a convicted assassin, how much more is it lawful to put to death a heretic,

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'On the 21st of June, the day after our escape from death, General Lake's army regained possession of Wexford, and freed us from our captivity. We cannot as yet, with any degree of safety, resume our journey. The yeomanry and rebels pursue a fearful system of retaliation; detached parties scour the country in every direction, and cut off every individual whom they suspect of adherence to their opponents' cause; and too often, the corpses of even women and children are found in the highways, and adjoining fields. Houses and cabins, roofless and blackened by smoke, are objects of every-day occurrence, and the spirit of enmity has even induced many to destroy chapels and despoil churches. How thankful do I feel that my beloved ones are, as it were, in a little ark of peace; far from this distracting scene of warfare. May the Most High protect you under the shadow of His Almighty wings. May He watch between you and me, while we are absent one from the other. Dear children, write frequently to

'Your attached Mother.'

Such a long interval had elapsed between the time the above letters had been written, and the day that we received them, that there was every reason to hope that our parents would shortly rejoin us. Accordingly old Mabel began to see letters in the flame of the candle, which were to announce their arrival; and to toss tea-cups, the contents of which she discovered to be carriages and four, passing over intervening mountains. Mabel frequently found her prophetical auguries fulfilled, by this plan of building her schemes on the foundation of some probable event; but when such event

who by disseminating his dangerous doctrines, robs men of their eternal happiness, and murders their immortal souls.'

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did occur, she always expected credit for her second sight,—not that the kind-hearted nurse ever dreamed of imposture: she was always herself the dupe of her own pretensions.

One evening about sunset, we perceived a boat slowly wending its way across the lake towards our insular abode. A lady and gentleman occupied the stern. They landed near the fisherman's hut, and in another moment we were clasped in the arms of our parents. A celebrated painter has drawn a veil over the countenance of parental grief, and in humble imitation thereof I will leave the deep joy of that long-delayed meeting under the concealing shades of time. There are feelings which will not sit to have their portraits taken; they are too ethereal for delineation.

Our parents narrated to us many incidents connected with their captivity, and the rebellion in Wexford; but nothing seemed to me to exhibit the faith of the populace in the supernatural powers of the priests more than a spell which my father found upon the body of a slain rebel. It was written by the Rev. Philip Roche, P. P., who combined both military and clerical functions by becoming a rebel chief. The following is a true copy:

INRI.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AND OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

I. H. S.

Amen.

'No gun, pistol, sword, or any other offensive weapon can hurt or otherwise injure the person who has this in his possession.'

No. 7602. 'ROCHE.'

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One of these spells was taken from the neck of John Hay, a gentleman rebel, who was executed at Wexford. So universally were they adopted, that even this man, who belonged to the middle ranks of society, was not ashamed to wear so superstitious a badge. Even at the present day, if one should speak of 'the gospel' to many of our poor neighbours, they will believe that an amulet written by a priest is the object signified.

On the 28th of September, the French army surrendered, after an engagement near the iron mines in the county of Leitrim. For a few weeks longer the United Irishmen remained under arms, and retained possession of Connaught. At length their leaders were seized, their forces disbanded, and military parties scoured the country in search of the straggling members of a body so lately formidable. Owen and Cormac Dhu, with hundreds of their companions in arms, concealed themselves in mountain fastnesses and rocky caves. The government soon afterwards proclaimed a general pardon for all, excepting leaders who had been concerned in the late revolt, on condition of laying down their arms and surrendering to some royalist officer. Our rebel friends at once complied with the required terms, and were allowed to follow us in peace to Glencarra. Oh, with what joy did we again behold dark Nephin's massive form, and wander by the side of our own beautiful Lough Conn! We found that the mansion had been but little injured during the residence of the rebels. A few pistol-shots had been fired at the drawing-room ceiling; a few trifling pieces of furniture had been used for firing; a few family portraits of unpopular individuals had been piked, especially in the eyes; but that was the extent of mischief done. Our family, by repeated deeds of benevolence, had become endeared to the surrounding

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peasantry, who repaid its kindness by protecting its property. Even the family plate had been carefully secured by Mabel and her children, and was now drawn uninjured from its concealment in deep bog-holes. Every thing was soon re-arranged, and again peace and comfort smiled at Glencarra.

ELIZABETH FRY.

In our next Number we hope to devote a few pages to the memory of this blessed woman, with whom we very recently held short but sweet converse in the place whence her Spirit soon after took its flight to Him whom she loved and served. A few short lines will not suffice; and at present we could not pen more; for there were touching circumstances connected with the interview; and more of excitement than is good for us still cleaves to the recollection of that bright, sweet face, so full of energy,—so full of love,—so full of deep humility! next month we hope to say more.

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SEASONAL WILD FLOWERS.—No. VI.

THE scattered leaves which, 'sere and dead,' are strewn across our path in our rambles during the present month, forcibly remind us that Flora's beauties are diminishing, and that winter is coming, when in vain we shall look for an abundant supply of them; yet, during this and the succeeding month, there are some pretty blossoms to interest the botanist and to call forth his admiration of his Creator's works. Nor is the present season fruitless in sources of meditation to the Christian; as the leaves are scattered to the winds around him, he may recal the prophet's simile, "We all do fade as a leaf;" and as he expects in the spring, again to behold the trees clad in verdure and beauty exceeding that they have had since their freshness in that season: so may he anticipate the renewal of his faculties, after death shall have scattered his mortal body in dust, in a more perfect and enduring state; these changes in the appearance of creation, are all calculated to teach us lessons of wisdom, and we ought to "consider the lilies" with the references given by the Saviour. If they be instrumental in leading us to prepare for the great changes of which decaying nature is a type, how thankful should we be! how ready to ascribe praise to Him who made the summer with its sunny skies and healthful pleasures, and winter with its "winds and storms alike fulfilling his word!"

Not many novelties claim our notice at this season; one of the principal of them is the ivy (Hedera Helix) which affords food to innumerable insects. Its name

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was given it by Pliny; Hedra signifying a cord, and ivo, green; it is well known, softening as it does, the features of many a rugged and ruined building, which would otherwise be unsightly, and giving it a picturesque appearance. The flowers are green, in runbels, and are succeeded by a smooth black berry resembling a currant. It is parasitical, having its root at the end of the stalks, and is applied to a variety of useful purposes. The roots are used by leather-cutters to whet their knives upon. The Highlanders of Scotland make an ointment from the leaves, which they apply to burns: horses and sheep eat it. An ivy crown was bestowed by the ancients as a reward for poetical merit.

Two species of crocus blossom during October: one, the naked flowering crocus (Crocus Undiflorus) growing on the banks of the Trent; and the other the showy autumnal crocus (Crocus Spicionsus), found at Warwick, and Halifax in Yorkshire.

Many of the plants which bloomed some months since, and have continued unnoticed on account of the variety which called for attention at the time, may now, lingering as they do still with us, be fitly introduced.

The wood cornel, or dog-wood (Corneus Sanguinea) puts forth its white flowers in June, but is particularly conspicuous now, from the foliage which, during the summer, has been green, assuming a deep red hue. It is about five feet high, and bears purple fruit. It is one of a very large tribe of plants called the dogwood tribe, which is found in all parts of Europe, Asia, and America, and in the United States is used instead of Peruvian bark in intermittent fevers. The word cornel is derived from cornu, a horn, the wood being remarkably hard.

The narrow-leaved wall mustard (Sinapis tennifolia) also blossoms during October; its bright lemon-coloured flowers making a cheerful spot of heaps of rubbish

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where it generally grows ; it is mixed with the better sorts and used for the table.

The devil's bit, scabious, is seen in moist pastures and sometimes in cornfields ; its corolla is divided into four equal segments, its root is fleshy abrupt. "The great part of the root," says Gerarde, "seemeth to be bitten away ; old fantastic charmers report that the devil did bite it for envy, because it is an herb that hath so many good vertues and is so beneficiale to mankinde." Its flowers are deep purplish blue, sometimes milk-white, and the root is said to furnish an effectual cure in cutaneous diseases.

The maiden pink (Diarithers Deltoides) is still discovered on hills. The stems are matted together on the ground, but when they flower they rise five or six inches ; it has pale rose-coloured flowers, with a circle of deep coloured spots at the mouth.

The five-leaved heath and sea-tree-mallow, already described, may be occasionally met with ; one, in thickets or dry pastures, and the other on the sea-shore ; and a stray branch of honey-suckle, in a more sheltered situation than its neighbours that have already faded.

Our list of autumnals is short, but we are scarcely perceptible of their diminution, adorned as the decaying foliage is with a thousand hues to charm the eye.

Alas! those thousand hues declare
Corruption's work is busy there:
Forerunners they of winter's gloom,
A victim garnished for the tomb!
Too true! too true! for as we tread
The woodland path, behold, o'erspread
With leaves is all the slippery way,
Unseen consumption's early prey.

E. J. S.

[Unintentionally omitted from our last Number.]

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THE FADING ROSE.

Torn from thy tree—ah, there thou liest !
Thy conscious leaves indignant close,
Weaker and weaker, till thou diest,
Dull, fading rose.

What, can no art thy strength revive !
No tender care thy charms disclose ?
No ! for how can'st thou ere survive—
Dull, fading rose ?

Once to have left that parent tree,
Foster'd by which thy beauties rose,
Which yielded ever health to thee,
Dull, fading rose.

Thus when my soul rebellious strays
From Him who all its weakness knows,
Like thee it sickens, droops, decays,
Dull, fading rose.

Yet, unlike thee, it needs not die ;
Jehovah's strength can heal its woes ;
He is thy hope—' Lord, save me ! ' cry,
Dull, fading rose.

Portsea. W. C.

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SEASONAL WILD FLOWERS.—No. VII.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or any thing;
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away.

HERRICK, 1640.

THE progress of decay has been rapid during the past month; and with few exceptions the leaves, whose varied tints gave a peculiarly soft beauty to the landscape in October, lie in a bed beneath our feet; yet the botanist is not left without some little interesting memorials of the departing year.

The ivy-leaved toad-flax (Linaria Cymbalaria) has a procumbent stem, leaves alternate, stalked; flowers pale purple, with a yellow palate, and short-pointed spurs; it grows on old walls, and gives a picturesque appearance to many an unsightly ruin, which it speedily mantles, after once taking root. It belongs to the same tribe as the large yellow toad-flax which blossomed in June, and although admitted amongst British plants, is supposed not to be a native of the country.

The periwinkle, which bloomed in May, again puts forth its flowers in sheltered pastures in the county of Sussex. The cheerful softness of the flowers, which are blue, delicately shaded, and the rich green of the leaves, accords well with the situations in which it is found. This plant is an universal favourite throughout

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Europe. Amongst the lower orders in France it is called Violette des Sourciers, because it is said to be one of the plants that assisted the sorcerers in their pretended magical operations; they also called it Pucellage, virgin's flower. The Italians call it Centocchio, hundred eyes, or Fior di Morto, death's flower, because it is used in making garlands for the dead.

The Irish rose, (Rosa Hibernia) with its pink flowers, still adds beauty to the landscape in the sister island.

The annual meadow-grass (Poa Annua) has outlived the other members of its family; the general character of the grasses is too well known to need any description here. In England they grow from a few inches to a foot, or a foot and a half high, but in tropical countries some of them attain the height of twenty feet, and the sugar cane and bamboo, forty.

Besides these in mild November we occasionally see a straggling blossom of Herb Robert, Celandine and some other hardy ones.

The paucity of flowers in the hedges may be said to be, in measure, compensated for, by the maturity of many berries which afford sustenance to the numerous feathered songsters of the grove during the inclemency of winter.

Bare are the sloe and white-thorn there,
Of leaves the eglantine is bare,
But still, 'mid destitution, glows
The bright red berry of the rose;
Still glows, on leafless stem forlorn,
With red less bright, the berried thorn;
Still, with dark violet-coloured fruit,
And deep green leaves and straggling shoot,
The fence the prickly bramble robes;
And privet, hung with purple globes,
His foliage stains with changeful hue,
Of tawny bright and glossy blue.

E. J. S.

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THANKFULNESS.

LATELY reading Mr. Hamilton's delightful tract on 'Thankfulness,' I was forcibly reminded of a friend in whom this virtue is eminently great; the commonest occurrences of life fill her heart with grateful joy. The sweet perfume wafted on the summer breeze from a nosegay in the hand of a passing stranger, lifts her heart in thankfulness to the great Creator with this reflection—that although He had not created them for her, He had permitted her to see their beauty, and taste their fragrance. Beholding in the grounds of a rich neighbour a beautiful flower flourishing in an unheeded spot, she looked upon her own pretty garden below and wished it there; then suddenly recollecting the giver of all good, she exclaimed, 'I thank thee, oh Father, it flourishes where I may see it, 'tis all thou hast given, 'tis all I ask.'

Fruit, that bounteous gift of summer, she views with the same thankful spirit, and whether the produce of her own trees, purchased or presented, she receives as immediately from the hands of the Creator, believing, as she has told me, that it was created for her. The same spirit of thankfulness pervades her whole walk, she never relieves the distressed without thanking God for permitting her to distribute his bounties. One day, (nor is this a solitary instance) being told by a poor woman who had just tasted of her liberality, that God

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would reward her in heaven for her goodness, meaning of course there was self merit in her deeds: she replied, 'Friend, I owe my God a deep debt of gratitude in being thus permitted to do his work': and then told her that good works without faith, are dead. Yes, reader, my friend has cordially embraced the doctrine of salvation by faith, and daily by her life puts to silence the too frequently raised objection against this heavenly doctrine, that it is dangerous to morality. If you are living under its salutary influence, I am sure you know from happy experience, how false and futile such objections are; if not, pause ere you reject it, and bear with me while I tell you affectionately you *believe it not*, because you *understand it not*. The scriptures of truth plainly tell us the "carnal mind cannot understand the things of the Spirit, they are foolishness to it," unto which number your rejection of this mighty truth manifestly declares you to belong.

LUCY.

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Review of Books.

[Our store of books for reviewing has so accumulated, that we must give brief notices, and somewhat abridge lengthy titles.]

TRACTARIANISM TESTED BY HOLY SCRIPTURE AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. *In a series of discourses. By Hugh Stowell, M. A., &c. Vol. I.*—Hatchards.

Events as they hasten on among the infatuated dupes of Jesuitical craft in this unhappy country, render us more and more thankful that popular and eloquent men, like Mr. Stowell, should have had boldness given them to stand forward in open defence of the truth, and in exposure of Satan's delusions. This volume contains much sound, practical and valuable matter, and we hope

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it will be followed by a second. Mr. Stowell has bestowed pains on the disputable question of Apostolical succession in the Episcopal Church. It is a point where people may well agree to differ; but in all other matters we do most heartily concur with the excellent preacher.

CONTRASTS BETWEEN THE RIGHTEOUS AND THE WICKED. *Compiled from the Holy Scriptures. With a suitable text prefixed to each. By the Hon. Mrs. Penrose.*—Nisbets, London.

A WELL-arranged selection, in parallel columns, and standing out in striking contrast. We think it a very suitable help in the instruction of children especially; because the extracts are generally brief, and readily impressed on the memory. The book is very nicely got up.

A CHARGE *delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Ely at a Visitation, &c. Including an address to the Churchwardens, on the moral and religious obligation of the payment of Church-rates. By the Rev. J. H. Browne, M.A. Archdeacon of Ely, &c.*—Hatchards.

WE were somewhat disappointed on receiving only a small pamphlet in place of the well-filled volume that usually contains the Archdeacon's Charge; but the one subject that he has here taken up, the exceeding ini-

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quity of the recent act of endowing Maynooth, is most effectually and energetically handled. It is most delightful to find a dignitary of our church always at his post, always sounding the right note, always bearing a full and faithful testimony to the truth of God, as opposed to the lies of Rome which are now eating out the very core of all that is most precious among us, *as* a visible Church. The "address" is well suited to instruct in one part of their duty the lay Officers of the Establishment, for whom it is intended; and we perceive it is printed also in a separate form for circulation among them.

"ENTER INTO THY CLOSET," *Or, Secret Prayer and its accompanying exercises. By the Rev. James McGill, Hightae, Lochniaben.*—Hamilton.

It is very pleasant when a calm still voice comes from the far-off glen with whispers of trusting love in communion with God, at such turbulent seasons as the present. Public prayer, in reference to national sins or calamities, public praise for national blessings, are no longer among the privileges enjoyed by Christians in the national Church of England, beyond the every-day forms of regular service: nevertheless, we shall ere long be all driven to cry mightily unto the Lord, each for himself and for those precious to him; and it is well to foster, with every encouragement, the habit of drawing nigh unto God. This little volume affords such encouragement, and much help: and we recommend it strongly.

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HOUSEHOLD POEMS. *By Bernard Barton.*—Virtue.

It is nine years since this acknowledged Poet sent forth a volume of verse; and we are well pleased to see that he is still consecrating his talents mainly to such subjects as those who are not of the world can heartily appreciate. There is some of the mellowing of time upon his tints, and very much of sweet domestic feeling, rendering the title of his book strictly appropriate. Bernard Barton is one of the Society of Friends; and very characteristic of their plain-spoken habits in his "Dedication." It runs in these words: "To the Queen, the following poems are by her kind permission inscribed." Would that nothing more adulatory ever met the royal ear! Would that nothing less pure, less peaceful, less comely, was ever presented to the royal mind than may be found in the graceful pages of Bernard Barton!

FRIENDLY HINTS TO FEMALE SERVANTS: *On the best means of promoting their own and their Employers' happiness. By Mrs. J. Bakewell: Author of "The Mother's Practical Guide," &c. Third Edition.* —Snow.

CONVERSATION CARDS. *On intellectual and moral subjects. By the Same. Second Edition.*—Snow.

Both excellent in their way. The "hints" are in a neat little volume, and comprise a vast deal of judicious,

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pious counsel with a pleasing style, acceptable to the now so generally educated class addressed; and whose school acquirements are, alas! too often applied to purposes the least likely to promote their own or their employers' happiness. The "cards" will be a great acquisition in parties of young people where a worse kind of cards, and other exceptionable occupations are not admitted. Mrs. Bakewell's maternal work has stamped her as a woman made to advise her sex; and we have no doubt but her writings will prove extensively beneficial.

THE DIET OF WORMS. *A metrical fragment from D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation.*—Religious Tract Society.

THE charm that versification possesses for children, prompted a father, gifted with no ordinary poetical talent, as our own pages would testify, were we to tell tales, to write these stanzas for his own little flock, in the laudable desire of imbuing their young minds with the deepest sentiments of revealed truth, as God caused it to shine out of the blackness of darkness at the Era of the ever-blessed Reformation. An exceeding pretty-looking illustrated pamphlet in stiff covers, here contains a valuable amalgamation of poetry with pure truth: and we hope it will abundantly answer the prayers of its devotedly pious Author, both as regards his own children and those of many, many others.

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TWELVE HUNDRED QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON THE BIBLE. *Intended principally for schools and young persons. By M. H. and I. H. Myers. In two Volumes.*—Longmans.

THE Authors of these volumes are two Brothers, of whom one is "Hazan," or Reader, in the principal Synagogue of London; the other holds the same office in the elegant little Synagogue built by Sir Moses Montefiore, at Ramsgate. Of course the "Bible" acknowledged by them consists only of what we call the Old Testament; and the subjects treated of are exclusively Jewish: but they are also exclusively scriptural, and the answers are supplied from the same source, except in a few instances, where more recent historical or chronological evidence was called for, or geographical description. In no single instance,—and we have read the work with extreme care,—does a passage occur bearing on theological discussion, or any point in dispute between Jews and Christians; but a most valuable mass of solid information is brought before the parent or teacher who, hesitating to place a Jewish book in the hands of their young charges, may nevertheless obtain a great many useful hints, and acquire a very pleasing method of miscellaneous questioning on sacred history from the labours of these two brothers. We are glad, right glad, to be able to hold forth such a work as this, and to challenge the scrutiny of those who would look to find nothing in it but fables and fallacies. It is marvellous what ready acceptance every libellous misrepresentation of the Jewish people finds among us, even *now*: and it is utterly disgusting to such as have ventured to examine for themselves, instead of blindly

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swallowing every unkind and untrue report circulated respecting them, *and their religious belief*. The effect of such uncandid conduct on their minds cannot but be most unfavourable to Christianity. We are, besides, led into mistakes very ludicrous in their sight. In a pretty so-called Jewish Tale which has run through many editions, the absurd blunder is still, we fancy, retained, which represents a Jewish nurse as always carrying a copy of the Talmud under her arm,—this Talmud consisting in seventeen folio volumes, as every Hebrew child knows. A little better information on such points would not only serve us, but would operate as a salutary check on literary pretenders to a profound knowledge of Jewish theology, and Jewish customs. We plead guilty to having over-stepped our bounds of brevity, in this article; but it may be pardoned, seeing how few, how very, very few, there are who will honestly speak out the little that they do really know on these points: how sulkily, if not scornfully silent we stand by in the day of our elder brother's reproach and calamity, even though we cannot shut our eyes to the glorious fact of that day being very nearly ended; and that for their shame they shall soon have double; for confusion they shall rejoice in their portion.

We have now to notice a few smaller things, lying before us. And first, in the way of necessary caution; we warn our readers against a very bad and blasphemous little book, entitled "The Words of a Believer," translated from the French.

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We recommend to their notice another, "Scriptural Solutions of Baptism, Regeneration, and Infant Salvation." (Seeleys.) Under the latter head they will find most delightful and most solid consolation for the bereaved parents whose minds have been disturbed by language that the word of God never sanctioned.

Some very rare, and as yet untranslated tracts, and prefaces, of Martin Luther, which have come into the hands of a pious and learned Clergyman of our Church, are now being rendered by him into English from the original German; published by Whittemore. The first is Luther's "Preface to a book of selections from the legends of St. Francis." They are well-timed, and will prove very interesting.

"The Appeal of John Ronge, late Romish Priest, to Germany," is published in a small Tract, (Whittemore) by the Rev. Charles Smyth, 'during a visit to that country,' he says, 'in the centre of that movement which will undermine Romish Ascendancy.' We are thankful to see men so accomplished as Mr. Smyth working zealously against the traitorous efforts of men who entered the Protestant ministry only to undermine and to destroy the faith that they falsely professed. Ronge's 'Appeal' is very interesting.

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UNION WITH ROME.

THE *Tablet* (Romish newspaper) speaking of Dr. Pusey's hopes that Mr. Newman's transplantation may soften down prejudices, and promote good feelings between the Romish and English Churches,—says,

"It almost amazes us that we have occasion to assure Dr. Pusey that nothing *can* open the eyes of Catholics to the fact of God's Spirit dwelling in the Establishment.

"No combination of events can by possibility lead any instructed Catholic to think better of the Anglican organization, until it has ceased to be a camp set up against the Lord of Hosts, and fighting in the name of the great King against His authority.

"But nothing, it seems, can convince Anglicans, that the judgment of Rome against them is *final* and *irreversible*. Their pertinacity in cherishing a hope that Rome may relent upon other terms than those of *submission*, is something wonderful."

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THE PROTESTANT.

'So, the grand catastrophe has occurred at last, and the leader has marched to Rome in the face of day. Are you surprised, uncle, or not?'

'I am not surprised; but I am most heartily glad. At the same time some of my oldest, dearest, most hallowed predilections have received a shock not soon to be recovered. As to this man, and the infamous part that he has openly acted in the church for a dozen years past, I leave him to the just judgment of God; firmly believing that it had been far better for him if a millstone had been hung round his neck, and he cast into the sea twenty years ago, than to be what he is, and to have done what he has done.'

'I never saw so little of Christian charity elicited among Christian people at a brother's fall as in this case.'

'A brother! what do you mean by a brother? What part hath he that believeth with an infidel? The foulest spirit of infidelity in its worst form characterizes the proceedings of this man. There is nothing so fearfully atheistical as the principle of his fraternity, the Jesuits. The man was no brother, and his fall is nothing more than a public tumble from a place into which he had artfully climbed for the express purpose of falling out of it, in the hope that some miserable dupes in following his example, and really casting themselves down from heights where God had placed them, might

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do a fatal mischief to themselves, and to the cause of the gospel, against which this deceiver is sworn to war. Then, as to Christian charity, the word is as much abused here as the term brother. Christian charity is love for the souls of men, springing out of the love of Christ shed abroad in the believer's heart. This charity overflowed in Paul, when he exclaimed to the harassed and misled church, "I would they were even cut off which trouble you!" This charity pronounced against any who should preach a false gospel where the true had been heard and received, "Let him be accursed." This same charity in Peter, in James, in Jude, thunders forth the most tremendous denunciations against such teachers as our poor church has recently been cursed with; and, to go to the fountain head, I refer you to the twenty-third of Matthew, and to various clauses in the messages to the seven churches of Asia, for the language of Him who is Love, Him who is Truth, against the deceivers of a trusting people. Compassion, deep sorrow, and a fervent desire to pluck them back from perdition, are stirred in my bosom on behalf of the poor apostates who have been drawn by the subtleties of this wicked man and his fellow-conspirators, into a net from which they cannot extricate themselves; but for the counterfeits who have through the gross neglect and criminal connivance of men in authority been permitted to circulate among us so long, I look on them, openly kneeling before their wafer, as I do on a bad piece of money, stopped at last in its fraudulent career, and openly nailed to a counter, to deceive no more the poor and simple folk.'

'But do you think that the deception will end here?'

'No, my simile fails at that point. Of course, Newman will keep up the farce of having been gradually

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converted to Popery, instead of revealing the sly Jesuit who crept into our church in order to achieve this very work; and people will be credulous enough to listen to the tale, and read his books in order to trace the pretended steps of his counterfeit conversion. Then, some remain behind, of the same class, and employed in the same work, still holding office in our church and our universities, where even these fellows will yet be permitted to prowl, poisoning the minds of the unguarded, and carrying on the same system without check or restraint.'

'It is unspeakably disgraceful to both church and universities that so it should be.'

'Ay, and therefore I said that some of my most treasured predilections had received a shock. The Church of England appears to me in the character of a flock having no shepherd, wholly unguarded from the wolf, save by the fences that a few sound laws, yet unrepealed, and administered by honest lawyers, afford. Merle D'Aubigné, than whom no living man is more competent to form a correct opinion on a matter regarding the vital interests of Protestantism, has very forcibly and very truly expressed what I mean. He says, in a recent letter to a friend,* "The state of the English church becomes every day more alarming to Christians on the continent. The evil appears to us to have reached its highest degree, and we do not perceive that the church does any thing to remedy it. We ask if the episcopal system is then insufficient to govern the church. The Church of Scotland has repressed the reveries of Irving, and, nevertheless, those reveries were less dangerous than those of Pusey, Newman, and Maitland. We love the Church of England, on account of

* Churchman's Monthly Review, *September*, 1845.

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the word of God on which it rests ; of its Articles, the faith of which is so pure ; of all the works, and of all the men of God that it has given birth to. But one of your colleagues, a zealous Episcopalian, who boasted to us recently of the excellences of this system, can tell you, that we have been unanimous in opposing to him the actual state of your church. If nothing is done against the Popery of Oxford, the cause of Episcopacy is lost upon the continent ; it is lost in the Church of God. If the Bishops continue to sleep, remember that the Church is the judge of controversies, and that the Church, according to your Articles, is the assembly of faithful men. Let faithful men, then, arise and speak." So writes one who has recently been among us, observing with the eye of a most enlightened Christian pastor, the aspect of a church in which he takes the deepest interest. I assent, cordially, but alas, how sorrowfully! to every word that he says: and I begin to feel that the laity will sin against their own souls, and against the souls of their children, if they remain inactive spectators of such disgraceful exhibitions in the ecclesiastical body.'

'What can be done?'

'A test, most searchingly stringent, should immediately be prepared, and submitted to every one holding office in the Universities, or having any thing to do with the scholastic department there: this should be first offered to Pusey ; and every one who even seeks to qualify or to evade it, should be at once displaced. A like test ought to be imposed on the clergy, parochial, and all who acknowledge the authority of the Established Church, compelling them to declare whether the views that they now hold are in strict accordance with the plain, grammatical, literal sense of the Articles and

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Homilies. This would unmask many a concealed Papist; it would intimidate some from straying farther into perilous paths; it would make manifest the fidelity of others; and would form a safeguard for those who are now without remorse delivered over as a prey to false teachers and treacherous pastors. This ought to be done: but full well we know that it will not be done; and in that knowledge we have too sure a token that either the power or the will is utterly wanting in high places to stem this torrent of destruction. The English bishops will not move, as a body; and even the few faithful among them hold back from making that use of their parliamentary and other public opportunities, and their influence as members of the Universities, which they ought to do.'

'The ecclesiastical courts, though, have done their duty well.'

'They have indeed; and to them we are indebted for whatever check has been applied to the mischief: but the tremendous expence of such appeals, even if no other difficulty intervened, would bar us from that redress in most cases. Since Newman and that handful of his associates openly professed Popery, and while Pusey, and very many more whom we could name continue to exercise undisturbed the functions of the Protestant ministry, at the same time pocketing the emoluments, often to an amount that no single ecclesiastical income in a Christian community ought to reach, I say, and I say it with equal serious indignation and reprehension, that the Church of England is made a stumbling-block to her friends, a laughing-stock to her foes, and a beacon to warn the whole world of what ought to be universally avoided by such as profess to follow the Gospel of Christ.'

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'This is very strong language, uncle.'

'Not half strong enough to express my feelings. I am one of those who pay most cheerfully my quota in every form in which it can be demanded towards the maintenance of a Church, every minister of which, at his first ordination and at every subsequent step of promotion is solemnly sworn to frame his teaching and living according to the Holy Scriptures; to preach the pure Gospel, as set forth in that blessed Book, and to search out and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines from the sphere of his individual influence. Now if it comes to pass that not one or two, but numbers of these sworn preachers of righteousness become open teachers of lies; if the most erroneous of all strange doctrines, even the Mystery of Iniquity itself is notoriously taught by our paid professors at the Universities and proclaimed from our parish pulpits throughout the land without let or hindrance from any authority; if men of whose decidedly popish sentiments not the shadow of a doubt can even be pretended, and who do not themselves seek to disguise them, are to hold fellowships, and to officiate in livings, in the very heart of our Protestant schools of divinity, until it shall please them to go to mass; and then to depart without more notice taken than if they had walked into a neighbour's house; if all this is to be, I can only say that we, the honest laity of the Church of England, are the most befooled and the most defrauded set of abjects in all Christendom.'

'And the most heartless. We, who have our Bibles at home, and have been mercifully taught to separate the precious from the vile, have an antidote ever at hand, and are preserved from the evil effects of what can only disgust and grieve us; but the poor of the flock, attending in the place of worship provided for

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them by the government of the land, and understanding that their ministers are solemnly bound to teach them only the truth; believing too, as they generally do, that the bishop is also pledged (as in truth he is, to a most awful extent) to watch over the fold, and to see that the preacher fulfils his obligation—these our poor brethren, the simple and unlearned, receive without questioning what they hear, and swallow a poison that will work the destruction of their souls. I think more of the cold, cruel unconcern for the Lord's poor, that our passiveness manifests, than of what we are ourselves exposed to. Go where you will, you see enormous mass-houses in process of erection, while those whose distinct and deliberate object it is to fill them with wretched apostates, are wearing the garb, exercising the offices, receiving the pay of Protestant clergymen.'

'Such a state of things cannot long continue; the Lord will Himself arise to judge the cause of the poor and needy. Meantime, there are some tokens for good perceptible even among us: the recent meeting at Liverpool of ministers differing on some minor points, but all united in the faith of the Gospel, was of a most encouraging character. Many efforts were made to hinder it; cold water was cast on the project by some who looked only at the mere mortal elements to be there brought together, and sagely predicted the hopelessness of their amalgamation; forgetting that He who is our peace, whose precious legacy to his Church was peace, and who holds the power to mould all hearts and wills according to his gracious pleasure, that HE would be in the midst of that assemblage, gathered together in his Name, and that the answer to believing prayer would be a rebuke to every turbulent feeling in the word of irresistible power, "Peace, be still." Our

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wretched want of faith, in evermore poring over our own paltry calculations, instead of casting ourselves unreservedly on the power and love of Him who sitteth a King over the water-floods, is continually keeping back the blessings for which we ask: or rather, it ties up our own hands from reaching forth to grasp the blessing when actually offered to us. D'Aubigné is right in saying that the Church, the assembly of faithful men, must ultimately judge this controversy, and it will do so, irrespective of those whose office it is; but who hold back from fulfilling the arduous and onerous duty.'

'There is quite a dearth of secular matters to interest us, uncle. Except in the railway branch, we are without excitement.'

'There is, I fear, cause for very painful excitement with regard to poor Ireland. This visitation on the potato-crop will produce most disastrous effects ere long.'

'It is a mysterious judgment, falling on the poorest and most injured class of our fellow-subjects. Still I look to Ireland with joyous feelings of revived hope, since the old spirit of 1688 has once more awakened, and the scorning heel of insolent ingratitude will be no longer allowed to rest on the loyalty and Protestantism of the land. The "No Surrender" principle, uncle, is making marvellous advances towards its long-suppressed manifestation; and I trust the day is past when deceitful persuasion could prevail to do what intimidation never could or can do. Oh how I long to see the Orange lily and the green shamrock intertwined in mutual defence and encouragement! It is only by disuniting them that the enemies of both gain an advantage.'

'I hope and believe, that Ireland is now fully roused, and will, ere long, reap in joy what has so long been

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sown in tears. There is light breaking and expanding over her: may it become perfect day! My spirit is so weighed down by the state of my own Church, that the effect is too absorbing. But the Lord is doing a great work in all the earth; and we, hoping for that which as yet, we see not, must with patience wait for it.'

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THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1845.

WAR WITH THE SAINTS.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE revolting expression, which we have given in the language of the original work, descriptive of the joyous feelings that animated the so-called Christian host, while gazing on the tortures of their fellow-creatures, writhing in those burning flames, is not of solitary occurrence in the narrative of the Monk Peter; who, being present on these occasions, and writing under the direction of his patronizing Abbot, Guy, may be held as carefully describing the butcheries that he records, just as it was considered desirable that the world should view them. He uses the same, or exactly similar epithets on many other occasions, declaring that the pilgrims burned the 'heretics' with great joy:—with the utmost joy:—with unspeakable joy: only varying the phrases with-

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slaughter first; because that was the stipulated price of his soul's salvation; and next plunder, without which his bodily wants could not be supplied. The whole system is one of fearful sublimity in the wicked wisdom that cometh from beneath: it caused an Apostle who had witnessed the mightiest miracles that attested the truth of Christianity, and who himself was largely gifted with a miracle-working power, to wonder with great admiration; and well may it cause us to tremble and to weep when we again behold it at our very doors, spinning afresh its poisonous web, and gradually enclosing in that coil of death those whom we have known and loved, with whom we have taken sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company; but who now leave the pure worship of that house to prostrate themselves in abominable idolatry before idols of wood and stone, and gods of wheaten bread!

We must, however, return to Lavaur, as having formed a most important step in the advance of the invaders; for, left as they at all times were to forage for themselves, lying before a fortress when the country all around had been exhausted of its supplies, and pillage could find nothing to grasp, was very discouraging. In the present instance, Count Raymond's bold prohibition of the succours on which they had confidently reckoned, as the natural result of his notorious dread of Rome, almost led to mutiny in the hungry camp; and a new series of reverses menaced de Montfort. All was now at an end; the garrison, and all the inhabitants of Lavaur, were murdered; the place itself plundered of whatever remained, and in fresh spirits the destroying multitude moved on to new outrages against the Lord's poor flock.

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It was now that the storm so long gathering round him, and so often averted at the expense of every honourable and manly feeling, fell upon Count Raymond. He had never yet experienced any direct attack on his possessions, although the sentence of excommunication so repeatedly renewed against him, placed them within the grasp of any successful assailant, and his life at the mercy of any bold assassin. De Montfort, stung by the inconvenience that he and his troops had lately suffered from Raymond's refusal of supplies, marched them at once to the castle of Montjoye, which belonged to the Count of Toulouse personally. Defence not being deemed practicable, the garrison forsook it; and no other gratification could the crusaders obtain here than the very insufficient one of demolishing brick and stone. They razed it to the ground; but no human victim appeared, to reward their eager quest for blood. Next in their reach stood another castle of Raymond's, Cassero; and this also was found indefensible against the fierce multitude who surrounded it; but the inhabitants had no way of escape, and they capitulated. No scruple of course was made of seizing upon as many as would afford an acceptable feast to the eyes of the conquerors: they took some sixty, probably the greater proportion of all whom the castle contained: and on the charge, whether just or not, of holding the doctrines of the gospel, they cast them upon a blazing pile of firewood: in the words of Peter the monk, "the soldiers seizing nearly sixty heretics, burned them with infinite joy." Or, as the original stands, "sed cum nec vinum convertere potuissēt exierunt à castro, peregrini autem arripientes hæreticos ferme sexaginta eos cum ingenti gaudio combusserunt." The character given by our Lord to his disciples in this world, is that of "lambs

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among wolves." Whose disciples were these, so systematically and ferociously enacting the part of wolves among lambs?

The march proceeded; castle after castle, and village after village was swept down and overwhelmed by this terrible flood. The latter, of course, like the insulated cottages of those bright vallies and fertile plains, fell at once beneath the murderous blow; the fortified places were surrendered with the usual sanguinary consequences, unless their inmates found means of privately escaping during the enemy's approach. Spring had returned, and earth would fain have put forth her wonted beauties; but all was forlorn; the song of the husbandman had ceased, and the vine-dresser's hand was mouldering on the soil that once he loved to deck, or borne in imperceptible ashes on the breeze that should fan his cheek. Spring passed, and summer arrived, only to make more plain the fearful change that had passed over the land; while, fired by the fame of his deeds, and doubly assured of his final success, a vast body of reinforcements, principally from Germany, arrived to increase the terrors of the desolating army; and de Montfort resolved on seizing the grandest prize that he had yet attempted, even the magnificent capital of the country, the powerful, wealthy, and to all appearance impregnable city of Toulouse.

Here, it will be remembered, the turbulent bishop, Fouquet, had enrolled five thousand men for de Montfort's service, during the siege of Lavaur. They had not yet returned, but were summoned by him to do so; and in the meanwhile he augmented this 'white company,' as he called it, to a very formidable body; for the great bulk of citizens in Toulouse still professed allegiance to Rome, and willingly listened to the vehe-

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ment asseverations of their bishop, that all the calamities which had fallen on their country, and which now menaced themselves, were the righteous visitations of the Most High, in punishment for their sinful connivance at the abode of notorious heretics among them, and the indifference with which they regarded the daring rebellion of these reprobates against the sovereign authority of the Church. To this he failed not to add that the prince whom they served was himself lying under the ban of that Church; and thus he represented to them the necessity of purging out from among them the transgressors, and of bringing all things once more into subjection to the pontiff. By such means he organized a very considerable band of influential men, who having bound themselves by oath to pursue all heretics to death, set up a tribunal, independent of lawful authority, where they acted both as accusers and judges, the principal charges on which they arraigned their victims being those of heresy and usury. From judgment they proceeded to execution; and not venturing so far as formally to take the lives of their fellow-citizens, they made the levying of fines, or recovery of pretended damages, an excuse for forcibly entering their houses, and committing whatsoever acts of violence and robbery they found opportunity for. No man was safe: all who were pointed out as being defective in allegiance to the Church; all who were supposed to favour them; all who, by liberality in lending to others had laid themselves open to the false accusation of making excessive profit by it, (and these, no doubt, were such as the malicious bishop suspected of what he called heresy, but was unable to prove against them) all were alike exposed to the invasion of a fierce mob, composed of their own neighbours, and of course containing many

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individuals who hated them personally on the same grounds that Cain hated Abel upon, and on which he that is after the flesh ever has persecuted him that is after the Spirit: these men came armed with the pretended authority of law, to execute judgment, while they only perpetrated cruelty and wrong. Such were the multiplied sufferings of the Church of Christ in those days! So fared it with the poor sheep in the wilderness of this world.

But Toulouse possessed another class of citizens; men who, without actually separating from the Romish communion, were heartily sick of the manifold abominations that prevailed in it—the pride, avarice, cruelty, and dissoluteness of the priesthood, their former dronish ignorance, now suddenly changed into the most murderous zeal, and the horrible joy with which they celebrated the wholesale butcheries of their crusading companions: they were also indignant at the daring contempt displayed of constituted authority, and desertion of their ruler just when he most needed, and certainly best deserved their help; and no less at the inhuman persecution of the most harmless, blameless, and exemplary of their whole population. Actuated by such feelings they lost no time in forming themselves into a protective society, which they denominated 'the black company,' and took such energetic measures for the suppression of the bishop's party that the whole city was shortly in a state of civil war. These hostile bands paraded the streets, fully armed, with characteristic banners displayed; and alternately they attacked, took, and destroyed portions of the fortifications which happened to be garrisoned by individuals of the adverse badge. Thus were the defences of the place weakened, and the way paved for an almost unresisted en-

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trance, whenever the crusaders should think fit to attempt it.

But Raymond had thrown off the crushing yoke of Rome, so far as regarded his temporal rights ; and with it, howsoever burdened his conscience might be with memories of the irrecoverable past, he was rid of an immense weight of present guilt, treachery and servility. Once more he moved as an independent lord among the multitudes with whom he was still popular on many accounts ; and feeling like a freed-man, both in body and mind, he acted accordingly, with more wisdom and far greater determination than he had exhibited for many a day. Knowing that the return of the five thousand, fresh from the massacre of Lavaur, would tend both to feed the flame of enmity and to throw a great preponderance into the wrong scale, he watched for their arrival, and addressed them in terms, the justice of which they well understood, having been witnesses of the indiscriminate thirst for slaughter, for plunder, and for the temporal aggrandizement of their leader that prevailed among the crusaders. He set before them, and ultimately before the whole company, the certainty of general destruction to which they were exposing themselves and their families by rendering the city an easy conquest to those who conquered only to annihilate : he implored them to lay aside their differences for a time ; to unite in repairing what had been injured of the defences, and to restore what had fallen into decay. So well did he succeed with both parties, that a suspension of hostilities took place ; and he had the satisfaction of witnessing the first augury of a prosperous issue to the contest, in the goodwill with which the adverse companies betook themselves to that work that he had pointed out. There can be no doubt that

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Fouquet, in arming them one against the other, had acted on the usual principle of Rome; by dividing to overcome, and to reign over a depopulated country.

Count Raymond, from being so long the degraded tool of Antichrist, was once more bearing the sword as an appointed ruler, therefore the vicegerent of God, over his people; and the event was in just accordance with such a change. Its first result was not a little remarkable: Fouquet, abandoning all hope of executing the behests of his masters, summoned around him his multitude of priests, all robed in canonical vestments, and denouncing the city as having become the abode of all evil, through the general excommunication that Arnold had fulminated against it from the camp, he had the wafer elevated on high, and barefooted, chaunting doleful litanies, the whole company quitted the place, Fouquet marching at their head, to throw themselves into the friendly arms of their crusading brethren. It was a happy day for Toulouse and for the harassed Raymond when these troublers took their departure: the whole population breathed more freely; and though there were not wanting many to bewail aloud the state of their deserted shrines, if all who in their hearts did not acknowledge it as a good deliverance had been set apart from the rest, they would have formed but a small company.

Cheerily and in good earnest the besieged now betook themselves to somewhat more than merely defensive operations. Raymond, no longer the craven and the crest-fallen, but once more the enterprising warrior of former days, was stimulated to new achievements as he saw before the walls of his magnificent capital the betrayer, the murderer of his gallant kinsman, Raymond Roger, usurping the titles and possessions of the

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infant heir, and glaring with the eager rapacity of a hungry wolf on the rich prize that he hoped to seize, by disposing in like manner of the uncle as he had done of the nephew. Moreover, Count Raymond had a long score of dark offences to wipe out, committed, and connived at, against the people and the cause of God; and against a multitude of innocent victims whom his treachery had mainly sacrificed to their inhuman foes. Thus excited, he placed himself at the head of his troops and citizens, who were enabled in the chieftain and prince to forget the flagellated offender against papal insolence, and by a succession of well-planned sallies, equally judicious as bold, he thinned the forces, intercepted the supplies, and so completely baffled all the plans of Simon, that well knowing the expiration of the next forty days would see a very large proportion of his fatigued and discomfited host abandon him, the haughty leader found it impossible even to remain before the walls on which he had boasted his flag should, long ere that period, float in triumph; and he was compelled to quit the prey that of all others he most longed to grasp.

Retreat was not to be thought of: the domains of the Count of Foix offered the allurements of supposed inadequacy of defence, with ripening vineyards, and all the luxurious fertility of a Provençal summer. Hither he bent his steps, with such of the crusaders as still clave to him; and many a deed of blood they wrought among the helpless inhabitants of a peaceful district. The sword was never sheathed, nor did the smoke of burning cease to ascend, so long as victims could be hunted out to satiate their demands. In this work the run-away priests of Toulouse were valuable auxiliaries: they knew the country well; and they could

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point out not only rural dwellings, but whole villages that might have escaped the stranger's unaided search. Brother betraying brother, parents delivering up their children to death, and pastors guiding the wolf to the bosom of the fold,—these were a few of the horrors that accompanied that fearful war against the saints. The undefended parts of Foix being thus desolated, de Montfort proceeded into the next territory, Quercy; and here he extorted from the remnant of the slaughtered inhabitants, a recognition of his usurped title, as prince of a country which, lying under the ban of the pope, became the lawful perquisite of the pope's chief executioner.

C. E.

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A WORD IN SEASON TO THE LADIES OF OUR LAND.

MY DEAR FELLOW-COUNTRYWOMEN,

Here is winter coming on apace, and a cry heard in our public places of 'the stern, inevitable deficiency of the most necessary products of nature.' What can *we* do, not to avert, but to alleviate the sad sufferings in prospect? *All* can do something, however little; and the amount of many little things is a great deal. We can do something by precept and by example; much by prayer; much by that readiness of adaptation and cleverness in domestic management which a great many of you possess. It was the shame of Sodom that "pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness, were in her daughters." Oh! let it not be *our* reproach! Let none of us be too proud to care for the sufferings of the poor; let none of us grudge a measure of our abundance to their necessities; nor think it scorn to employ a portion of our leisure in devising and carrying out measures for their benefit. A season of great scarcity threatens not only our own country, but Europe, and perhaps the world. We do not feel it yet; but we shall a few months hence. God has long favoured us with those two inestimable blessings so often named together,—PEACE, AND PLENTY;—and now, he is going to try us; to *test*, as it were, the reality of our self-denial, our liberality, and our faith. He is going to give us an opportunity, of which every one of us may

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avail ourselves, of showing that we love our neighbour as ourselves; that we can control our appetites in little indulgences that others may not want necessaries; that we can see the evil afar off, provide for it, pray against it, and support it meekly when it comes. "Who knoweth if He will turn and repent, and leave a blessing behind him?" Read the book of Joel, dear friends, with thoughtful application to the present time; especially where he describes "the seed rotting under the clods, and the garners lying desolate;" and observe how he bids not only the clergy, but even the bridegroom and the bride to lay these things to heart. Then remark how Amos denounces evil on those that sit at ease in Zion, and are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph. And lastly, observe what liberal contributions the early Christians of Macedonia made towards the wants of their poorer brethren at Jerusalem, previous to a predicted season of scarcity. "Whoso is wise will consider these things" and act upon them; and it may be that the Lord's judgments will descend in blessings on our heads, either individually or collectively. For, national repentance and prayer have *never* failed of success: and even should the country at large refuse to be awakened, and should it "be sifted, like as corn is sifted through a sieve," God's promise remains the same, that "not a *grain* shall fall to the ground:" i. e. *only the chaff*—the good shall not be confounded in a single instance, with the worthless.

Now, what must we do?

1st. Be increasingly earnest in prayer. "Rend your hearts, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God; for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil."

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2ndly. Practise that fasting enjoined by our Lord, when he says, "anoint thine head and wash thy face, that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret:" that is, avoid all outward ostentatious signs of self-restriction, and limit your habitual indulgences for the sake of adding to the comforts of others. "Is not this the fast that I have chosen, saith the Lord? to unloose the heavy burthens, to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke, that thou deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out into thy house; when thou seest the naked that thou cover him, and that thou hide not thyself from *thine own flesh?*" Yes! the poor are indeed, as the Almighty thus affectingly reminds us, of the same flesh and blood with ourselves: and, in sustaining them we are emphatically sustaining our own flesh.

3rdly. Call over the little list of your regular pensioners—add to them if you can—(the city missionaries will gladly tell you of deserving persons) and appoint stated seasons for their receiving your bounty in the shape of well-made soup, fresh dripping, broken meat and vegetables, dispensed by yourselves—not your servants; on the understanding that, upon the days on which they receive such assistance, they shall dress no potatoes: thereby diminishing the demand for that vegetable which will soon be so scarce.

Are any of you, dear ladies, ignorant that two quarts of good pea-soup may be made for three-pence halfpenny? If so, the next time a sirloin of beef has made its last appearance at table, let the bare bones be put into a digester with three quarts of water, an onion peeled and quartered, half a carrot, a little pepper and salt, and a pint of split peas. Let it boil several hours,

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and be *frequently stirred*, (for all depends on this,) and, (unless your cook lets it boil too fast and then fills it up with water) it will, when cold, be as firm as a jelly. Lastly, refrain from having any potatoes dressed in your houses, once or twice a week, and address a few seasonable words of encouragement to any in whom you may notice an instance of self-denial, of however humble a kind. May your own hearts and minds suggest many improvements on these humble hints, from

SERENA.

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THE DAYS OF LAUD.—PART II.

CHAPTER I.

THREE years passed heavily over the drooping head of Lucy Wentworth, yet in that long and weary period there were moments of brightness that nerved her to endure, that were as a going "from strength to strength." These moments were spent in the Fleet Prison, praying with the emaciated prisoner who suffered there, bathing his parched lips, watching his gradual decay! These were the *bright* moments of Lucy's life, for when the rigorous laws of the prison, or the wanton cruelty of the jailor kept her from her husband's side, her imagination painted the captive's sufferings in still darker hues. In the daytime her spirit was worn with a vain yearning to withstand the power that held her hopelessly away from him, and she would sometimes upbraid herself with enjoying the very light and air which were denied to him. In the night-time sleep seldom visited her eyes, and when it did, dreams made her afraid. Sometimes she fancied she stood by his dying couch, and his pale face reproached her with cruel neglect. Sometimes she imagined she heard him calling her to save him from those who were going to scourge him, and still his voice would grow fainter—fainter till it ceased, and she awoke again, crying to the executioners to show pity; and behold it was a dream! but a

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threatenings, but old Catherine Redford sometimes fancied an angel had said to him, "The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour," and she began to look upon him as the future Gideon, who was to avenge her wrongs upon the Midianites. Age had dimmed the sight of Catherine Redford, but she clasped her hands with the fervour of feeling, and raised her blind eyes towards heaven as she heard the joyous cries of the crowd who were conducting their favourite members to the theatre of coming triumphs in the cause of freedom, and of all the sins that marred them.

'Pym!' exclaimed Cuthbert eagerly, pointing him out to his sister. 'Uncompromising principle and wisdom not easily matched. "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."'

Lucy reflected on her brother's words. She knew little of the individual to whom he applied them, but she questioned within herself, 'Shall many of those heads that must be filled with schemes of earthly policy, intricate plans, expediencies, be really found, when they are covered with hoar hairs, in the way of righteousness?'

'John Hampden, and no ship-tax!' said Cuthbert, echoing the words of the throng below. 'Do you remember, Lucy, when *we* stood together on the deck of the ship which should have carried us and John Hampden to another world, how ardently the old sailor thanked God that he was not suffered to depart. More eyes will glisten, and more hearts will glow, as our patriot passes on to St. Stephen's, than when King Charles rides thither in all his empty parade.'

Lucy did remember standing together on the deck of the vessel, and this recollection had retained her thoughts, and prevented them from following her bro-

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ther's encomium on Hampden, but she was startled when she heard him name King Charles with such small reverence. '"Evil communications corrupt good manners," Cuthbert,' she said, looking affectionately at him; 'and thy sojourn among the Scottish rebels has made thee forget the honour due to a crowned head.'

Cuthbert did not seem to hear her words. Eager and ardent, he looked up to the great men who led the van in the struggle for liberty with admiration, untempered by that distrust of human stability, which might, with peculiar justice, have given sobriety to the rejoicings that hailed the opening of the Long Parliament. Lord Falkland rode past, and as the young nobleman bowed courteously to the cheering populace, Cuthbert darted from his sister's side, descended to the street, and only slackened his pace when the crowd of hoping, expecting Englishmen became so dense, that he was obliged to stem the impatience of his spirit, and content himself with viewing at a distance the solemn, and, in anticipation, triumphant entrance of the members.

Lucy did not move from the casement at which she was standing for some time after Cuthbert left her, but continued gazing wistfully at her brother, as he passed along with the multitude. 'Who shall go with me to the Fleet to-day?' she questioned. 'Cuthbert is better than I am. He can exult in the general good, in the hope of freedom—religious freedom; but I——'. She turned hastily from the window, checked her swelling tears by a violent effort, and having provided for the comfort of her aunt during her temporary absence, prepared to set out alone for the only spot on earth which at that moment seemed to have beauty or interest in her eyes. The prison-cell, more gloomy than

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on that day when the struggling sunbeam disturbed the holy quietness of Mark Wentworth's spirit, cold and gloomy as it was, to Lucy was dearer—far dearer, than the sun, and the fields, and the flowers, which shone and showed their beauties for others, but not for him.

At the cost of some labour she avoided the crowd, and scarcely heard the insolence which the jailor could not wholly repress, as he admitted her with less delay, than that to which his custom had cruelly inured her. She knew not why, but the fear of retribution was beginning to operate on hearts which no other feeling could move.

Mark Wentworth was sick. A low fever preyed upon him. The damp cell, the pallet of straw, and the high grated window! How Lucy looked at them all! Her husband could not, as was his wont, cheer her with the hope of brighter days or of a bright eternity. She tried to make his wretched bed more easy. She tried to smile, that the show of gladness on her face might be answered by glad feelings in his heart; but the utter prostration of his strength baffled all her efforts, and when the time came that she must leave him, the sorrows of her mind had so completely worn out her own powers, that her trembling limbs almost refused to carry her home.

'He will die alone,' she said to herself. 'Oh, that one grave might hold us both!' The voice of the promise said, "Them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him;" but at that time she heard it not. She could only say, "I will go down to my grave mourning."

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CHAPTER II.

'THE first blow is struck,—the first blow at tyranny and its abettors,' saith Cuthbert Camden, as, with a companion who had more than doubled his years, he came suddenly into the room where Lucy and his aunt were sitting. 'That arch-traitor and renegade, the Earl of Strafford, is impeached. He must answer with his head for plotting against the constitution and the liberties of his country.'

'A man of probity and honour,' said Mr. Parnell, the old gentleman who accompanied Cuthbert. 'Even his worst enemies can lay nothing worthy of death to his charge.'

Lucy sighed deeply. 'More blood?' she said; 'More victims to man's deadly difference? I hoped when the champions of liberty, the men of faith and prayer were gathered together to rule our nation, the spirit of peace would have descended upon their councils, and the gibbet and the block forgotten their hateful office. I did hope—but yes—he will soon be free now, "where the prisoners rest together, and they hear not the voice of the oppressor."'

'But his wrongs will be avenged even here,' replied her brother, 'and his lingering decay be reckoned up with other ills that can only be requited on the scaffold. Laud cannot long escape.'

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'Alas!' said Lucy. 'Can that old man's death bring health back into his fevered veins? Can it cool his parched lips, or stay the parting spirit?'

Lucy stopped. The tears began to course each other down her pale cheeks. Mr. Parnell looked at her with deep compassion. 'There is still hope,' he said, 'that those who by mistake or otherwise have been unjustly detained in bonds, may ere long be released. Yet I confess, my faith in these men is but weak. Is it theirs to snatch the reins of power from the hand of the anointed ruler? They forget the apostolic precept, "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be, are ordained of God."'

'And who on British ground, sir,' said Cuthbert Camden, respectfully, 'would name "the powers that be," and forget the English Commons? Are they not indeed the true rulers of our land, though crafty tyrants have long defrauded them of their rights?'

'King, Lords, and Commons, such indeed is the chartered constitution of England,' said Mr. Parnell, thoughtfully. 'But custom has her charter too, and she has written the King's name there, as the fountain of all power.'

'The King and the Church,' returned Camden scornfully, 'but the yearnings of free-born British hearts cry out, King, Lords, and Commons, and the fore-shadowings of God's providence echo back their appeal.'

The day before the solemn fast drew nigh,—the solemn fast with which the long Parliament commenced its wonderful career, and on the evening of the preceding day Cuthbert again met his friend. 'They fast for strife and debate, and to smite with the fist of wickedness,' said Mr. Parnell, looking seriously at him.

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'I know to whom, and to what you would point the finger of that solemn scripture,' said Camden rather impatiently; 'But should that hoary head which has planned the misery of so many be suffered to lie down peacefully in a bloodless grave?'

'He has made mistakes: he has committed culpable errors, I admit,' said Mr. Parnell, 'but the charge should be heavy indeed which could bring such disgrace, on the highest prelate of the church.'

'Come with me,' replied Cuthbert, 'and I will show you how the men you blame can rectify the *mistakes* he has made.'

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ON CHRISTIAN SIMPLICITY.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—How is it that there exists amongst us so much of what can only be considered, in the most charitable view, as highly worldly? Surely we receive hourly evidence of the Scripture truth, that we are carnal, sold under sin. We adopt, or rather we break not off from, carnal-mindedness. We continue, even when we have good reason to hope God has begun a good work in our souls, to do as others do, to talk as they talk. Dear friends, should it be thus, with those who profess to cry unto God, "Abba, Father?" Should the children of his adoption continue to use *voluntarily* modes which are after the flesh, and to employ ways of intercourse, which are hardly sanctioned, even by the candid worldling? Are the subjects of divine renewal justified in attempting no alteration in the plan of communication, all prevalent in our now effeminate and luxurious state of society? We are too refined to hear the truth, to listen to a plain tongue; and in its place we make use of a medium of interchange for our thoughts, which appears to the writer to savour more of that language of Babel, which God saw fit to come down and confound, than aught other with which we are cognizant. Then again, truth seems conventionally banished; the thing which is said is never precisely what the speaker intends should be understood; and woe be to the poor, uninitiated, simple-hearted being, who takes the literal meaning, and sees none other beyond it.

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I presume not here to make any allusion in reference to what it may be necessary for men to do ; our present business is with the female branch of the community. We ought, it may be, to apologize, for broaching so delicate a subject, for venturing thus to confront what is intrinsically supposed to baffle criticism of every kind. We own we do not do so without hesitation, but our spirit longs for some voice to cry out against the worldliness of God's family, and in the silence of a better, we cannot refrain from lifting ours. Let the unrenewed follow the god of insincerity, we have no reason to expect that they should not ; but, from Christian ladies, is a continued straying from simple truth the " fruit meet for repentance " which we are to look for ? Object not, we beseech you, to this bold remonstrance—for such we allow it to be—without a moment or two of real reflection. Ask yourselves what truth is ? Is it to say one thing, and mean something wholly different ? And then inquire of your own hearts, how often it is, in the course of one day, that you mean simply what you say ?

We feel ourselves on very tender ground, and perhaps it were well to leave the matter here, trusting that our gracious Lord would himself, through the Spirit, vouchsafe to bring it more closely and acceptably home to the bosoms of his chosen people, than we can hope to do. But we are oftentimes ourselves bowed down and oppressed, and we will venture to add one cause of our being so. We have borne long, and believed it would be in vain to endeavour any impediment towards arresting what we felt could not be a right tone or strain of feeling to emanate from professing Christians. We can well explain ourselves, by giving a short statement of what the special trial has been of which we speak. On our mixing in society, we have had ulti-

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mate reason to conclude, that in no single sentence which we uttered, have we been understood to mean simply what by our words we conveyed, or in our hearts we felt. Again and again have we found it thus; wearied by the worldliness immediately around us, we have longed to find a simplicity of purpose among those who profess the gospel as it is in Jesus; but in no case have we been understood in the same literal sense in which we have spoken. On one occasion, while addressing a dear relative, of naturally upright turn of mind, though one hardly to be considered changed by the Spirit of God, we requested to be taken simply, and, in passing, made some little observation on the insincerity which abounded. 'But we do not want sincerity,' was his reply. Be it so—the world does not wish for it. But this is no reason why it should be an ingredient discarded likewise by that society which is commanded no longer to be of the world;—rather let it be the distinguishing characteristic of this divinely-favoured body.

We confess the awkwardness of our own position: we are so unfortunately literal, as always to speak our precise meaning, which we find is generally supposed to be a thing not possible. Are *we* in error? We have tried to think it must be so; we have felt our surpassing simplicity, have thought it childish, have heard it animadverted upon as having this tendency, have witnessed the amusement it afforded to many; yet whenever we returned to our knees, and sought the direction of our Lord himself, our instruction has been to go forward, through evil report and good report, speaking the truth without guile, and aiming at nothing, either in word or deed, but his glory. In Him, our bright example, we ever find truth and sincerity; why should we not in his followers?

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The aim of this letter will be better gathered by the readers for themselves, than explained by the writer. The latter has sought to shew the difficulty met with by "little children," when they try to serve their Lord without guile; and would endeavour to encourage such, in maintaining a conversation more in accordance with Christ's will, than is usual in more advanced Christians. Dear young friends, follow after holiness; "be ye pure, even as Christ was pure;" "speak the truth in righteousness," and fear not the scorn of the irreligious, no, nor of the professedly religious; for we have cause to apprehend our sisters will be too ready to smile at *simplicity*. Then let them smile, while we care only for that honour which cometh from God. Simplicity is not *stupidity*, nor will it ever be mistaken for such, by those whose opinion should be valued. Genuine uprightness will be gladly hailed among us by our brethren in the Lord; they are so accustomed to our being full of contrivance and double intention, that they never look for plain, honest truth. Let us, by the help and strength of God's Holy Spirit, teach them that grace accomplishes that for woman, which is perhaps not indigenous by nature. Let us give them evidence of that guileless candour, which will be an end of all strife in our heavenly home; let us convince them, that if we are most fitted to be hearers, while they have especially the gift of efficient speech, what we do say is spoken with honesty and singleness of heart. And may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ abide in them and in us, more vitally, more abundantly, to the praise and glory of our God.

Requesting your forbearance with the above sentiments, I remain, dear Christian friends,

Your humble servant,

M. T. R.

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LETTERS FROM TYROL.

I.

THE ZILLERTHAL AND ITS PROTESTANTS.

My dear A——,

You have smiled at what you called my enthusiasm for the lovely Zillerthal, and the interest with which I looked forward to visiting it, albeit you were not disposed to accompany me there. Little indeed do you deserve that I should prepare for you the long account of that visit, and of the history connected with the Zillerthal, which I am now about to do; but I wish you to see that my interest had some foundation, and to be still more egotistical, I wish, by writing, to fix upon my own mind *souvenirs* that might otherwise be effaced amid the varied and charming scenes which I daily behold with unabated rapture, thanking God for that capability of enjoying his glories of creation, which forms almost the chief happiness of my life.

My journey to Tyrol had, by various little circumstances, tended to increase the interest with which I visited this sweet valley, so remarkable for the history of a large portion of its population, who, without pastoral aid, or scholastic instruction, became, in great degree, martyrs to their religious principles, and renounced that which, to the Tyrolese, is almost as dear as life itself—their mountain homes, for their Protestant faith.

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On our way to Tyrol we stopped at Nuremberg, that most ancient and interesting town—once the greatest and wealthiest of the imperial cities of Germany, the seat of manufactures and commerce, the cradle of German art and poetry—the native place of the great painter, Albert Durer, and of Hans Sachs, the shoemaker and poet, whose songs are believed to have done nearly as much as Luther's thunders in effecting the Reformation of the sixteenth century.

It was interesting to me to look at his house in a street called by his name, and to reflect on the extraordinary power given at that extraordinary period to such humble instruments to effect the purposes of God. The poems of Hans Sachs, partaking of course of the rudeness of his age and class, are said to be more than good. He turned the greater part of the Bible into verse, and his religious songs were sung by compatriot workmen in every part of Germany. Many of these popular productions were against the abuses of the Romish Church, or the scandals that existed among its members. Nuremberg, at an early period of the Reformation, became Protestant. Alas! its glory in every sense is now departed! It is interesting in its present state of fallen greatness, interesting for what it has been, but I own I felt as much interest in gazing on the house of the cobbler, Hans Sachs, as I did in surveying the antique, yet well-preserved, palace-like mansions of its mighty men of old, its powerful and wealthy citizens, and its princely merchants.

From Nuremberg to Ratisbon—and there another remembrancer of the past, but of a different kind, and a little incident also of the present day, contributed to quicken that interest in the Zillerthal which I could not impart to you.

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The remembrancer of the past to which I allude, is that horrific one which the dungeons of the Rathhaus, or Town-house, still present in a most perfect state of preservation, to the observation of the curious or reflective traveller. The very description of these places is revolting to humanity: why then do I attempt it? Because, before the genius of Protestantism, the dark spirit of cruelty and tyranny retreated. Is it not among the glories of Protestantism that the torture is abolished?—is it not owing to the spirit of freedom, elicited in the beginning of the sixteenth century, that the secret dungeon and its secret and horrible death, are found in Europe only in their hideous remains? Has not even the Inquisition felt its influence; diminishing its power, and limiting its cruelty?

The frightful torture-chamber in Ratisbon is the only one, I believe, now existing in Europe, where the whole apparatus of barbarity is still preserved. It was with a shuddering sensation of devout thankfulness I trod its formerly blood-stained floor, and remarked the screen behind which the judges sat, noting down on the desk that remains there still, every expression, or extorted confession that burst from the tortured victim: and there is the seat of the doctor, who was to limit the amount of sufferance, with its cushion, and the seat of the executioner without a cushion. And to this dreadful chamber, the horrors of which I could not attempt to describe, the prisoner was perhaps conveyed from the pit which our guide revealed to us by lighting a large sheet of paper, and casting it down a trap-door, which, burning beneath, revealed to us a sort of dry well, perhaps ten or twelve feet, into which the miserable captive was lowered by cords through this trap-door! Thank God! such times are past! and blessed

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be the spirit of liberty and of Protestantism—the Spirit of the REFORMATION—with which they passed.

But religious freedom is not yet universal. We went to see the Valhalla: a splendid building, crossing a lofty height, overlooking the noble Danube, built by that indefatigable patron of art, Louis, the reigning King of Bavaria, and dedicated to the memories of all the great of Germany, and of some too, it would appear, who were not of Germany. There are busts there of all celebrated persons, including our King Alfred, and reaching down to the present times.

The Valhalla and its worthies, as well as its royal founder, would have nothing to do with the subject of my letter, were it not that in going thither I met with that little incident of the present day to which I alluded more nearly to its commencement: indeed I must hasten on, or you will think my visit to Tillerthal is very protracted. We left the Golden Eagle, and its very civil landlord, who spoke English, in that vulgar and convenient conveyance known, I believe, in most parts of the world by the name of Omnibus. One of our companions was, as is generally the case, a priest—certainly not a very prepossessing one—he appeared like many of his Bavarian countrymen, to prefer a glass of beer to the Valhalla and its remembrances. Our friend F—— was engaged in conversation with him while I conversed with a lady beside me, who spoke French. I soon perceived that the German speakers were becoming rather vehement in their discussion, and this lady, in a whisper, though the priest did not understand French, informed me that he was 'rather indiscreet.' I became attentive to what was going on, and soon found that the 'new Catholics,' as the party of Rongé, the now celebrated priest of Germany, are called, was the subject of dispute: our tra-

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velling companion asserting, that this commotion against the papal church was all a pretext, because some priests, like Luther in former times, wished to be able to marry: indeed, some of the remarks I heard reminded me, that I was not very far from a place on the Danube where the Church still exhibits some old paintings representing the heretics of the Reformation as wolves, with human faces. Monks are sprinkling the town, which was inclining to Protestantism, with holy water, and, unable to resist this exorcism, Luther is there depicted as flying from it in the form of an unclean spirit riding on a hog, holding a sausage in one hand and a beer-glass in the other—and, revolting truly to add, with the Bible under his arm. On the banks of the same river is also to be seen a church, with an image of the Virgin Mary, both of which were said to have been carried thither by angels away from a village which had imbibed the new heresy. One of the latest converts to the present reformation in the Roman Catholic Church of Germany, was the subject of discourse, our priest affirming that he could not be sincere, because he had undertaken to write against M. Rongé at the very time that he declared himself a convert.

F—— affirmed that this former animosity was no proof of a want of subsequent conviction, and appealed to the example of St. Paul, quoting his own words from his epistle. No sooner did he refer to the Bible, than the priest looked out of the window and became silent; entering afterwards into conversation with others on different topics. On our way back from the Valhalla, a man who had left the vehicle on its road there, assured us the priest had stayed behind. I could not help being a little amused at the extraordinary grimaces of our new acquisition; I remembered having seen

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him listening with apparent interest to the discussion between our friend and the priest ; but I was uncharitable enough to suppose that since then he had indulged too deeply in that favourite Bavarian beverage—beer. His eyes twinkled as he looked at us both, and his mild but not very feasible countenance, appeared really agitated. At length, with tears in his eyes, he suddenly caught our friend's hand, and said in a low voice, 'You were right, you were right ; I liked all you said, but I dare not say so.'

And he proceeded in an under-tone to say that he was a Protestant, and that he had lately been confined in prison for having given vent a little too freely to his Protestant opinions. The police, he said, would not suffer it, and people must be cautious how they spoke. He seemed to be an amiable, but weak-minded man; and one from whom not much danger could be apprehended. He wept while he spoke to us ; and if his statement was correct, it is not surprising that the bust of Luther has no place in the Valhalla among the worthies of Germany. Tilly is there, that disgrace to humanity, whose generalship can hardly atone for the preservation of his memory in a place that should be dedicated by a monarch only to the good as well as great, but whose devastating arms drove protestantism almost from Germany : and, conspicuously placed, in our entrance into Munich, that most highly embellished little capital, we beheld his statue again : and Catharine the Second of Russia is in the Valhalla—but no Luther —but no Melancthon !

Well ! I am about to enter Tyrol, and to hasten to the Tillerthal ; but what will you say to me if even, en passant, I say nothing of the road we took thither ? —of the picturesque Tegernsee, and the wild and beau-

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tiful Achensee. See, you know, in German signifies Lake; and you who love lakes and boats so much, could bear, I think, a description, trite as descriptions now-a-days are.

But how miserably impotent are they all, when the accessories to the subject are wanting. Lakes and mountains are but common things; but when we go to describe all that gives to these an effect, a power, a charm that clings to our own memory and mind,—alas! are we not obliged, virtually to lay down the arms we wield, and in poor hacknied common-place yielding the superiority to another instrument than our favourite one, declare, that such scenes the pencil, not the pen, must describe!

The scenery of Tegernsee, less wild and grand than that of Achensee, is very pleasing. The late king of Bavaria (for we are still in his dominions) thought so, and made the old and once rich Benedictine Convent on the shores of the lake, a summer palace; at the extremity of that lake, however, it is much grander, the Bavarian Alps becoming bolder and bolder; and now we saw them at a moment particularly propitious, for a heavy fall of rain had brought down, as is common in this high region, a quantity of clear white snow which was now sparkling and beaming amid the green pastures where the Alpine shepherds make their homes for six months of the year, and on the clefts and summits of mountains and rocks where no pastures were to be found. Not far from here is the Hunger Tower, where says the old story, a knight of the cross returning from the Holy Land, and, discontented with the conduct of his spouse during his absence, shut her up to be starved to death.

Then there are the Baths of Krenth; such a pretty

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lonely spot: for a moment it rivalled my favourite Rippoldsan; but Rippoldsan, on the borders of the Black Forest, is easily got at by the English, (being only a morning's journey from *fashionable* Baden-Baden) and Krenth is not; therefore, if I indulge a wish to return to either, it shall certainly be to the latter.

Krenth, however, is a beautiful and romantic looking little spot, an isolated watering place; its white houses, baths, lodging houses, or hotels, &c., all occupying the space of about half a mile of green upland, or verdant down, surrounded by mountains dark with solemn firs.

A short way off is the Kaiser's Klonse, one of those vast flood-gates, the opening of which in order to sweep down the timber cut in the forests above, and cast thus upon the torrent, I have witnessed with so much interest, but really dare not stop to speak of; for when am I to get to Tillerthal, or to bring this awfully long letter to an end.

At the pass of Achen, however, we are in Austria, in Tyrol; and oh! could I describe to you an evening passed in this region in a sort of *hostelrie* frequented by charcoal burners, which form almost its entire population: it is almost a pleasure to find that such places still exist, that you can go where no fine 'Hotel d'Angleterre,' and English-speaking waiter, are ready to receive you. Beneath the rock that overhung our romantic wood, we left the carriage to walk, and I thought it probable it might have been about here that the poor English gentleman, whom I had gone to inquire after at Tergensee, (having heard that he had been there for nearly three months suffering from a broken leg) had been overturned.

The romantic shore of Achensee—that deep, dark

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lake, with its wild, grand boundary mountain, is now left behind; and with a heart, I trust, thanking God for permission to enjoy, and for exemption from suffering, I am here, dear A——, safe and comfortable, in the Goldenes Sonne of that beautifully-situated and handsome town Insprucke, and ready, if the same good Providence, that has guided me hitherto, permit, to set out for Tillerthal, as soon as you shall have read this letter.

In the mean time, believe me affectionately yours,

S. B.

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THE CHRISTIAN COURSE.

"Run with patience the race that is set before you."

How difficult the Christian race!
The way with thorns is pav'd;
O what a miracle of grace
Should my poor soul be sav'd!

Dart after dart pierces my soul,
From Satan's quiver thrown;
O should I ever reach the goal
'Twill be through grace alone.

Inward corruption rises high,
And almost sinks my bark;
Outward temptations multiply,
Each makes my soul its mark.

But yet, undaunted by the way
My soul march boldly on;
Strength shall be giv'n for the day—
Then bid thy fears be gone.

Pursue thy race with sword in hand,
And wrestling, stand not still;
Though many foes thy course withstand
Conquer you surely will.

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For God shall be thy sure defence,
A helmet and a shield;
Thy very strength, Omnipotence
Upon the battle-field.

O then cheer up, and forward go,
For Jesus overcame;
Your foes were his;—he laid them low,
And you shall do the same.

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THE FAMILY OF GLENCARRA.—No. VI.

By Sidney O'More.

"Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in Heaven's sight,
One arch of peace!"
Moore's Melodies.

The rich tints of Autumn had invested the scenery of Glencarra with peculiar beauty, as if to welcome the return of our reunited family to a picturesque and beloved home. Fully did we appreciate its scenic attractions, while we endeavoured to trace in them some analogy, which might lead our thoughts to dwell upon that better and more enduring habitation, which is yet to come.

The glories of a fine autumnal sunset, shedding its warm, bright radiance upon the tinted foliage, whose shades betrayed the touch of the beautifying hand of death, always appeared to us emblematical of the Christian's decline: below are the varied excellencies of ripened graces radiant even through waning mortality; above, the various clouds which may have checquered a long career, all blending and disappearing in the roseate light of immortality. How glorious must be the rising dawn of a being which has so sunk to rest.

The hues of the departing year elicited no melancholy

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feelings in our hearts, even while they breathed of decay, for we looked beyond the passing change, and remembered,

> As in a wheel all sink to reascend,
> All die to live, all to re-flourish, fades;
> Emblem of man who passes, not expires.

One lovely sunset evening would I recal before the mists of receding years conceal it for ever from my view. Too fast does Time overshadow memory, yet it seems as if its veiling shades had fallen less thickly on the sunny hours of early youth, than on any other period of my long career.

The crimson-tinted pathway of the evening sky was reflected upon the calm waters of Lough Conn,—upon its shores, the yellow larch, the brown and coppery beech, the dark green pine, and feathery birch, mingled their shaded foliage; Longford Island, (since despoiled of its leafy honours) contributed its quota of variegated vegetation; on the west, a flock of sheep dotted the grassy foreground, on which the setting sun had thrown a golden tinge; and on the east, the dark purple form of Nephin More stood conspicuous amid the deepening shadows.

I contemplated the scene with feelings of unmingled satisfaction, for it was peopled with happy hearts. It was the bridal day of Owen and Aileen Moran, which nature had arrayed in lines which mocked the blue, unchanging skies of Italy.

My father's first act on his return to his ancestral demesnes, had been to reward those faithful adherents who had protected his children in the time of need. He gave Owen possession of a small farm near Glencarra, with some stock as a portion for Aileen. To Mabel's demand he found it more difficult to accede; for she

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requested a brocaded silk covering for the altar of her parish chapel, and was with difficulty prevailed upon to accept any other guerdon.

Most of the tenantry had been invited to grace the nuptials of Aileen; and long and loudly they cheered as my father led my mother down the steps of the mansion to preside on the joyful occasion. Long ranges of tables had been laid out upon the lawn, one of which was set apart for the Moran family.

'*Tig grian a n-diaidh na fearthana*, (the sunshine of joy follows rain,') sententiously observed old Mabel as she took her seat. Father Matthew had not as yet entered on his existence, much less promulgated his admirable doctrines; so each took, without scruples, his *cruiskeen lawn*, the stewards of the feast taking care that none of the guests should be tempted to exceed the limits of temperance.

Suddenly an invisible band of songsters commenced the beautiful air of 'Aileen aroon,' or 'Ellen, secret treasure of my heart,' since better known among the melodies of Moore as

"Erin, the tear, and the smile in thine eye."

Many other specimens of vocal melody followed this appropriate air. My father chose to dispense with the usual accompaniments of a peasant's wedding, such as drinking, smoking, and dancing; and in their stead he substituted an original plan of his own. After the repast had ended he summoned all his guests in the servants' hall, where the novel displays of a large magic lantern amused and delighted the unsophisticated minds of these children of nature. When darkness had closed in, their astonishment was still further excited by a grand exhibition of fire-works, with which I must say, Lily, Gore,

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and I were as much entertained, as were the tenants for whose amusement they were displayed. But more than coloured rockets or stars did the names of Owen and Aileen, traced in quivering characters of flame, excite our unqualified admiration. At length the happy party separated; and I am sure the links between landlord and tenant were strengthened, as each family discussed the day's entertainment, while wending its homeward way over moorland and meadows.

Before Aileen had been a week established in her new home, she set out to seek her old friend Fitzgerald, who had the instrument of her conversion from Popery. He gladly obeyed her summons, and, having obtained her husband's consent, appointed an evening in each week, on which to attend at Owen's house, and read the Irish scriptures to as many of the neighbours as chose to attend. Under cover of the darkness of winter nights, many came, who would not have dared to venture by daylight, lest the priest should become cognizant of their proceedings. After the first meeting, the house was generally filled with most attentive auditors.

Cormac Dhu was never present on these occasions, and he also succeeded in preventing his parents' attendance. Notwithstanding this conduct, he met with a severe reprimand from Father Barret, who approached while Cormac was getting in his potato crop, after finding with much disappointment, that a great portion of it had failed, notwithstanding the favourable dryness of the season.

'Its only what you had a good right to expect, Cormac Dhu,' said the priest, 'where's the use of yer keeping to yer own duties, while your own flesh and blood go to the bad before your eyes, and you looking on, as if 'twas going to heaven they wor. There's Aileen

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fairly gone—lost for ever: now Norah is following fast in her steps;—she'll go next, and then you may look out for another sign of the curse of God on you and yours. 'Twont be only yer potato crop that 'ill go to loss then, but day an' night, all you have 'ill waste away, till the birds 'ill fly through the roofless windows of yer cabin.'

'Ah thin, Father Barret,' cried poor Cormac, 'how can yer riverence spake that a way to a poor craythur like me, when you know I've no hand in the matther? Didn't I do my best? Didn't I keep Aileen locked up, and bate her every day, and go nigh to killing her with the hunger, and what good did it do her, at all at all? It only med her run off, and hide at the Baptist minister's in Ballina, till she cum back as black a Protestant as e'er a one of them all."

"You can't help *her*, sure enough,' replied Father Barret, 'she's a gone woman, nothin' ud save her. But if I see Norah goin' every day to larn the same wickedness from Aileen, its you I'll blame; for I've spoken to Norah till I'm hoarse, telling her to keep from her, but she minds me no more nor if I was a dog barking.'

'Its a poor case,' said black Cormac, 'I've nothing in the wide world to say agin the girl, but that one thing. Since my good woman died off on St. John's eve, poor Norah has been a kind mother to my childer, and the best of good sishthers to me. Sure, *Ni huil aaon gan locht* (there is no one without a fault,) and just bekase Norah has that one little fault, that she must keep runnin' afther Aileen, must I begin to lock her up and bate her, and give her the worst of bad thratement. Musha, musha, but its a poor case.'

'Better for you to do that same, nor let her go to hell afther Aileen. Sure you know yourself they wont

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even be let into purgatory, wanst they commit such mortal sin.'

'Well, well if I must, I must, and I cant help it,' said Cormac, 'I'll thry coaxing first, but if I do stop her, Father, wont yer riverence put in a good word for me, and stop my potatos' rotting away this a way?'

'There's no knowing what I might do, Cormac, if you change entirely, entirely,' replied the priest, 'but the sin of not stopping her before 'ill lie on you, 'till you go seven times round the holy well of Adragoole, and at every turn, say seven Ave Marias, and a Paternoster.'

'And that I'll do, with the help of God, on the very next Sunday that's coming,' said the poor deluded Cormac, as priest Barret turned to pursue his walk.

The weekly meetings were continued without any interruption at Aileen's house. She constantly told us of new inquirers, who had joined the little assembly of labourers who curtailed their hours of rest after their daily toil, of old men and young maidens who braved the wet wintry nights, to accompany their sons and brothers to hear 'the sweet story of pace.'

At length, my father determined to attend one of the meetings incognito, and by earnest entreaty I prevailed upon him to allow me to accompany him. The evening was very dark, but we were well acquainted with the path, and the distance was but short to Aileen's house. As we drew near the stile close to it, we heard the voice of Father Barret raised in angry reproof. He had been holding a station at a farmer's house up the mountain, some miles distant; a good dinner had succeeded the duties of the confessional, and the reception of Christmas dues, and the effects of the potteen which he had imbibed were perceptible in the thick huskiness of his tones.

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'Is that old rascal Fitzgerald within now?' were the first words that met our ears.

'Why, yer riverence, if the truth must be told, he is,' was the answer; in which we recognized the voice of Owen Rua.

'Well, let him alone this time,' said Father Barret; 'but if ever he darkens your door again, just take the pot off the fire, and give him *a welcome of scalding water*.* It's only what he well desarves, for goin' about doin' mischief.'

Owen made no reply, and the priest rode on. My father and I crossed over the style, and entered the cottage. We found Owen in the act of repeating the commands which he had just received from Father Barret; but he added, turning to the reader, 'But never you fear, Barny Fitzgerald, if he kem forty times a-day to give the same ordther, I'd never harm a hair of yer head: and you readin' the good news to us.'

Lest our presence should prove a restraint upon the meeting, we remained in the shade of a partition-wall, which had been erected to screen off the draught from the door.

Beside a solitary rushlight, sat the grey-headed convert, with the volume of inspiration in his hand. A fire of *gewsagh*, or fir dug from bogs, threw its flickering light upon an indistinct crowd of human heads. The reader commenced, and was heard with breathless attention. The few men whose attitudes we could discern through the darkness visible, were bending forward, as if they feared to lose a syllable of the glad tidings. At the end of each chapter, Fitzgerald paused, and the

* I have preserved the very words of Father ——, and hope that I may not incur the charge of overcolouring, where I am only copying from life.

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impassioned gestures and enthusiastic eagerness of the rustics, as they poured forth inquiries in their native language, showed how much they were interested in the subject before them. I was not sufficiently acquainted with the vernacular tongue, to understand the whole conversation, but I could perceive that Fitzgerald usually corroborated his assertions by reading aloud parallel passages of scripture, which were received with a reverence, which is too often wanting in those, who, from infancy have enjoyed daily access to the treasures of sacred wisdom. The meeting was prolonged to so late an hour, that my father and I returned home without waiting for its conclusion.

THE JESUIT.

THE country of the Jesuit is the world. He is a cosmopolite in the worst sense, for he is a patriot nowhere. The object of his education is to eradicate family and national affections. His motto is to be 'sicut cadaver,' a living mechanism. His politics depend on local expediency, for he has no opinions. He instils radicalism into Irish demagogues, and despotism into Sardinian princes. He has science for the educated, and fanaticism for the vulgar.—*Sir C. E. Smith's Preface.*

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INVITATION TO UNITED PRAYER,

FOR THE

OUTPOURING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

On Thursday, 1st of January, 1846.

BEING THE FIRST DAY OF THE NEW YEAR.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,

The privilege which I have enjoyed for the last NINE years, of inviting you to commence *the new year*, by UNITING IN PRAYER FOR THE OUTPOURING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT, is, by the kind providence of God, again vouchsafed to me. And it is with a heart desiring to express its thankfulness to the Giver of all good, for countless mercies, that I would renew my annual invitation for this GENERAL CONCERT FOR PRAYER, which, by Divine permission, will be held on THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1846.

The present is a period which very particularly calls for such a devotional union; for surely the important events which have occurred during the present year, and which it is probable will be more unfolded in the coming one, are of a nature which, in a very special manner, make the abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit, in his enlivening, enlightening, purifying, comforting, and sanctifying grace, especially needful. Oh! that our Heavenly Father, for his dear Son's sake, may

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first grant to his people the Spirit of grace and supplication, and then, in answer to their prayers, fulfil that gracious promise, "Open the windows of heaven, and pour out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

To mention only a few of these remarkable events :—

First.—The grant of the Firman for building a Protestant church in Jerusalem by the Sultan, which has been at length obtained through the powerful influence of her Majesty's ambassador at Constantinople.

The following sentences are extracted from this interesting state paper: 'It has been represented, both now and before, on the part of the British embassy residing at my court, that British and Prussian Protestant subjects visiting Jerusalem, meet with difficulties and obstructions, owing to their not possessing a place of worship for the observance of Protestant rites, and it has been requested that permission should be given to erect, for the first time, a special Protestant place of worship, within the British consular residence at Jerusalem. My royal permission is therefore granted for the erection of the aforesaid special place of worship. And my imperial order having been issued for that purpose, the present decree, containing permission, has been specially given from my imperial divan.

'When, therefore, it becomes known unto you, Vallee of Said, governor of Jerusalem, you will be careful that no person do, in any manner whatever, oppose it.'—Written on the first day of Ramazan, 1261.'

This Firman may strike the student of prophecy from its date, 1261, or, that year of the Hegira; one year beyond the term for which it is said, "The holy city shall be trodden under foot of the Gentiles." (Rev. xi, 2.)

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It is the more interesting, as it records that the grant has been made, *for the first time* for a Protestant place of worship, and this by the desire of the Queen of Great Britain and the King of Prussia, reminding us of that well-known prediction, "Kings shall be thy nursing-fathers, and their queens thy nursing-mothers;" and as it also affords a very pleasing example of the benefits to be derived from the spiritual union of Protestants in the cause of our blessed Saviour. Seeing then that full liberty is now obtained for erecting a Protestant church in Jerusalem, and this when our mission there has all the advantages of a representative of the Protestant church, who is by birth a Hebrew, but by the grace of God a sincere believer in our Lord Jesus Christ; has at the same time a band of faithful watchmen set upon her walls (Isaiah lxii. 6, 7), "who hold not their peace day nor night;" seeing also that it is written, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts" (Zech. iv. 6); who would not entreat the Lord to pour out the abundance of his Holy Spirit, "That out of Zion the law may again go forth, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." (Isaiah ii. 3.)

A second event which calls for this devotional union, is the very remarkable success which has attended the preaching of the gospel in France, and the present movement of the Roman Catholics in Germany. In France whole communes have left the church of Rome, and placed themselves under the teaching of Protestant ministers. One French pastor alone, during the last year, was instrumental to opening six churches, and gathering in six Christian flocks, all of whose members were previously either Romanists or indifferent to all scriptural religion.

As to the movement in Germany, however difficult it

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may be to speak of its exact nature, every one who takes an interest in the welfare of his fellow-sinners must desire that it may lead to that saving faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, which may give peace here, and eternal glory hereafter. And this can only be obtained by the gift of the Holy Spirit. Oh, may this gift be very largely bestowed for our blessed Saviour's sake; that those who are at present in bondage to the church of Rome, may attend to the divine warning—"Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.'

Such a grant is the more necessary from a third event connected with the present year—the encouragement given by our rulers to the church of Rome.

No doubt they have done this with the best intentions, and from a desire to promote the welfare of her Majesty's subjects; but not taking the word of God as their sure guide, they have, alas! overlooked the unscriptural tenets of the church of Rome, and the dangers to which those who are in her communion are exposed. But you, my beloved brethren, who unite with our Protestant forefathers in their belief regarding that corrupt church, you regard those concessions with serious alarm and poignant sorrow; the more so from the jeopardy into which our dear Protestant brethren in our sister island have been brought; and from the schism lately made in our church by some of the leaders of the Tractarian novelties, who have left our communion, and united themselves to the church of Rome; now more active than ever in spreading her pernicious errors.

Surely these are loud calls for prayer, that, enlightened by the Holy Spirit, we may retain our privileges as the Protestant nation, that our divisions may be

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healed, and that our beloved brethren in Ireland may stand fast in the faith—cheered by that gracious word, "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer." "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

There is yet one more event of which I desire to remind you, which in a very special manner should lead to this concert for prayer. The desire which has lately arisen in the church of Christ, for the scriptural union of all sincere Christians.

This invitation must of necessity be brief—but this subject is of such vital importance that I trust to your indulgence for stating the following reasons for every sincere believer exerting himself to the uttermost to promote this union.

1st. That the whole Church of Christ in its present position, is in a state of sinful disobedience to the command of our blessed Lord "to love one another." The guilt connected with this state, will lay as a heavy burden upon the conscience of every one who reflects upon the frequency and urgency with which this command is enforced, and the little regard which has in practice, been shown to it. For who that sincerely asks himself, Have I loved my Christian brethren with the love wherewith my blessed Saviour has loved me, but must feel guilty? And feeling his guilt, he will desire that this burden may be removed. Whilst, therefore, he entreats forgiveness for the past, his aim will be that his love may be fervent for the future; believing that the insensibility of Christians to this burden may have been a principal great cause why our prayers have not met with greater acceptance.

2ndly. That the great Jehovah delights in union: whilst there is a diversity in all His works, his purpose

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is unity—"to gather together in one, all things in Christ," to make Him the Head over all to his Church. The Lord has also revealed our future blessedness to us by unity—one Father's house—one city—one country —one kingdom—one King over all, who is King of kings and Lord of lords; therefore, as we promote union, we are in our degree following the divine mind —using our endeavours to bring all into one bond of brotherly love.

3rdly. That whilst the Lord Jehovah delights in union, it is very dear to the heart of our blessed Saviour, he not only giving this as his new commandment, but making it the subject of his last prayer. Doing this in this very affecting manner, that if the belief and knowledge which are mentioned in John xvii. 21, 23, are saving belief and knowledge, then our Lord seems to suspend the blessedness of the world upon the love of his people. If it be only a belief and knowledge of conviction, then the glory of our Saviour is connected with it—the love manifested by his people being the proof to the world of his Messiahship. Whichever mode of interpretation, therefore, is adopted, it proves that the advancement of Christian union is of the first importance.

4thly. That the promoting Christian union is in perfect accordance with the ordination vows of the Church of England, and with her devotional liturgy. At our ordination for the priesthood, the Bishop asks will you maintain and set forwards, AS MUCH AS LIETH IN YOU, quietness, peace, and love among ALL CHRISTIAN PEOPLE.

Previously also to receiving the Lord's Supper, the first prayer which we offer to the Divine Majesty is Beseeching Thee to inspire continually the universal

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church with the spirit of truth, unity, and concord; and grant all they that do confess Thy Holy Name, may agree in the truth of Thy Holy Word, and live in unity and godly love.' When, therefore, clergymen are promoters of Christian union, they are carrying out their ordination vow, and all other members of our church are acting in conformity to their frequent prayers.

5thly. The great benefits which would follow such a scriptural union. It would put to silence the cavils of those who now speak so loudly against the party spirit of Christians. It would much lessen those angry strifes and contentions which alas! at present subsist between different members of the Church of Christ. It would promote a kind and courteous spirit in the ordinary affairs of life; remove the prejudices which distance and strangeness occasion, lead to an earnest desire that those conscientious differences which now keep them from a full union might, if possible, be removed, and produce friendly discussions upon such subjects, instead of hostile disputes—each desiring that the Lord would give clearer light to his people, that they might at length have "the same mind in all things."

6thly. It would enable Christians more readily to realise their final blessedness—that happy day when we shall see "eye to eye," and when clothed "in robes made white with the blood of the Lamb," we shall all stand before the same throne, and unite in the same song.

These are some of the reasons which I would respectfully offer to you, my beloved brethren, which should lead sincere Christians to use their efforts to promote the scriptural union of all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. And as this cannot be expected without an

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abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit, it forms a very powerful motive for uniting in this concert for prayer, on the first day of the new year, the more especially as the spirit of brotherly love, mutual forbearance, and harmonious concord and unanimity, which, as I am informed by persons who were present, was manifest at the late meeting, at Liverpool, for promoting Christian union, warrants the pleasing hope that this gracious God, whose name is "Love," and who is ever ready to hear the prayers of his faithful people, will vouchsafe a gracious answer to our petitions.

Bearing, then, in mind that the same general causes which have led to previous concerts for prayer, on the first day of the new year, in former years, still remain—Let me request you to reflect upon the various important events connected with the present period to which I have referred, as calling for special prayer for the abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit; and giving them the weight which I trust they merit, cheerfully accept this TENTH INVITATION FOR PRAYER, ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, THURSDAY, JANUARY 1ST, 1846.

The following suggestions are respectfully offered, to assist those who are desirous of this union :—

1st. Let Christians follow the example of our blessed Lord, (Mark i. 25) who rose up a great while before day for secret prayer. Let them thus secure the blessing of Him who says, "Pray to thy Father which seeth in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

2nd. Let them call upon the Lord in their families, for his Spirit to be poured upon themselves and their households, their neighbours, their country, including Great Britain and Ireland, and our Colonies, the ministers of the Lord, the churches of Christ, and more es-

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pecially the Jerusalem Mission, the remnant of scattered Judah and outcast Israel, and upon the Gentile world.

3rd. Where circumstances will admit of a morning service, let the congregation be assembled, and, in addition to the appointed prayers and a suitable sermon, let all who are devoutly disposed partake together of the Supper of the Lord—or, as may be more convenient, let the whole congregation meet in the evening for public worship, and let an appropriate discourse be preached.

4th. Let the Ministers of the Lord meet on the following day, with their brethren of their own communion, in earnest prayer for themselves, their flocks, the whole body of Christ, and the world at large ; and then especially consult together upon the most effectual means for hastening the coming of the Lord's kingdom, and particularly for the continuance of such a general concert for prayer, that the year may proceed according to this devout commencement.

May the Lord accompany these means of grace, or such others as may be adopted, with his abundant blessing ! Oh ! may it indeed be a season of special refreshment from the presence of the Lord !

Let this be the prayer of all who read this paper ; and as the new year is now approaching, it would be a great kindness if those who approve the object, and have influence over the press, *would republish and circulate this invitation, which any one, into whose hands it may fall, has full permission to do.*

Peace be with all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity !

Thus prays their affectionate Brother
and Servant in the Lord,
JAMES HALDANE STEWART.

St. Bride's, Liverpool.

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THE BARGAIN.

[We met with the following in a Scottish periodical: it is well worth the attention of our readers.]

'May I trouble you to show me that dress-cap with blue trimmings in the window?' said a lady-like person as she entered a fashionable lace-shop.

The proprietor, with a polite bow, handed the lady a chair, and producing the cap alluded to, recommended it in the usual set phrases.

'Pray, what is the price?' inquired Mrs. Mowbray with a dissatisfied air, after viewing it in every imaginable position, and scrutinizing its materials and workmanship with the most patient minuteness.

'The price is seven shillings, madam,' answered the shopkeeper, rubbing his hands.

'Seven shillings!' exclaimed Mrs. Mowbray; 'why, I have seen them marked up at a score of places for six, and at the bazaars they are cheaper still.'

'Excuse me, madam, replied the shopkeeper, 'not such a cap as that, I think. Observe the fine quality of the materials, and the neatness of the workmanship. It is a first-rate article.'

'Oh yes, I see,' rejoined Mrs. Mowbray; 'but the caps to which I allude are quite equal to it in every respect. The fact is, I do not particularly want it; but if *six* shillings will do, I will take it.'

The shopkeeper hesitated. 'I suppose you must have

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it then, madam,' said he with a saddened countenance, 'but really I get no profit by it at that price.'

'Oh,' said Mrs. Mowbray with a bantering air, 'you shopkeepers never get any profit, if we are to believe you. You mean to say you do not pocket quite fifty per cent. by it.'

The shopkeeper, with a faint effort to smile, shook his head as he neatly folded and wrapped up the delicate article, and Mrs. Mowbray having counted out the six shillings, he politely thanked her, opened the shop-door, and bade her good-day.

'There, Jane,' said Mrs. Mowbray as she entered the parlour on her arrival at home, 'What do you think of my purchase?' holding up her new acquisition. 'Is it not a love of a cap? Guess what I gave for it.'

Jane examined it minutely, and guessed the price to be seven or eight shillings, the materials and work being, as she remarked, so very good.

'Only *six* shillings,' said Mrs. Mowbray triumphantly; 'the shopkeeper asked seven, but I succeeded in getting it for six; and (putting it on, and walking up to the looking-glass) I assure you I am not a little pleased with my bargain.'

'Well,' said Jane, 'it is a wonder they can afford to sell such a cap for the money; the materials alone, I should think, would cost as much as that.'

'It *is* a wonder,' replied Mrs. Mowbray indifferently, as she turned herself round before the looking-glass, and inquired of her sister how it suited her face, and whether the colour of the ribbon were adapted to her complexion.

A loud double knock at this moment was heard at the door, and Mrs. Mowbray, taking off the cap in the greatest trepidation, remarked that she would not for

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The appearance of the spot was indeed deplorable, and not a little startling to one whose walks had been confined to the public thoroughfares. It was a lovely afternoon, yet even the sun's piercing beams could scarcely penetrate some of these cheerless gloomy nooks. Here were clusters of pestiferous hovels, some without doors, crowded with human beings, though unfit even for the habitation of the most valueless animal. In many, the old window-panes were almost all broken, while in others they were so dirty, and patched with paper or stuffed with rags, that they but very partially admitted the light of day. Ragged and vicious boys were gambling in groups, and barefooted children were playing about in the slimy mud, some squalid and puny in consequence of bad air and insufficient food, and others whose chubby features displayed, in spite of dirt and privation, a robustness of health that would have done credit to the nursery of a nobleman. Here were gaunt men, with dull meaningless countenances, sitting on their comfortless thresholds, and bony haggard women screeching for their strayed children, while the scarcely-concealed forms of some of the younger females might have served as models for the painter or sculptor. Yet even here were traces of human sympathies of the purest kind. Girls were nursing their baby sisters with the most patient devotedness. The playful innocent-faced kitten, a universal favourite, frolicked about the dirty window-sill; the social dog seemed quite at home with the children, as they shared with him their pittance of bread; and from many a superannuated saucepan and spoutless tea-pot, at the upper windows, grew the fragrant bergamot and the blushing geranium with strange luxuriance.

The appearance in such a neighbourhood of two well-

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dressed persons soon caused an unusual excitement, especially as Mr. Mowbray was known among the poor inhabitants; and whenever he appeared there, it might be safely calculated there was something to be given away. Children, after a hasty glance at the intruders, left their playfellows and ran to their homes; heads were thrust out at the windows; some shuffled to their own rooms, that they might be ready if called on; others obtruded themselves in the way with an obsequious curtsey; some came to their doors with their little ones peeping from behind their aprons; and all around were on the tiptoe of expectation.

As they climbed the creaking stairs, and explored the naked garrets of the various houses, it was singular to mark the dissimilarity in character and circumstances of the various inmates—alike only in their poverty. Even in form and feature the contrast was striking. In the countenances of some might be unmistakeably read the sensual and the brutish; while in the lineaments of others might be traced, notwithstanding dirt and rags, the predominance of the gentle, and even the refined. Here was the round-cheeked boor, who fattened amid the filth that seemed natural to him; and here the angular-featured man of thought and of observation, whom more favourable circumstances might have placed in a far different sphere. The student of human character could not have desired a finer field for the prosecution of his studies than such a one as this; and the more so, as character was here so forcibly developed for good or evil, unweakened by any of the influences which affect civilised life. Mrs. Mowbray, as she joined her husband in kind conversation with the various families they visited, soon began to feel a deep interest

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in them, soothingly advised with them, and relieved some of their more pressing wants.

They had completed their intended round of visits, and were just leaving the court to return homeward, when a young woman, carrying in her hand a milliner's basket, crossed before them. She was very meanly clad, and her appearance bespoke deep poverty, yet there was an air of respectability about her that could not be mistaken. She evidently shrunk from observation ; but as she looked up with a surprised air at the unusual sight of two respectably-dressed persons in such a place, her sad countenance, beaming with intelligence, so forcibly impressed Mr. Mowbray, that he stopped her, and asking her where she lived, expressed a wish to pay her a visit.

The young woman curtseyed, and led the way to a house superior to most of those they had just left, but scarcely less wretched and ruinous. It was a large building, and had perhaps once been tenanted by the wealthy ; but it had long since fallen into decay, and its lofty capacious rooms had been divided into a number of small ones, each of which now contained a family, large or small as the case might be. Mr. and Mrs. Mowbray followed the young woman up the wide staircase to the top of the house, and then turning into a long gallery, their guide stopped at length at a door, and, lifting the latch, with a curtsey and an apology for the untidiness of the humble room, ushered them into her apartment, and dusting the chair (there was but one), invited Mrs. Mowbray to take a seat.

The room was spacious, and appeared the larger in consequence of being so scantily furnished. Some half-dozen old books lay in the window, a few articles of crockery-ware were arranged on a box in the corner

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of the room, and these, with a little table, a chair, and a box which seemed to serve occasionally as a seat, comprised nearly all the articles visible in the room. Everything, however, was clean and tidy, and there was an air of decency and respectability about the room which pleasingly contrasted with those they had just left.

'Do you live here alone, pray?' inquired Mr. Mowbray.

'No, sir,' replied the young woman feebly, 'my aged mother lives with me; but (pointing to a bed at the further end of the room, and which the gathering shadows of evening had prevented them from before observing) she is ill, and has been confined to her bed for the last month.'

'Have you no father?' inquired Mr. Mowbray.

The young woman was silent for a moment as her tongue struggled to articulate an answer, while a tear trickled down her cheek.

'My father is dead, sir,' she replied: 'he died about six months ago after a short illness, and we were in consequence compelled to leave our former nice home, and take this room.'

'And pray how do you support yourself and your mother?' asked Mr. Mowbray, glancing at the table, which was strewed with pieces of lace, ribbon, &c.

'I make caps and collars, sir,' said the young female, 'when I can get work to do; but it is very precarious, and so badly paid for, that I have been obliged to pawn nearly all our furniture to keep out of debt. I am unwilling that my poor mother should be chargeable to the parish; but my hardest exertions are insufficient to supply us even with bread.'

'Pray, whom do you work for?' inquired Mrs. Mow-

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bray, looking curiously at an unfinished cap which lay on the table.

'I work principally, madam,' replied the young woman, 'for the large lace-shop in the street close by. That cap, madam, will only bring me 5s. when it is finished, and I have already spent nearly a day in making it, and the materials cost me 4s. 6d. Even this poor profit is to be reduced, for my employer told me last night he could not afford to give me so much for them, as ladies refuse to give him his price.'

'*Ladies*, indeed!' exclaimed Mr. Mowbray indignantly. 'They little think, when they are so mercilessly hunting for bargains, how sadly they are diminishing the wages of the poor.

Mrs. Mowbray turned her head aside and blushed deeply, for she recognized in the cap before her the counterpart of the one she had bought the preceding day, and in the employer of this poor young woman the laceman of whom she had bought it.

Mr. Mowbray made some further inquiries, and leaving the poor cap-maker a trifle, promised to send a doctor to visit her mother, and to call on her again; and Mrs. Mowbray before leaving, gave her an order with an assurance that she would endeavour to interest her friends on her behalf.

Mrs. Mowbray, though ashamed and self-convicted, returned home pleased with her novel tour, and henceforward was the frequent companion of her husband on such occasions. Bargain-hunting had been in her case the result rather of thoughtlessness than of an unfeeling disposition; and from this time she was more liberal in her purchases, and never felt disposed to depreciate the value of an article without thinking of the poor cap-maker. She came to the wise conclusion that an un-

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necessary or bad article can never be cheap, and that a good article is always worth a fair price. A bargain was ever afterwards associated in her mind with depreciated wages and the misery of the poor; and the charm which it had once possessed in her eyes was entirely dispelled by the recollection of the sorrow and oppression which were so often involved in its production.

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A RELIC OF MARTIN LUTHER.

[We do not give the following as a specimen of what we consider the correct interpretation of the passage referred to, but as a production of the Great Reformer, never before presented to the English reader. It is full of his vigour of thought and expression; and indeed, such is the consummate Antichristianism of the enemy whom he was raised up to overthrow, that every evil described in Scripture may be applied to it. We are indebted for the translation to a clerical friend, who is deeply engaged in rescuing from oblivion some of Luther's extraordinary works.]

REVELATION IX. 1, &c.

"And the fifth angel sounded, and I saw a star fall from heaven unto the earth: and to him was given the key of the bottomless pit."—Angels throughout the Apocalypse mean bishops of the church, as at Ephesus and Smyrna. But let us turn attention to our fifth angel, who is the first amongst the three that usher in tremendous woe into the world. Four had sounded in the preceding chapter.

"The star that fell from heaven unto the earth," appeared either in the person of Alexander of Hales, or, as I deeply believe, in the holy St. Thomas, the founders of scholastic theology, and this fifth angel sounding

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and erecting himself, either was the first to introduce Pagan philosophy into Christendom, or was its great patron, particularly of the Aristotelian system. Observe, "he takes the key of the bottomless pit," and mark how he has opened it too. He exhibits to us the heathen wisdom which had lain long dead, and through the apostles exploded.

"And there arose a smoke out of the pit," meaning Aristotle and other sophists, "as the smoke of a great furnace." It soon gets the upper hand, far and wide the half-pagan, half-school divinity pervades the Church; in equal repute with the wisdom and word of Christ. Instantly the Sun of Righteousness and the truth of Jesus were smothered. Men forgot by faith to account Him as their righteousness. They set up works for this end instead of truth; they instilled increasing and deeper darkness into the human mind. He adds, "that the air was darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit;" not that darkness obscured the sun, but the air, yet in a measure the bright luminary also. Christ can be obscured together with faith, which latter may be the air or wind, and by the means of the teaching of man.

"And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth;" *i. e.* scholastic theologians, and named with propriety Locusts; for, as these animals fly in clouds without a king to guide them, so these schoolmen have no conductor, I mean Christ Jesus. They destroy and eat up every green vegetable where they alight, and these individuals, these masters of the schools of divinity, burn, and devour, and devastate the whole green vernal carpet of the meadow of Christ; that is, they altogether nip the promising fruits of faith.

"And unto them was given power, as the scorpions

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of the earth have power;" in other words, the faculty of inflicting a sting in consciences. O, yes! they have committed such destruction upon the fruits of faith, which exclusively heals consciences, that it is inevitable for men's souls to escape the venom.

"And it was commanded them that they should not hurt the grass of the earth, neither any green thing, neither any tree;" meaning, they must not sting and poison the elect, for they are not to affect all mortally. Even as natural locusts do not devour every particle of green growth, but where only they attack, and as it happens. So here too is the proviso—"but only those men which have not the seal of God in their foreheads:" as they are not to be the grass that is to escape, for they have not faith, which is the seal of God, which we wear upon our pure and cleansed consciences.

"And the locusts were like unto horses prepared unto battle;" in allusion to their tenacious disputations and scholastic quarrels. They are ever prepared for this, ready (as they say) *pro* and *contrà*, to battle, to maintain both sides, either for or against. "And on their heads were as it were crowns like gold;" signifying high names and titles of distinction, "and their faces were as the faces of men;" because their doctrines and lives corresponded not to the spirit of faith, but savoured of mere natural science, the light of the intellect elicited by the labour of Aristotle.

"And their teeth were (not small and feeble) but as the teeth of lions;" because no race of men ever waged more deadly strife than these sects of theologians, the Scotists, the Thomists, and the Modernists, headed by that great light of nature, Aristotle, that Abaddon and destroyer of pure Christian teaching; who, under St. Thomas, introduced the doctrine of Free Will, of Merit,

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and Works, like a second three-headed Cerberus, and a very Gorgon with triple body.

Look to this: see here the "*first woe*," and tell me, kind reader, are not these features till this day the first and last and everything in the churches among the Canonists? In all these institutes point out one good work founded on the appointment of God. Read carefully all the ecclesiastical injuctions. Where does the Romish or the other bishops labour for the evangelical office, and that of preaching?

O! woe to thee Pontiff; woe to you, cardinals; woe to you, mass-priests; woe to you, monks! How will you answer for the discharge of the ministerial word? Do you think to escape by the influence of the *triple crown, the hat, the mitre, ring, gold,* and *scarlet,* &c.? The judgment stands fast which has been already pronounced. "He regardeth not the persons of men." Let them all that can, hear the counsel of Christ in Matt. xxiv. how a man must fly out of the city and not return home again. Let him escape out of the general assembly! Let him flee who can into the wilderness, and there be free! O, dear people! retain not your bishoprics, prebends, cloisters, not omitting any clerical order. Most certainly sin and perdition belong to the same; to every ecclesiastical foundation; fly and serve thou the Gospel; raise thyself up, teach the people, as much as thou canst, and exercise the gifts of grace! Believe me, if you do not this, then shalt thou reap condemnation only from thy spiritual condition, though perhaps thou shouldest work miracles, and offer thyself to be burned. For the proper office of the clergy is to preach—and that the Gospel; and should I not then avoid the curse of suppressing it? O, that our Lord

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Jesus would but exterminate all this idolatry of the world, your papistry, your cardinalate, with all your impostures to the abyss below, once and for ever. Amen! And as is their king, such is his regimen, and as is his government, such is his people; as is his people, such are their customs; and as their customs are, such are their works and practice. Hence the prophecy of Paul is verified, who says, "He exalts himself above all that is called God or worshipped." Is he not said to sit in the temple of God, when he gives out of himself that he alone is Master over all churches! and what is the temple of God? Is it stone and wood? Is it not said by Paul, "The temple of God is holy, which temple ye are?" Besides, in his day there was no temple such as churches now appear. But what means the term "to sit?" Is it not tantamount to ruling, teaching, and regulating? Name from the foundation of the churches any one individual of such pretension as to vaunt himself the sole master of the Church, the Pope excepted. Did ever saint or heretic thus boast? Did Paul? Did any one ever name himself the sole ruler of the Church? Has he not been more heeded in men's hearts than their God? In other words, has not his word been more dreaded, more hearkened to, than the precepts of the Almighty? The description applies to none other.

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"PEACE ON EARTH."

We are informed by the inspired historian that when the work of creation was completed "God saw every thing that he had made, and behold, it was very good." Order and harmony reigned throughout the universe. There was "peace on earth." But this harmony was soon broken, and this peace was soon disturbed by the rebellion of man, the most highly-favoured of all God's creatures in the lower world. He sinned and fell; and his fall spread disorder and desolation over the face of creation. The whole creation has thus been made subject unto vanity, and groaneth and travaileth in pain together until "the times of the restitution of all things."

Man in losing peace with God lost all that was worth possessing, for it was the consciousness that he enjoyed the favour of his God which alone could enable him to relish and enjoy the other gifts which had been conferred on him. At variance with his God he could neither be at peace with himself nor with his fellow-men. Himself in rebellion against the supreme and universal Monarch, he lost all title to the sovereignty of the inferior creation. It no longer owned his authority or yielded him a willing obedience. And even the ground was cursed because of his sin. Thus it came to pass that when man's peace with God was broken by the fall, true peace had no abode on earth.

Now, how can all this discord and disorder be reme-

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died? how can peace be once again restored to earth? Only by the removal of sin which broke that peace and introduced that discord. And how can sin be removed? Not by works of righteousness which we can do, not by alms or prayers, or penitential tears; but by the "love and kindness of God our Saviour towards men through Jesus Christ our Lord." He "hath blotted out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and hath taken it out of the way, nailing it his cross." He hath "abolished in his flesh the enmity," that is, by his obedience and sufferings in the flesh, he hath made it of no effect,—"so making peace." "And that he might reconcile us unto God by the cross, he hath slain the enmity" by the sacrifice of himself. For "the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all," and "hath made him to be sin for us." "The chastisement of our peace has been laid on him" and exacted of him. Thus he has become "our peace," and we "being justified by faith in him have peace with God." When by faith we discern the infinite work of his obedience and sufferings, and are enabled to rest on them alone for salvation, they are imputed to us; and in consequence of the imputation, our sins are forgiven, our persons are accepted as righteous, our God is reconciled to us, and our peace is restored.

This, dear reader, we entreat you to observe, is the only foundation of lasting peace,—an interest in the Saviour, and a participation in the benefits of his purchase,—not the work of the Holy Spirit within us, but the work of Christ without us, even that work which was finished on Calvary, and the benefits accruing from which are, by the publication of the gospel message, freely offered to all without distinction and without exception.

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From this peace with God, founded on the free forgiveness of his sins on account of the satisfaction which his surety has made, there flows to the believer peace of conscience. It was the sense of his guilt,—a consciousness of unforgiven sin still lying to his charge which rendered his conscience, like the troubled sea, a stranger to rest and peace. When his guilt has been purged by the sprinkling of the blood of Christ, and God's favour has been restored to him through the interposition of the "Beloved," then "the peace of God which passeth all understanding" enters and takes possession of his heart, and his mind stayed upon the sure word of Jehovah is kept in perfect peace.

When one has attained peace with God and peace of conscience, he soon comes to be at peace with others, and having personal experience of the love of Christ, strives in some measure to return his love, by cherishing a kindred feeling towards those who are its objects. And when, in the glory of the latter day, this peace with God, with conscience, and between man and man shall have become universal,—when the Tempter shall have been bound,—when the curse which has spread a sickly blight over this fallen world shall have been removed,—when man's forfeited inheritance shall have been restored,—when that kingdom which "is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost" shall have been established on the earth,—and when He who is "the Prince of peace" shall have come to his kingdom, and taken to him his great power that he may reign, then shall there, in the fullest sense, be "peace on earth." "Men shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up the sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Even the inferior cre-

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ation shall return to the state of subjection and peace in which it was before the fall: for Isaiah says, "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them," &c. Isa. xi. 6—9.

Dear reader, what are you doing to hasten forward this glorious consummation? Do you pray, and labour, and give "as God hath prospered you," for this purpose? Above all, have you sought and obtained peace for your own soul? The gospel you are privileged to read and hear, is the gospel of peace. The way of salvation which it discloses, is the only way in which you can obtain peace. It has been prepared by Him who is the Prince of peace, and leads you back to Him who is now "Jehovah-shalom," "the God of peace." And if you will only acquaint yourself with him and be at peace with him, your sins shall all be forgiven, and your former enmity for ever forgotten. He who of old said to the raging waters, "Peace, be still," shall calm the troubled waters of conscience. Your "peace shall be like a river," your calm and quiet walk shall resemble its peaceful and unruffled progress. The God of peace himself "shall give you peace always by all means." ..... But oh! forget not "your resting-place." Forget not what it was which first brought rest and peace to your tempest-tossed soul. It was simple and unlimited trust in the obedience and sufferings of your surety. It was a confiding appropriation of his all-sufficient righteousness, and an unreserved surrender of your soul to him that it might be washed in his blood, sanctified by his spirit, and glorified together with him when he comes the second time. It was not, as we said already, the discerning of the spirit's work within you,

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but the discerning the value and trusting in the merit of the Saviour's work FOR you. And as it was this which brought you peace at first, so it is this alone which can preserve it and restore it. "Hold," then "the beginning of your confidence steadfast unto the end." "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God, your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ."

A. F. M.

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SEASONAL WILD FLOWERS.—No. VIII.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers that lately sprung and stood
In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
* * * * * *
The windflower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the wildrose and the orchis died amid the summer glow,
But on the hill the golden rod, and the osier in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower, by the brook, in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen.
BRYANT.

THE bouquet of wild flowers which we shall be able to cull for the present month, will be a small one, but interspersed with a sprig of holly, whose bright berries and deep green leaves have such a cheerful appearance at the present season, to the admirer of floral beauties, it will not be an unwelcome one. The flower which we shall first notice, the common daisy (Bellis Perennis) is an universal favourite. Milton, Chaucer, Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, Montgomery and other gifted men have lent the charms of poesy to those it already possesses, in the eyes alike of youth and more mature age; the first botanical knowledge imparted to the infantile mind is the recognition of the daisy, with its kindred flower the buttercup, and the early period at which it is known probably endears it through life; it is one of the flowers which seem peculiarly to prove the wonderful contrivance of its glorious Author: it is composite; and although comparatively minute, contains between two and three hundred florets, all most perfectly formed.

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In England it is called daisy, or day's eye, from the peculiarity of its closing at night; or on the approach of rain, and expanding in the morning. In France it bears the name of Marguerite, after St. Margaret, and also Pâquerette, because it blossoms most abundantly about Easter (Pâques). St. Louis, king of that country, took as his device, before joining the crusades, a crucifix, a lily, and a daisy,—the emblem of all he held most dear,—religion, his country, and his wife, whose name was Margaret. It is too well known to need lengthened description; we may, however, fitly observe that it possesses two properties unknown to any other British plant save the furze, that it blossoms throughout the year and in every locality, on elevated ground as in the lowly vale, in dry pastures or in moist situations, and as it is never eaten by cattle it has few enemies to its increase.

The furze with its golden blossoms is now as ever gladdening our eye; but, as we described it in the first paper of the present series, it is unnecessary to make further mention of it.

Towards the close of December may be seen the winter aconite, or monkshood, (Helleborus Hyemalis). It is of the same class as the columbine. It has no calyx; its corolla is of five bright yellow petals, and the single flower is sitting on the leaf. There are ten species of aconite, all of which possess poisonous properties. The hunters of the Alps dip their arrows in the juice of the aconite before destroying beasts of prey,—the wounds they produce being deadly; the antidote to this poison is the root of the Anthora, called Wholesome Monkshood.

In bringing our notices of 'Seasonal Wild Flowers' to a close, we cannot but pause again to admire all the

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glory of the Creator displayed alike in their form, the niceness of their construction, their re-appearance year by year after the snows of winter, and their matchless colouring. "All thy works praise thee, O Lord;" and shall not "thy saints bless thee" when they see in the care bestowed on these thy lesser works, an emblem of the greater care taken of thy greater ones, themselves?

"Happy who walks with Him! whom what he finds
Of flavour or of scent, in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade, that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God."

E. J. S.

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Review of Books.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST IN THE MIDDLE AGES. *An historical sketch compiled from various authorities. By the Author of "Essays on the Church," &c. &c.*—Seeleys.

We are all in the habit of hearing great things spoken concerning 'the Church of the Middle Ages,' by which title its encomiasts designate the nominal Church, the dominant ecclesiastical body, using its great spiritual power as a means for acquiring, holding fast, and exercising to its uttermost extent, the greatest amount of secular authority ever grasped at by man. Of *this* Church our Author does not treat, save only as the annalist of martyrdom must needs introduce into his recital the persecutors, tormentors, and slayers of the victims. He, very rightly, leaves this Apostacy at the point where it fixed on its own front the awful brand, and follows the Church of Christ through that long sojourn in the dreary wilderness which was appointed

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for trial of the patience and faith of the Saints. Though expressly a compilation, it has all the savour and interest of an original work; and as we fear that there are but too many Protestants even in our day who would look for the Church of Christ during the period referred to among the chaff and tares of Rome, it will prove a valuable instructor to thousands. We scarcely need to say of a work by the Author of "Essays on the Church" that it is written with vigour, conciseness, and perspicuity; we recommend it as one of the most useful of that excellent series, 'The Christian's Family Library.'

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH, *considered more especially as a biographical type of Christ, in a Course of Lectures delivered in the Cathedral of Waterford. By the Rev. E. Dalton, author of "The watchful Providence of God," &c.*—Dalton.

THE inexhaustible beauties, the sublimity, the exquisite spirituality of the History of Joseph have employed many learned pens, many eloquent tongues, and yet remain in rich profusion to reward the search of every new explorer. Mr. Dalton has treated the subject very judiciously, and has produced, from his ministerial labours, a most pleasing and instructive volume—a real acquisition to the family library. In each discourse he has given us, first the leading incidents of the story; then their typical application and fulfilment. He has entered deeply into his subject.

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THE JESUITS, *as they were and are. By Edward Duller. Translated from the German by Mrs. Stanley Carr. With an Introduction by Sir Culling Eardley Smith, Bart.*—Seeleys.

Now that the steps of this atrocious society may be traced among us as clearly as the slimy track of the midnight snail on the garden fence beneath a morning sun, it becomes a matter of deep, of most painfully thrilling interest, to follow out the clue, and to obtain every information concerning those from whose unseen but most acutely felt influence scarcely a domestic circle, much less a community, is perfectly free. This volume affords a very lively description of their past course, with clear indications of what they are now planning for the destruction of that faith which, like the forty conspirators who lay in wait for Paul, they are all sworn to destroy. The work is written for Germany ; for her present crisis ; and most rousing it is, as an appeal to that Nation ; but it is no whit less applicable to ourselves, as a people, and as a Church. The Introduction is beautifully written by one whom God has sent forth among us, to bear the message once more that the beloved Apostle was commissioned to deliver : "Love one another." May the Spirit of love abundantly crown his noble efforts ! He desires to see a society of humble, zealous believers, formed on principles the direct reverse of those which govern the followers of Loyola, but equally earnest, indefatigable, and persevering in their efforts to diffuse peace and union among those who are the objects of Antichrist's interminable war. We fear the exceeding delight that the great bulk of Christians seem to feel in biting and devouring each other,

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over the sundry straws that form their respective barriers will be hard to overcome: but again we say, the Lord bless and prosper every Peacemaker, who is ready to sacrifice his own prejudices and partialities for the promotion of brotherly love!

THE MODERN POETICAL SPEAKER: *Or, a collection of pieces adapted for recitation, carefully selected from the poets of the Nineteenth Century. By Mr. Palliser.*—Longman.

CONSIDERING the difficulty of filling a respectably sized volume with good poetry, without admitting any thing questionable in its moral tendency, and keeping up a preponderance of what is really spiritual, we look on this as a very successful attempt. We have, of course, Scott, and Macaulay, and even Byron and Moore; but these are harmless specimens; and we have much of James Montgomery, Heber, Barton, and others who have never dedicated their literary talents save to Him who bestowed them. We have found the volume a very pleasant companion when by no means inclined for any thing frivolous; and as a class-book we can find nothing to object against it.

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THE PROTESTANT.

THE approaching meeting at Exeter Hall for the furtherance of that truly divine principle, scriptural union and brotherly love among the members of Christ's mystical body, seems almost to monopolize my uncle's attention. 'It is a wonderful, a blessed, a glorious work,' he says, 'wrought by the Spirit of the Lord in the hearts of His children, in despite not only of the direct opposition that might naturally be looked for on the part of those whose religion is too much a matter of forms and ceremonies, and ecclesiastical polity, but in despite also of the discouraging unbelief of many, who have pretty well escaped these trammels, and are able to rejoice in the liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free; but who, from bending their eyes and fixing their thoughts too much on mere second causes, have fallen into a habit of prudent calculation, where they ought rather to exercise that "victorious faith," which

> Laughs at impossibilities,
> And says, it shall be done.

Says it *shall* be done, because it is in perfect accordance with the revealed mind of God; and a consistent carrying out of His declared purpose, by the very means that He has appointed. It is the fulfilling of that "new commandment" in which all others are summed up, by the blessed Jesus. "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another: as I have loved you, that ye also

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love one another." It is the open answer to the audible prayer of Him whom the Father heareth always: "Neither pray I for these (the Apostles) alone; but for all who shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be ONE, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be ONE in us; *that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.*" Oh that we more solemnly laid to heart the deep purport of these concluding words! The world knows full well that Christianity claims to be peculiarly the religion of love, or, rather, an actual manifestation of love in its most perfect development; its foundation being the love of God, in giving His only-begotten Son to suffer and to die for sinful man; the love of Christ in taking upon him the burden of mortality, in consenting to be made a little lower than the angels, who were created to worship him, in order that he might so suffer, so die, and make atonement to the Father's justice for the transgressor who could offer none for himself; the love of the Holy Spirit in vouchsafing to dwell in, to teach, to guide, to keep the heart renewed by grace, yet ever prone to wander again from the paths into which it has been won. Moreover, the world knows that the self-same principle of super-human love is required to exhibit itself in very unequivocal fruits among those who call themselves the followers of Jesus: that they are not only repeatedly, yea, incessantly enjoined to "love the brethren," to "love *as* brethren," to "lay down their lives for the brethren," but have likewise the commandment of their divine Master, enforced by His example, and that of his inspired servants, "love your enemies; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." To say nothing of the last clauses, the first injunctions, though

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they appear almost as superfluous,—so impossible does it seem for Christian brethren to forbear loving one another,—are yet found of such difficult accomplishment, that it is a common amusement with worldly people to draw two devout believers, advocating different forms of external government in spiritual matters, into discussion on the point whereon they differ, in order to watch the rising of angry feelings, and to note the expressions of unbrotherly disunion, that it is alas! too much in every fool's power to elicit from men, who are regularly trained to disagree. Now, I say, niece, of such a state of things, that, though it cannot justify, yet it goes far to account for the lamentable fact, that the great bulk of the world does *not* believe that the Father hath sent the Lord Christ into it, to rule as a King over a community of meek, merciful, loving spirits—to rule them now, by constraining them to walk even as He walked; to rule them, ere long, in personal glory and majesty over one universal empire of perfect love, where enmity in every form shall be banished; the wolf dwell with the lamb, the leopard lie down with the kid, and "holiness to the Lord" be inscribed on the very bells of the horses. No, the world cannot believe all this, while anger, strife, debate, evil-speaking, and most unseemly scorn, mark too widely the intercourse of Christians, one with another; or prove how impossible they deem it to hold any intercourse at all.'

'This state of things, uncle, has grown up, we can hardly tell how. When the first awakening took place among the clergy of our own church, how precious did they hold the writings, how eagerly did they seek the society of the godly dissenting ministers who had already chosen the good part! and these, on the other hand, poured forth unbounded thanksgivings over their

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episcopal brethren, lately made partakers of the like precious faith, and preachers of the same everlasting gospel. It is as a new thing that the bickerings which we deplore should creep in ; and surely it is part of the preparatory work of the Lord's servants to be at peace and in harmony with each other, when his enemies present so formidable a front of defiance, and they profess to be waiting for his triumphant coming to reign, whether personally or spiritually, over a renewed world.'

'It has struck me more than once of late years, that we are very much loosing sight of the Lord Jesus. We hold fast the doctrines of grace, perhaps ; but we do not so hold fast Him who is the Author and the Finisher of our faith. Do you comprehend what I mean ? I find it difficult to express what I nevertheless feel.'

'I think I do : there is a perceptible falling off in what I may call avowed allegiance to the Lord. The subjects of a rightful monarch, especially if his title be disputed, and the insignia of his royalty usurped by rebels, will not only in their hearts cleave to him, but his name will be a rallying word, an endearing bond of union, continually dwelt upon in their discourse. So it was in the season of awakening to which you allude : so it still is in many family and social circles ; but, to judge from my own observation and experience, if the times were numbered in which most Christians in their casual intercourse have spoken of the Lord Jesus, as those were wont to speak who thought upon his name, and also the times when such have met and parted without a word of their absent, yet coming King, I much fear the latter would prove to be to the former as ten to one, at least. There is a talking about religion, about churches, and forms of worship ; about accessions to, and departures from the company of pro-

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fessedly serious believers; and there is a talk too of various gifts and graces; and of the vanity of earthly things—the blessed reality of things unseen. But still there is, or seems to be, a shyness of making the Lord the subject of our discourse, which at once shews and increases the preponderance of minor matters in our minds over that which is the sum and substance of all. Now, for instance, a believer, laid under some grievous bodily affliction, though visited, and kindly addressed in the spirit of Christian love by his brethren, generally hears more of their sympathy than of the sympathy of Him who *because* he is touched with a feeling of our infirmities may be confidently approached as the Dispenser of the grace most needed by those who are suffering in the flesh. Oh, there is no such balm for acute pain as the Name of Jesus! Whether on a wounded body or a wounded conscience, that Name is as ointment poured forth; and to witness scarcely less than to experience, its power strengthens faith, quickens love, and realizes most endearingly the tie that binds one believer to another. This being the case, I cannot but think that a great part of the coldness so generally felt, and by many deplored, results from a slowness of speech on a subject so calculated to warm and to refresh.'

'But "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and surely where the mouth is habitually silent the heart cannot be very full. I perfectly agree with you in every word that you have spoken: I must go further, and question myself, question others, as to the place that Jesus really holds in our affections. If we, by faith, which is the substance of things hoped for, can constantly realize his presence, with a lively recollection of all that he has done for us—if we can always bear in mind that it is only as seen in Him we

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can desire or endure the eye of Omniscient Justice upon ourselves, then, assuredly, we shall also look upon our fellow-believers in a like spirit, and seeing Christ in them, the hope of glory, we shall make light, exceedingly light of every minor difference, and strive by all means to glorify him together. We want more of unity, because we want more of Christ: we want more zeal for the same reason: we want greater faithfulness and activity in resisting what exalteth and opposeth itself against him, because we do not fix a steadfast gaze on the exceeding majesty and beauty, the surpassing glory and unbounded love of the Saviour. Seen in that effulgent blaze, our brethren all look beautiful with reflected light; and what little specks and discrepancies may exist, are lost to our view: we cannot see them for the glory of that light. But when we turn from it, to what are the mere shadows produced by material things,—when we fix our regards on creeds and formularies, whether unduly to exalt or uncharitably to condemn,—when we look on others not simply as members of Christ, but as members of this or that particular community, we find every little defect magnified, every slight difference aggravated, to a sufficient cause for disunion and dislike; and though we may not confess it to ourselves, we are willing rather that the cause of the gospel should suffer, than that we ourselves should be supposed to concede a point of our presumed orthodoxy, and place ourselves on a level with those who, though they equally follow Christ, may not do it exactly in the same order of procession that we observe. This is an evil: and the natural tendency of all unchecked evil is to grow with frightful rapidity. Alas, that the spirit of a gladiator should be allowed to pervade a heart where the love of God has been shed

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abroad by the Holy Ghost! Many are the secret groans and cries that have ascended to the Lord on this behalf; and now the gracious answer is vouchsafed, in this outpouring of the spirit of love, and of a sound mind, upon so very many who have hitherto stood aloof the one from the other, they could not tell why. Oh that it may increase and spread, and unite together all the churches by the same mighty power that took the one church, of which they all are members, from the world, and espoused it to Christ.

'It is delightful to see how many are joining, who at first actually opposed the work.'

'They are like the son who said "I will not;" but afterwards went; and you know he had the testimony that he did the will of his father. Every one of us may do something towards promoting this blessed work: all can pray; many can persuade their hesitating friends, and convince the doubting. I tremble for those who hold back; for I do think this to be one of the last sifting processes, by which the real, substantial wheat will be gathered together preparatory to some most tremendous trial of faith. Assuredly, the Lord will not reign over a divided people; for in so far as they disagree they are rebels, seeing that he has expressly commanded us to love one another even as he has loved us. The mere fact of holding a different opinion on matters that the Holy Scriptures have not positively decided upon, neither implies disagreement, nor lays the parties open to a charge of rebellion. Witness the case of the man who cast out devils in Christ's name, yet followed not his immediate followers. These, of whom two had recently proposed consuming a whole Samaritan village with fire, in revenge for a direct repulse given to their Master, also forbade this man to pursue his good work, because

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he followed not them: and they were instantly commanded to recal the prohibition, which, of course, would have produced no effect, seeing that the person who wrought the miracle did it in the Name of the Lord, not in their name. But the lesson was given and recorded for our admonition; and if there be one class of men who especially claim to be the successors of these erring Apostles—erring through a zeal and love highly commendable, but still erring—to them more emphatically is the warning such.'

'There is another case, uncle, where an exhortation to union and brotherly love is much needed: the Protestants of Ireland, awakened to a sense of their extreme danger, and banding for mutual defence, not merely of their persons, but yet more of their faith, and the few privileges still left them: even these are not quite united among themselves: and some of the energy that is required for a different purpose is misapplied in disagreeing on things that would soon come right if left to themselves; and if the grand point of maintaining Protestantism was alone kept in view.'

'Their dangers are more tangible, more clearly defined than ours; and as they increase, the absolute necessity of union will be more generally felt and acknowledged. Protestantism in Ireland—all that deserves the name—is now openly and vigorously assailed. Preferment is withheld from clergymen who refuse to sanction the iniquitous education scheme, which no man who believes what the word of God declares, can sanction. This is but a negative sort of persecution, to be sure; and very cheerfully do our dear brethren submit to it, blessing God that the worst which the enemies of Christ can yet do against them is to retain them in the bosom of their present flocks, and to bar them from

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an augmentation of income. The persecuting spirit is, however, abroad there, against laymen no less than against the clergy ; and the man of property who dares to stand forward, an avowed upholder of the faith of which Ireland has so oft been the battle-field, that gentleman or nobleman is at once visited with any punishment that government has power to inflict, so strengthening tenfold his attachment to the cause, and to his fellow-sufferers, and gradually arming a phalanx against the oppressors, which they will find it difficult to break through. Meantime the opposite party laugh to scorn the cowardly concessions of their nominal rulers, and stand prepared to do whatever they may be called on by their real governors to attempt. They, of course, keep as quiet as is consistent with the flagrant exhibition of their numbers and their strength, while the hand of perverted authority seeks to disarm and to disable the only real objects of their apprehension, the only real upholders of English influence in Ireland. Still deeds of blood, of most fearful assassination, are perpetrated, and the hand of the Lord is stretched out, to visit that country, probably more than any other, with the horrors of a famine. The events of the coming winter are likely to place every man there in his true position ; and if this be so, we shall see all the Protestants united in one body, on principles strictly accordant with the word of God, the bond being that of love, and the object not only to defend but to extend the faith ; not only to watch over their own interests, but to seek the salvation of those who now desire their destruction. I trust that one of the first fruits of Christian union among ourselves will be an effort effectually to help our dear Irish brethren. You have seen the 'Appeal' signed by Lord Roden ?'

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'Yes; and I long to see it responded to; but something seems to hold back the Protestants of England from that manifestation of sympathy demanded by our less privileged friends.'

'Our own divisions, bickerings, and idle controversies form the hindrance. One man takes a view of prophetic interpretation from which another differs; and straightway the two devote their whole lives to the task of defending and enforcing their respective schemes. Followers abound, who each, as his or her circumstances dictate, labour to promote the leader's object; and really the amount of time, talents, energy and money bestowed on these controversies is quite startling. Another good man will devote himself to the work of proving that one only form of church government is scriptural, and all others schismatic; he is met by opponents in abundance, and supporters rally round him; and on this dispute, more idle than the former, a still greater prodigality of man's best gifts is lavished. There is no end to the speculations that operate as a wall of defence, keeping us from the approach of kindly feelings for others at a distance, who are in jeopardy of their very lives for the vital truths of the gospel. Let us see these matters placed in their true light, as very subordinate indeed to what the servant of God should make his chief study, and we shall soon be found ready to respond to the plea of those who need the help that we are well able to afford them.'

'It is a matter of melancholy thankfulness that the purifying process still goes on in our own Church, so far as the open advocates of Jesuitical principles are concerned. Each of these instances is like the pulling out of a decayed tooth; one feels a natural pang, but cannot help thanking God for the removal of what was

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corrupting all around it, injuring the body's health, and occasioning continual pain.'

'Too few of them have departed: there is much deadly venom remaining, and remaining too in order to spread more widely. Our units must become tens, and our tens, I fear, hundreds, before the Church is purged. The recent proceedings at Leeds, and the prolonged exhibitions there, have a very loud voice. In this matter also, we see the ultimate end of a departure from Christ; a forgetfulness of him, and a turning from things unseen to things present, visible, perishable. Many a simple worshipper is imperceptibly drawn from the contemplation of redeeming love to the vain shows and symbols invented by man to please the carnal eye. Their religion becomes a confused mixture of ideas, of which the grosser will soon displace the more spiritual. It often begins by the putting of a man, perhaps a good and faithful man, in the Lord's stead. Where before they entered into their closets, and asked wisdom and direction from Him who giveth liberally to all that seek, they, betake themselves now to the minister's study, and make him their guide. This leads to a concern for things more palpably and exclusively material: they begin to mix up with their devotional feelings bowings and turnings, crosses and candlesticks, raised chancels, and rood-screens, robes, and hoods, and gestures, and processions; chaunted prayers, and all the worse than foolish accompaniments of such a mode of worship. They have let go their hold of Christ, and totter about, ready to fall; they have lost sight of him, and becoming blind through the withdrawal of the true light, they grope about, seeking some man to lead them by the hand. Guides equally blind as themselves abound, and Satan is ready enough to bring them into contact.

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Thus they wander, till they fall into the ditch together, apostates from the faith, and, without a miracle of rescuing mercy and restoring grace, lost for ever. I would that all went out from among us who are thus tainted, at least of the clergy. Newman, Ward, Oakley, Faber, are all now professed Romanists. What keeps Pusey, Hook, and others, among us? The long procession will not close yet; and every lingerer hopes to add another to it before he too goes on. May the Lord hasten the movements of all whom He does not purpose to arrest and restore.

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